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ENGLISH PREJUDICES.

No one is less desirous than we are of exciting hostility to England. But shutting our eyes will not avert danger, and prudent forecast may. Money and credit are the sinews of war;—and if we have them, war may be avoided. Who will arise to call us off from the party politics, which sicken the soul of the most hopeful patriot? Whose trumpet shall “rouse the clear spirit?”

The following article is from the New York True Sun, a paper which we always open with pleasure.

We notice continually the tendency of the English presses to sneer at everything American. We can well understand that their long settled *notions*, (we presume this word would not pass unchallenged,) are by no means consonant with ours. They are an old nation, we are a young one. They have gone through a thousand years of kings, queens, and princes. They believe the people are everywhere fools, and born to be ridden by hereditary masters. They rejoice to think they have iron bands around the necks of the poor, a splendid pageant of royalty to tickle the lovers of the marvellous, a national debt, to make the wealthy uphold the system, on which all their fortunes are staked, in perpetuity. They rejoice that they have a queen, and that princes are born to them continually, and they despise the nations who have not the "Lord's anointed" to rule over them.

This feeling pervades the nation. It is part and parcel of its temperament, belief, and religion. The poor and the down-trodden, stung by their misfortunes, now and then utter their maledictions at the

inequality of the human condition, break forth into riots, are shot down—slink into the poor-house, or emigrate; but the middling and upper classes retain their fidelity to kings, lords, and commons, and feel the deadliest enmity to republican principles.

The unfortunate pecuniary embarrassments of some of our states, have afforded them the highest gratification and the greatest possible opportunity of grumbling. We will not now go into the history of that iniquitous combination entered into by British capitalists to destroy American credit. We will not now explain how the government itself was alarmed at the tendency of capital to flow to that point where the highest interest was to be obtained, and feared it could not much longer borrow at three or four per cent., while the Americans paid six and seven. We will not now demonstrate, as we might, that the same government was willing to break down not only the three W.'s, but to alarm the other bankers and capitalists of the realm, in order to retain its capital at home.

It is certain that the English capitalists lent money to the construction of great public works, which, if completed, would in most instances have repaid principal and interest.

In the midst of these operations, when they were selling us more goods in consequence than they ever did before, and were stimulating, both by credit and capital, American industry to its highest pitch, they chose to assail the pecuniary responsibility of our country at the turning point, leave their own security incomplete, fall into the trap set for them by their own eternally begging and borrowing aristocracy; and then turn round and abuse our institutions, and our citizens for being faithless to engagements which

they themselves encouraged at the outset, and discredited in the moment of difficulty.

But this is not all. It was not the credit of the country in its pecuniary relations merely, which the English thus assailed, but our institutions themselves became the subject of their assaults, and republicanism was, if possible, to be scouted from the possibilities of truth. Even their well fed and well paid priests were induced to take sides against us, because in the shock thus produced they lost some of their worldly gear—that which their Divine Master has told them is a snare to their souls, and which they well know can give them no place in heaven.

Sidney Smith, the gay, the witty, the sententious reviewer, who could tell his poor parishioner, if he ever condescended to acknowledge any such, that the love of money was the root of all evil, did not think it beneath him to libel a sovereign state in its embarrassments. He who preaches, if he ever does preach, that if a man ask for a coat he shall receive a cloak also, could not thus give up his stock investments. He could sell out, to throw the probable accruing loss on *some one else*, and then balance the account by revilings, such as in apostolic times would have excluded him from the company of the meek and merciful.

And thus it is throughout the whole range of English society.

Those fashionable American travellers, who, in their tours through England, have sometimes been seated at the window of a titled lady to see a review in the park; those who have sometimes shaken hands with a lord, and dined in company with a cabinet minister, must not lay the flattering unction to their souls, that they have passed inspection by the English aristocracy.

We assert, on authority of the highest description, that they have never yet been able to convince their noble entertainers that they were even thoroughly well bred! Some expression, some tone of voice, some inelegance of thought, some ignorance of conventional forms, for which Americans might well be excused, has led to criticisms which would make the fairest and prettiest ear among them tingle, and the largest moustache curl up with rage.

In short, we assert there is no real regard for our country or our countrymen in England. Our money they like—our trade they like. They wish to be the sole suppliers of seventeen millions of people. They want our cotton at "three pence sterling" a pound, to be sent back to us in a different shape, at three or four hundred per cent. profit. They wish to see this glorious Union fall to pieces, and we fear they have emissary journalists who are fattening on our liberality, secretly engaged in the same detestable scheming.

These are the prejudices which the English retain towards us. A few of their writers and their liberal thinkers look at us with different feelings. But these are few. Let us not be deceived then as to the true aspect of things. Our country now and forever, must be *our* motto. Let us *think for ourselves and act for ourselves*. England is an enemy with whom we shall one day have again to measure swords.

THE PEACE KING.—The Journal du Chur publishes the following speech, purporting to have been recently addressed by the king to M. Laroche-foucauld Liancourt, who presented to him, as President of the Society of Christian Morality, various addresses forwarded to him by the English and American Societies for the Preservation of Peace.

"I am happy to receive these addresses, and feel particularly gratified to find that our American friends should do justice to the pains I have taken to maintain the general peace of Europe. There is no advantage in making war, even when a nation has attained the object for which it has

fought, because ultimately the losses are always greater than the gains. I have ever professed that principle. When I was in America, forty years ago, I was often asked to propose toasts at public dinners, and I almost invariably expressed the wish that universal and permanent peace should exist among all nations. I was then exiled from my country, and my anxious desire was that it should enjoy peace and happiness. This is what caused me to adopt that salutary precept. I could not then foresee that I should be called upon one day to exert my influence and act myself in favor of that great cause. May the Almighty accord me the maintenance of peace. War appears to me a malediction; and war in Europe, between civilized nations, I regard as an absurdity; if the smaller states desire it we should prevent them; and as peace between the great powers becomes daily more consolidated, I hope, if I live a few years longer, that a general war in Europe will have become impossible."

Some doubt seems to be thrown on the genuineness of these observations; but there can be no doubt that they are admirable, presenting a curious reverse to the old spectacle of kings playing at the game of war in spite of their subjects; here it is the subjects that are infatuated with the game, the king that is reluctant. The Siècle censures Louis Philippe for speaking as a philosopher, a clergyman, or a St. Pierre might speak, but not a king:—

"He must not exclaim that 'war is a malediction,' for in advocating such ideas he disarms the negotiators and obliges them to subscribe to shameful terms. He must not say, in fine, that 'there is no advantage in making war, even when a nation has attained the object for which it has fought,' for it would be giving other governments to understand that at the first menace of war he would be ready to renounce the most certain advantages as well as the most sacred rights. To be consistent with such maxims, one should abandon even the defence of the territory, the *ne plus ultra* of the patriotism of M. Dupin, in 1840."

BRAZIL.—Letters have been received from Pernambuco, by the Priscilla, to the 12th of August, which repeat rumors received both from Bahia and Rio, that a new commercial treaty between England and Brazil was about to be concluded, and that the packet (which is now very much behind her time) is detained in order to bring it. Surprising and unexpected as this intelligence is, it comes from so many quarters that it is just possible that there may be some truth in it; though, after the position taken by our government with regard to slavery and the slave-trade, it is difficult to conceive how a treaty can have been concluded by the present ministry with a country in which both those evils are so deeply rooted.—*Liverpool Times*.

A REQUISITION, bearing the names of Mr. Cotton, the governor of the Bank of England, and of the leading firms of the metropolis, is about to be presented to the Lord Mayor, for a public meeting to promote the establishment of baths and wash-houses for the poor.

THE French government is making great improvements in the post-office. Since the first of the present month, letters of value or importance can be placed under the more immediate care of the post-office functionaries, with the privilege of paying the postage beforehand or not, as may be convenient.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

SACRIFICE OF BRITISH AMBASSADORS.

1. *An Appeal to the British Nation in behalf of Colonel Stoddard and Captain Conolly, now in Captivity in Bokhara.* By CAPTAIN GROVER, Unattached. London: Hatchard. 1843.
2. *Letters of Dr. Wolff, written in the course of his Mission to Bokhara.* MS.
3. *Nachrichten über Chiwa, Buchara, Chokand, und den nordwestlichen Theil des chinesischen Staates, gesammelt von dem Präsidenten des Asiatischen Grenz-Commission, in Orenburg,* GENERAL MAJOR GENS, *bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen versehen von GR. V. HELMERSEN.* (Information respecting Khiva, Bokhara, and the North-western part of the Chinese Empire, collected by MAJOR GENERAL GENS, President of the Asiatic Frontier Commission in Orenburg, and edited and annotated by GR. V. HELMERSEN. St. Petersburg. 1839. From the Press of the Imperial Academy of the Sciences.)

WHEN an act of weakness or wickedness has been perpetrated, the consequences do not exhibit themselves all at once. The culprit, perhaps, for some time, congratulates himself on his achievement, imagines he has performed something extraordinary, and, lending his own partialities and predilections to mankind, anticipates a golden harvest of fame. This appears to have been the case with our tory cabinet, when they relinquished the vantage ground which had been gained in Afghanistan. They regarded the matter in one light only, namely, as a reversal of the policy of Lord Palmerston. To take views different from his was, they thought, to triumph over him, to prove him wrong, to undermine his reputation for statesmanship, and ultimately to give "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the party of which he was one of the most distinguished leaders. But, to borrow a phrase from Lord Castlereagh, they halloo'd before they were out of the wood. Of all the great politicians throughout Europe, not one was found to coincide in opinion with them. Common sense forbade it. The Afghan expedition, one of the boldest political schemes that ever was planned, had rendered us masters of the central citadel of Asia, from which we might have dictated the terms of peace or war to all surrounding states. Russia beheld her grand projects arrested in mid career; France stood literally paralyzed with envy; Persia, Beloochistan, and all the petty governments of Independent Tartary, lay absolutely prostrate at our feet. Even the Chinese Empire already felt the shadow of our colossal power flung across its frontier, and trembled at the aspect of the neighbor it had thus unexpectedly gained. Every man in Great Britain capable of reading accurately the signs of the times, and of looking ever so little forward into futurity, was haunted by the most painful solicitude lest some event might happen to remove from the helm of government, before the great and glorious work should be completed, the man who had laid its foundations, and who alone

apparently possessed the wisdom and energy necessary to put the finishing hand to it. Unhappily for our fame and fortunes as a people, the machinations of faction, when events had arrived at this stage, succeeded in overthrowing the Melbourne ministry, when a few months longer of power would have elevated us to a pitch of grandeur unexampled in the history of mankind. Our authority was rapidly consolidating itself in Afghanistan. Even the disasters at Kabul, supposing them still to have occurred, would not have shaken us in the least. We should have put down insurrection; we should have extirpated utterly the hopes of the disaffected; we should have planted ourselves firmly in every strong place in the country; we should have commanded the passes, conciliated the towns and plains, and transformed the ignorant and savage inhabitants into civilized, peaceful, and industrious men.

The accession of the tories at this juncture to office blasted all these fair prospects. The governor-general whom they sent out to India, a vain, rash, unreflecting novice, intent on imitating Napoleon in his bulletins and in his retreats, was precisely the best instrument that could have been selected to undo in a few short months what Lord Palmerston, by an extraordinary display of judgment and firmness, had in the course of many years accomplished. Nor was Lord Ellenborough a cool perpetrator of mischief. He executed his task with enthusiasm, insomuch that he had scarcely landed on the shores of India before he concocted and issued a proclamation, ostentatiously insulting his predecessor, characterizing his measures as unjust and impolitic, and professing his resolution to relinquish, as speedily as possible, all the great advantages, all the influence, all the territory, all the commercial outlets and facilities, all the military renown, which had, within the few preceding years, been acquired. With the ignominious and humiliating scenes which followed the public are already but too well acquainted. Under the liberals we had won empires, under the tories we have lost them. Under the liberals good fortune accompanied us everywhere, crowning our designs, political and military, with success; under the tories all we have acquired beyond the Indus is infamy, since all we have achieved has been to run away. Many of the results of this new policy are already apparent, but let no man persuade himself that he beholds them all. They lie thick, layer below layer, throughout the political depths of central Asia, and will only become visible one by one as misfortune succeeds misfortune, and disgrace disgrace.

One striking illustration of this truth has recently occurred at Bokhara. It will be remembered that, in the year 1838, Colonel Stoddard was despatched, by our minister at Teheran, to the petty state above named on special service. He did not, as seems to be generally believed, receive his appointment immediately from Lord Palmerston.

His lordship directed our ambassador at the court of Persia to select from among the officers under his control a person to be sent to Bokhara to perform a particular duty, the nature of which we shall explain. Russia, it is well known, has long been carrying on a vast and intricate system of intrigue in that part of the world, for the purpose of approximating gradually its frontier to India, the conquest of which it has always looked forward to as the keystone of its political grandeur. The fact, we say, that such is the case must be obvious to everybody. Few, however, are acquainted with the interior working of that extraordinary system. Few are familiar with the strange host of emissaries, Affghans, Armenians, Greeks, French, Germans, Poles, ay, and even Mahomedans from India, which the gold of the czar disperses through Turkestan to collect information and pave the way for conquest. About the beginning of the year mentioned above, a rich and numerous *kafila*, having traversed the province of Mazanderan and the desert steppes west of the Oxus, appeared on the frontier of the Bokhara territory. In this *kafila* there were three hundred Russians, the masters of much goods, designed, it was said, for the markets of Khokan, Kundooz, and Yarkand. It somehow or another transpired that these worthy traders, who exhibited, externally, few signs of wealth, were possessed, in reality, of immense treasures in gold. The news travelled like lightning through Turkestan. All the hordes of the desert were instantly in commotion, feeding their horses, furbishing their arms, and making all the necessary preparations for a dangerous *chupao*. Uzbeks, Kirghiz, Khivans, Toorks, even the mild and industrious Tajiks were, on this occasion, inspired by the lust of plunder. The very women and maidens of the tribes craved permission to accompany their lords. When this host of marauders had made themselves ready, they took post on either side of a defile through which the *kafila* had to pass, and, in the narrowest part of the gorge, at night, when defence was difficult or impossible, burst upon the unsuspecting wayfarers and made them prisoners to a man. No blood, on this occasion, we believe, was shed. The riches of the *kafila*, gold and all, were equally divided among the captors, and the merchants—all, by some extraordinary chance, in the flower of their age—supplied for some time with slaves the principal markets of Central Asia.

A very extraordinary fact was now accidentally discovered. The supposed merchants, for the most part, were not merchants, but Russian officers, who simultaneously conceived the idea of travelling through those parts of the world in disguise, and simultaneously obtained his imperial majesty's permission so to do. To speak plainly, they were commissioned by the czar with the aid of gold to ingratiate themselves with the various Khans and Amirs of Turkestan, whose forces they were, if

possible, to drill and exercise, with a view, no doubt, to render them more peaceable neighbors of the British in India. When these circumstances came to the knowledge of the British government, the statesman best able to turn them to account was fortunately in the foreign office. With his accustomed sagacity he quickly comprehended the affair in all its bearings. Russia, he could not doubt, had foreseen the possibility of what had actually happened, and if sufficient time were permitted, would not fail to profit by it. Her honor, she would say, was at stake. She would maintain the inexpediency of any great state's deserting its citizens; nor, at that time, had it been for her interest to act otherwise, could she have pleaded the example of England, for Lord Ellenborough had not yet expounded his new theory of abandoning prisoners of war to their fate, nor had Lord Aberdeen pushed the principle to its utmost consequences by abstaining from demanding satisfaction for the murder of ambassadors. Lord Palmerston, in short, perceived that Russia grievously wanted a pretext for moving a strong force upon the Oxus. He determined, therefore, to out-manœuvre the czar, and Colonel Stoddart was commissioned to ransom the Russian officers, or to prevail on the Amir to liberate them without ransom. The complete success of this undertaking deprived his imperial majesty, for the time, of all pretext for advancing upon Bokhara. This done, Colonel Stoddart had other duties to fulfil, the nature and extent of which it would be beside our purpose to explain. Very different, and in some cases conflicting, accounts have been given of his proceedings during the early part of his residence at Bokhara. Certain, however, it is, that he was alternately in the highest favor and in the utmost disgrace with the Amir; now his principal adviser, almost his oracle, and now thrust into a damp dungeon, supplied scantily with food, exposed to insult, and threatened perpetually with loss of life. But what, it may be asked, occasioned these extraordinary vicissitudes? Was the Amir of Bokhara a lunatic? Or did Colonel Stoddart's character and behavior vary so wonderfully as to justify the striking changes in the prince's conduct towards him. The causes of these seemingly unintelligible fluctuations lay far beyond the frontiers of Bokhara. When the army of the Indus, forcing its way through those difficult passes in which it was predicted it would be cut off, established British supremacy in Afghanistan, the politic Amir Nasr-Ullah turned a friendly eye upon his prisoner, discovered his complete innocence, and sought by rewards and honors not only to efface the memory of past harshness, but if possible to attach him firmly to his interests. Affairs wore this aspect so long as our arms continued triumphant in Afghanistan. The Amir was a shrewd man. He felt that the torrent of war, which had already swept over the Durani empire,

might next pour down the Hindu Koosh and devastate the plains of Turkestan. He was therefore a zealous English partisan, deaf as an adder to the charming of Russia and Persia and the Barukzai chiefs. His utmost ambition was to be the ally of England, and perhaps, like the actual minister of the Punjab, he would have applied himself to the study of our language, had suitable teachers been found at Bokhara.

These things we mention not by way of illustrating the character of Nasr-Ullah, nor simply for the purpose of throwing light on the position of Colonel Stoddart, who had by this time been joined by his friend, Conolly. Our intention is to point out to the public the powerful influence which we exercised throughout Central Asia while we remained masters of Kabul; and that influence, far from decreasing, would have been greatly augmented by every year's occupation of that commanding post. Nor should we insist at all upon this were it simply an honor barren of results. It was the very reverse. By modifying the opinions, thoughts, feelings, and tastes of those vast hordes and nations who have in every age been the fabricators of empire in Asia, we should in all human probability have surrounded ourselves with friends and allies ready to carry out our political designs, to be supplied with innumerable necessities by our commerce, and to constitute the impregnable outposts of our Asiatic dominions. It is impossible to contemplate without mingled pride and shame the revolution we might have brought about in that part of the world, a revolution peaceable and progressive, effected rather by the force of our example than by the terror of our arms. It began to be felt that to be the enemy of England was synonymous with obscurity, poverty, exile. Dost Mohammed and his sons, driven from the thrones they had usurped, first wanderers in Turkestan, then prisoners, then captives in India, subsisting on our bounty, afforded living examples of this truth. Our friendship, on the other hand, carried every earthly blessing along with it. As we pulled down so we could build up thrones and kingdoms. The belief of invincibility attached to us. Up to that moment nothing in the East had ever been able to withstand our power. Then came the disasters of Kabul. All Asia seemed darkened by the news. The greatest state known to living men, or recorded in the annals of authentic history, was smitten and appeared to stagger under the blow. But even in the acmé of the calamity, even when to ignorant observers we might have appeared prostrate, did the hordes of Central Asia accept the interpretation which many sought to give to the events that had occurred? Far from it. The Amir of Bokhara may be regarded as their representative. The Barukzai chiefs, in the intoxication of unlooked-for success, despatched couriers to Nasr-Ullah, announcing the massacre which they denominated a victory, and conjuring

him to join with them in utterly extirpating the English from Central Asia. They had many prisoners, they said, whom they designed immediately to put to death, and they exhorted him to follow the same policy, and sacrifice the English officers then in his service. Nasr-Ullah followed their example and not their advice. Instead of killing he imprisoned the English officers, thinking it more than probable that other British armies would traverse the Indus, before which the Afghans would again be compelled to bend, and a detachment of which might peradventure call him to account for his proceedings, and reduce Bokhara and its dependent towns to ashes. What language he held on these occasions to Stoddart and Conolly we do not exactly know; probably he represented to them that it would be imprudent in a prince situated as he was to incur the resentment of the Barukzais, who, sanguinary and revengeful as they were, might resolve, even at the hazard of ruin to themselves, to punish what they would regard as a lack on his part of religious zeal. Be this as it may, such was the conduct of the Amir.

Then succeeded the operations in the Khyber pass, the recapture of Kabul and Ghuzni, and all that brilliant succession of victories which have imparted an historical character to the names of Nott and Pollock and Sale. Our star, it seemed plain, was once more in the ascendant, and the Tartars, sullen, rapacious, and calculating, were ready once more to crouch at our feet, and to become, for good or for evil, the instruments of our power. The emissaries of Russia, who, during the temporary cloud under which we moved, had come forth from their hiding places and resumed their habitual occupations of traducing our national character, misrepresenting our motives, depreciating our power, and infinitely exaggerating the calamity that had befallen us, now once more shrunk back into obscurity. No comparison, it was clear, could justly be instituted between the armies of Great Britain, which, composed partly of Englishmen, partly of the gallant natives of Hindustan, had made good their entrance into the most difficult country in the world, and the forces of the Muscovite czar, which even at the distance of a few hundred miles from their own frontier, supported by a squadron of ships of war, supplied with an abundant commissariat, and led on by one of the most experienced generals in the empire, had failed, and fallen miserably before a handful of the irregular cavalry of Khiva. In the eyes of the Asiatics our name was once more invested with all its original glory. There was nothing which they would thenceforward think impossible to an Englishman. The days of Jenghis and Timour seemed to be come again; but with this difference, that the new conquerors sought not to destroy but to build up and beautify, not to desolate but to people, not to barbarize but to refine, not to scatter around them dis-

tress and famine and appalling and infinite misery, but, on the contrary, to secure to the subjugated people the possession of their property, and calm and quiet days in which to enjoy and be happy. Throughout Affghaniſtân the peasant cultivated his field, and blessed the Englishman who enabled him to enjoy the produce of it. There in those rude mountains, as here at home, every man's house under the English flag was his castle, so that in a short time, had the wisdom of the British cabinet equalled the valor of the British armies and the prudence and humanity of British officers, Affghaniſtân and the surrounding countries would have been covered with a loyal and attached population.

Among other effects produced by this change was the restoration of our envoys at Bokhara to liberty. Colonel Stoddart and his friend sat once more at the Amîr's right hand, and heard nothing but the most friendly professions and the most flattering promises. The hollowness and worthlessness of these they may have possibly seen, and it may at first sight seem surprising that they did not seize upon this fortunate moment to effect their escape. But they were not at Bokhara as mere travellers. Their country had sent them thither, and it was for their country to recall them if it considered their lives in danger. No step, however, was taken towards withdrawing them from their perilous post. By Lord Ellenborough they were probably forgotten altogether as well as by Lord Aberdeen. It is well known that these magnanimous statesmen for many months contemplated the desertion of the chivalrous and patriotic Eyre, Lady Sale, and all those other ladies and officers who had fallen into the power of the Affghans. We need not, therefore, greatly wonder if the envoys Stoddart and Conolly, removed to a far greater distance, and kept in no prominent position by the press, were wholly overlooked. Overlooked, at all events, they were. Not an effort was made, not a courier despatched, not a letter written, with a view to save them. The tories were too full of joy and exultation at the idea of escaping alive from Affghaniſtân to care for anything or any person not forced irresistibly upon their notice. They retreated within the Sutledge, and the guns fired in the rejoicings for their return, sounded the knell of our unhappy ambassadors at Bokhara. All the fierce barbarians north of the Hindu Koosh now adopted per force the belief that, by some invisible agency which they could neither perceive nor understand, Great Britain had indeed been vanquished. How it was no one could explain; even the Russians, who joyfully chronicled our misfortunes, felt wholly at a loss when they were required to account for them. But the fact, stubborn and undeniable, stared them in the face. No more was the English cannon heard pealing through the passes of the mountains; the roll of her victorious drum no longer roused soldier and Sipahi to parade in the Durani capital;

the glitter of her arms no more lighted up the gloomy dells and dusky defiles of the Sulimani range; the "meteor flag of England," that a few short months before had flapped proudly in the breeze from the summits of the towers of Kandahar, and Ghuzni, and Kâbul, had ceased to glad the eye of the traveller with assurance of protection, and shot down the rugged slopes of the mountains to bury itself in the plains of Hindostân. To the bright gleam of civilization which our transient supremacy had cast over the Affghan territory, had succeeded the darkness of barbarism, rendered doubly fearful by the deeds of ruthless violence and revenge perpetrated beneath the shelter of its obscurity. Could a people, like that of England, delight in the relish of vengeance, we might look with pleasure on the awful state of demoralization into which Affghaniſtân has relapsed since our departure.

We have observed above, that the tories, both in Europe and Asia, forgot, after their flight from the mountains, the very existence of our envoys at Bokhara, and made no effort whatever to save their lives. We crave pardon of the magnanimous leaders of that party. We have done them wrong. Lord Ellenborough, shortly after his arrival in India, did, on the contrary, remember the existence of Stoddart and Conolly, and wrote a letter to the Amîr of Bokhara, a copy of which, we believe, may still be found in the foreign office. But, what was its purport? We blush for Lord Ellenborough: it contained but one statement of any moment, and that one was false. Nay, more, such were the contents of that brief letter, that, had it reached its destination, (which, we trust, it did not,) there can scarcely on any man's mind remain the shadow of a doubt that it precipitated, if it did not occasion, the sanguinary execution that, in the month of July, 1843, left a stain on the city of Bokhara, which, had her Majesty's present ministers been anything but what they are, would have, ere now been washed out by the blood of Nasr Ullah Khan. Lord Ellenborough, in that most dastardly letter, described Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly as "innocent travellers," that is, denounced them to the Khan as liars and impostors, who, during a series of years, had been palming themselves off upon him as British officers accredited to him by their government, receiving the pay of that government, holding commissions from the queen of England, and enjoying, of course, the benefit of her utmost protection. The scene, which could scarcely fail to have taken place in the Amîr's palace, supposing that wretched composition to have reached Bokhara, has been so vividly imagined and so admirably described by Captain Grover, that the public will thank us for laying the picture before them.

"The reader will have the goodness to imagine the hall of state in the palace; near the wall, at the far end, lounging upon some cushions, with his face turned towards Mecca and the door, as they

happen to be in the same direction, is seen the Amír. The room is crowded with all that is noble in Bokhara: at the monarch's left hand, half a brigade-major's distance in the rear, stands an important minister of state, who, in France, is politely called *le maître des hautes œuvres*.

"This gentleman looks complacently at a cimeter which repuses quietly on his right arm, and ever and anon glances slyly at the end of a 'bow-string' which peeps out of his left sleeve. Imagine two fatigued messengers crouched in one corner, with the perspiration in large drops running down their black beards.

"The Amír is violently excited, but, being told that Stoddart Sahib approaches, he strokes his beard, and endeavors to look perfectly cool and indifferent.

"Stoddart Sahib advances respectfully, but gaily, glancing with a little pride at the 'Cloak of Sables,' and he perceives the messengers crouched in a corner, and knows by their dress that they are from Hindustân. Thoughts of dear absent friends pass rapidly across his mind; he feels at once that he has not been *abandoned by his country*; that he is not forgotten; scenes of liberty, honor, recompenses for his past sufferings, become so vivid, appear so real, that he can hardly master his emotions. Now, indeed, he feels thankful that he had the resolution to refuse the interference of Russia. He, however, becomes agitated, flushed and pale by turns.

"The Amír pretends not to perceive Stoddart's emotions, casts a glance at him that seems to pierce his innermost soul; he receives him, however, with a complacent smile, and, in a bland tone, desires him to approach.

"The following dialogue then takes place:

"STODDART, (*with profound reverence*), 'Salaam Alikoom!'

"THE AMIR. 'Alikoom Salaam! The sight of those strangers seems to affect thee, Stoddart Sahib.'

"STODDART. 'It does, may it please your gracious majesty. This sight is more welcome to my soul than the cool spring to the wanderer in the desert. By their attire, I see they come from Hindustân; by the sweat that hangs upon their brow, I see they have come in haste, like messengers of joyful tidings. Oh! Allah Kerreem! (God is merciful!) Have they not come to negotiate my release? Your good and gracious majesty has sent for me to bless me with that word, so short, but, oh! how precious—liberty! Bismillah! (In the name of God!) I entreat your majesty—say it!'

"AMIR. 'Compose thyself, O Stoddart Sahib, and listen to my voice. They say they are thy friends, and come in thy behalf; but I suspect they are vile impostors—rascally spies. I have sent for thee, O Stoddart Sahib, to have thy opinion; brush away, therefore, the cobwebs from thine eyelids, and tell me what thou seest.' (*The Ameer takes from a splendid blue satin bag a large letter, gives the envelope to Colonel Stoddart, and retains the inclosed letter.*)

"AMIR, (*with a pause*). 'Well, good Stoddart Sahib, thou hast examined that seal and writing; now, tell me truly, as thou hopest thy mother's grave may never be defiled, the contents of this despatch, may they be received with confidence?'

"STODDART. 'Oh! indeed they may. This letter comes from the good, the great, the pious and virtuous Amír, Lord Ellenborough, who now

represents my most gracious sovereign in Hindustân. May his shadow never be less!' (*Stoddart kisses the envelope three times with respectful affection.*)

"AMIR, (*in a furious tone*). 'Listen, now, O Stoddart Sahib; or rather O son of Sheitan! for such indeed thou must be. Whose dog art thou, son of an unclean quadruped, that thou shouldst come so far to laugh at our sacred beard? In this letter, which thou sayest is as worthy of belief as the sacred volume of our Holy Prophet, know then *thou art denounced by thine own chief as a spy!* Look and satisfy thyself—I will then hear patiently what thou hast to say before I determine upon thy sentence.'

"STODDART (*in great agitation*). 'There is some extraordinary mistake in this despatch. Your majesty will perceive that Conolly Sahib and myself are said to be "*innocent travellers*," and then the Amír Ellenborough adds, that if your majesty will order our release, *he* will undertake that we shall never more enter your majesty's dominion. Now your majesty, who knows all things, must be aware the Amír Ellenborough can have no power over us, were we "*innocent travellers*." It is only as servants of the government that he can exercise any control whatever and prevent our reëntering your majesty's dominion. Your majesty is, however, so well acquainted with the British constitution that it would be useless to say anything further on that point.'

"AMIR. 'One thing is quite clear, either Lord Ellenborough or thou has said the *thing which is not*. When, however, I think of thy noble conduct in refusing to accept liberty at the solicitation of the Russian eelchie, Petrowski Sahib, my heart softens towards thee, and I cannot bring myself to think that *thou art base enough to lie.*' "

In the above passage there are some expressions which require explanation. They relate to the interference of a Russian ambassador at Bokhara in behalf of Colonel Stoddart. Far be it from us to impute to General Petrowski any unworthy motives. He may have been actuated by mere humanity. Being a gentleman he may have had none but gentlemanly feelings. This, we say, is very possible. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the general was not, as Lord Ellenborough phrases it, "*an innocent traveller*," but an envoy from the court of St. Petersburg, acting in obedience to the stern orders of the czar, wont, we believe, to be but little modified by sentiment or generosity. For this reason we are apt to suspect that the Russian envoy desired to use his influence with the Amír, not on private but on public grounds; and such being the case, it must be obvious that to serve England was, of all things, that which lay farthest from his thoughts. His object, if we may venture to interpret it, was to impress the sovereign of Central Asia with a magnificent idea of Russian power, under the shelter and shadow of which the ambassadors even of England herself, notwithstanding her sovereignty over Hindustân, were compelled to take refuge. This Colonel Stoddart perfectly understood. By what principle he regulated his conduct will ap-

pear from the following words of Captain Abbott, our envoy to the ruler of Khiva.

"Speaking of Colonel Stoddart, the Khan said, I hear that the Russian ambassador at Bokhara applied to the Amir for Colonel Stoddart's freedom, and that he should be delivered for the purpose to the Russian government. Upon this the Amir summoned Colonel Stoddart, and asked him whether the Russians were likely to treat him well, and what he thought of the proposal. Colonel Stoddart replied, 'The Russians would, undoubtedly, treat me well, but, when my own government demands me, what will your highness answer?'"

"The Amir was much struck with the nobleness of such an answer from one who was in prison, and in hourly danger of death; and, taking off his own rich 'cloak of sables,' made them clothe Colonel Stoddart in it, and lead him on horseback through Bokhara.

"General Petrowski afterwards confirmed the fact of his attempt to release Colonel Stoddart."

By all who bestow any attention on this subject, the question will certainly be asked, why the government of India, when our authority was paramount throughout the Afghan dominions up to the very borders of Turkestan, did not despatch two or three thousand men to deliver our envoys from cruel captivity in Bokhara? There existed no obstacle to such an undertaking. After issuing from the passes of the Hindu Koosh, which were, for the time, in our own power, our troops would have had nothing but one vast plain, with some few undulations before them. They would have traversed the Oxus in the manner of the country, according to which the horses of the cavalry are harnessed to large ferry boats, and made to traverse the stream by swimming. No effectual resistance could have been offered them, so that they would either have restored our countrymen to liberty, or if any harm had befallen them, would have avenged their death. To have done this was the imperative duty of the governor-general, and he must have been fully aware of it from the moment that he had determined to evacuate Afghanistan. Till then, they were in little danger. Imprisoned they might be, because prisoners are always forthcoming; but dread of our vengeance must have preserved their lives. Lord Ellenborough, however, cared for none of these things. When he should have been reflecting on them, he was probably engaged in profound meditations on the gates of Somnauth, or considering how he should mimic the grandiloquence of Napoleon, and launch forth his fulsome gallicisms which have since stunk so offensively in the nostrils of the public.

But what the tory rulers of India so basely neglected, was sought, at least, to be accomplished by a private gentleman in England, Captain John Grover, whose enthusiastic and indefatigable exertions have carried his name throughout the civilized world. In former years he had enjoyed the friendship of Colonel Stoddart, and

he now conceived the design of liberating him from prison at the peril, at least, of his own life. He was by no means anxious, however, to augment the number of Nasr Ullah's prisoners or victims. He, therefore, applied to Lord Aberdeen, and to the principal authorities at the Horse Guards, to be permitted to proceed to Bokhara, as a British officer dressed in his uniform, and authorized by government to demand the release of our envoys. Our foreign secretary, who appears to be thrown into a paroxysm of perplexity by every application made to him, fearing he might offend or compromise somebody, though he knew not distinctly whom, refused Captain Grover's request. He would not, because he could not, oppose his proceeding to Bokhara as an "innocent traveller;" but the captain knowing that "innocence" in those parts of the world is no protection to a man, declined to embark in the enterprise under such circumstances. This was in the month of June, 1843, when both Stoddart and Conolly were still undoubtedly alive. The foreign-office, however, anxious to be rid of the responsibility arising from their persevering existence, caught with marvellous eagerness at every report, wheresoever, and by whomsoever fabricated, which appeared to promise it deliverance from this source of annoyance. Lord Aberdeen refused to see Captain Grover, but his subalterns, Mr. Addington and Mr. Hammond, who proved more accessible, labored strenuously to persuade him that the objects of his solicitude were dead, and that, consequently, it was exceedingly unnecessary for him to trouble himself about them. The reasons, however, upon which they based their negligent faith, appeared infinitely absurd to Captain Grover, who proved that no ingenuity could reconcile them together, and that if one of them were true, all the others must be false. Still, the gentlemen of the foreign-office, whether convinced or unconvinced, would not stir in the business. Lord Aberdeen washed his hands of it. He had not sent Colonel Stoddart to Bokhara, and the noble lord, who indirectly did send him, was one the wisdom of whose policy he was no way concerned to demonstrate.

Such being the views of ministers, the next step appeared to be to appeal to the public. No doubt this was a strange proceeding. There existed a cabinet, and among that cabinet's most unquestionable duties was that of watching over and protecting our envoys to foreign states. Our tory foreign secretary refused to recognize the force of this obligation, and carelessly cast off the burden from himself to the country. At this stage of the affair Dr. Joseph Wolff stepped forward, and in a letter published in the "Morning Herald," announced his readiness, without reward or prospect of reward, to undertake the long and perilous journey to Bokhara, for the purpose of endeavoring at least to liberate Stoddart and Conolly. All he stipulated for was that the expenses of his

journey should be paid. With this offer Captain Grover immediately closed and furnished from his own pocket the five hundred pounds, which it was supposed would be necessary to enable Dr. Wolff to perform his undertaking. A committee of officers and others was then formed, which in an exceedingly brief space of time collected sufficient funds both to repay Captain Grover and to meet every additional expense that might be incurred. Into the details of this transaction, so highly honorable to all engaged in it, but more especially to Dr. Wolff, we cannot at present enter. In the course of a few weeks the single-hearted missionary was on his way. He traversed the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and landing upon terra-firma at Trebizond, hurried forward, in spite of the severities of a most inclement winter, towards the goal of his sad journey. As he advanced reports of all kinds assailed him, some affirming that the two officers were yet alive, others that they had been long ago executed. To whatever was related to him he listened patiently, but continued to push on, his anxiety increasing at every step to unravel the painful mystery. Meanwhile, as letters from him reached England they were published in the journals, and kept up in the minds of all who took an interest in eastern affairs, a solicitude scarcely inferior to his own. Even the foreign-office now considered it prudent occasionally to appear in the matter, though always for the purpose of disseminating doubts and throwing a damper on expectation. That this was the feeling by which it was actuated is proved by one single circumstance: a despatch from Count Medem, Russian ambassador in Persia, announcing the execution of the two British officers, was without delay communicated to the public through the newspapers; but a despatch of a contrary import arriving a few days later from Colonel Sheil, our own envoy at Teheran, though shown to Captain Grover, was not sent to the journals. At Meshed Dr. Wolff discovered an agent of Colonel Stoddart, who held property belonging to that officer to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds in rich shawls, &c. Several letters, also, were found in this man's possession, intended to have been forwarded to Colonel Stoddart, but, for reasons not difficult to be conjectured, kept back by him. He was, of course, very positive that the execution of the two officers had taken place, because, in that case, he hoped by skilful manœuvring to be able to appropriate the colonel's property to his own use. From an attentive perusal of Dr. Wolff's letters it appears but too evident that in proportion as he approached nearer and nearer to Bokhara his hopes and his confidence diminished. He was, nevertheless, resolved, on no consideration, to stop short in his journey. He, therefore, protected by an escort of Turkomans, traversed the desert and arrived at the capital of Nasr Ullah Khan. The public generally are aware of the intelligence which he has, from that city, communi-

cated to the Stoddart and Conolly committee. By command of the Amír, he writes that, in the month of July, 1843, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were publicly executed by order of that sovereign, on grounds and for reasons which we presume appeared satisfactory to him. At length, then, it may be said, it is certain that our envoys have been murdered, and that we need feel no further solicitude respecting them. It happens, however, strangely enough, that even this positive assurance is not quite satisfactory. Before Dr. Wolff left London it was privately agreed between him and Captain Grover that if, on arriving at Bokhara, he found the ambassadors to be really dead, he should on no account write a single line from that place. "If then," said he, "I should write, even though it were to say that they had been executed, and that I had seen their dead bodies, you will still refuse to believe the assertion, and be persuaded that there is some mystery in the matter, which circumstances will not allow me to explain." On the other hand, what Dr. Wolff wrote he did not write voluntarily, but by the express command of the Amír, and that circumstance may account for his not adhering strictly to his engagement with Captain Grover, supposing Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to be really dead. A fresh source of anxiety, however, is now opened up. Instead of dismissing Dr. Wolff to carry back to England the information he had collected to confirm by his oral testimony the strange accounts he had transmitted in writing, Nasr Ullah retains him also as a prisoner, probably with the intention that he shall share the same fate with the objects of his inquiry, whatever that may have been.

From the foregoing facts it would undoubtedly appear to be the duty of Great Britain to visit with condign punishment the infamous ruler of Bokhara, who, having poisoned his own brother, can scarcely be expected to display greater humanity towards strangers. But it is now, it may be said, beyond our power to chastise him. We are no longer in possession of Affghaniistán, and no longer exercise any influence in Central Asia. It is true that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, as far as in them lies, have made our name a byword in those countries, and exposed us on all hands to contempt and insult. Still, it is difficult for an empire like that of Great Britain to lose all at once its hold on public opinion, so that the belief still prevails in several parts of the east that we could do something yet if delivered from the yoke of the tories. Under this persuasion Ussuf-ud-Dowlah, uncle to the King of Persia, and actual governor of Khorassan, wrote a letter to Captain Grover, supposing him to be somehow or another connected with the ministry, offering, if Great Britain would only countenance the movement, to invade the Bokhara territories with eight thousand Turkoman horse, make the Amír prisoner, and deliver him up for punishment into our hands. In

order to prove to the world, that he acted under our direction, he required that a British officer should be sent him with a small body of troops, and eight pieces of cannon. He affirmed at the same time that the subjects of the Amir would consider the interference of Great Britain and Persia as a blessing, that they would none of them consequently rise to fight in his behalf, and that whatever resistance was to be expected would be made by the small disciplined army, created within the last few years by a Persian, who, having fled his own country for notorious crimes, and been driven from Hindustân for the same cause, took refuge at Bokhara, and ingratiated himself with the Khan by casting cannon and disciplining his soldiers. This offer was immediately communicated to Lord Aberdeen, who, after due deliberation, rejected it.

It is unfortunately extremely seldom that we can offer his lordship the tribute of our humble praise. But in this particular case our conviction is that he acted wisely and well. It is not from factious motives that we at any time differ from his lordship. It would be far more pleasant to us, far more gratifying to our pride as Englishmen, to have to compliment him often on the success of his policy, because that success would be the success of the empire. We single out, therefore, this act of his for commendation, and shall proceed to show why we commend it. Persia, it is well known, has for many years past been subservient in all her movements to Russia, so that wheresoever she extends her sway, Russia also must be understood to have established hers. Scarcely, therefore, can it be doubted that the Ussuf-ud-Dowlah was prompted by Count Nesselrode to endeavor to entrap England, not only into approval but into coöperation with the attack upon Bokhara. Some persons perhaps will inquire why Russia should adopt this tortuous method of accomplishing her designs instead of marching an army at once into the coveted regions, or inciting Persia to do so under her direction. The reasons of this policy by no means lie far beneath the surface of things. It is not for the interest of Russia to break at present with Great Britain, more especially for the effecting of an object comparatively so insignificant as the conquest of Bokhara. She would rather for the present not advance her line of frontier than do so at the expense of a rupture with us. Besides, were the option left her, the interest equal, the chances of war or peace the same, she would, at any time, prefer infinitely to carry her point clandestinely by intrigue, than frankly in a manly manner by negotiation and treaty or by war. In fact, the great strength of Russia lies not in her military resources; to be convinced of which we need but direct our attention to what has been going on for years among the roots of the Caucasus, where a handful of Circassians, inspired with genuine courage by freedom, have set the whole power of the empire at

defiance, won over its armies victory after victory, and threatened more than once to descend from their fastnesses and carry fire and sword through the steppes of the Kuban. Considerations like these fully account for the system of policy which the ministers of the czar carry on in Central Asia. Lord Aberdeen's predecessor had enriched the foreign-office with abundant proofs and illustrations of this fact. His lordship, accordingly, would have been without excuse had he suffered himself to be caught in the trap laid for him at the instigation of Russia by Ussuf-ud-Dowlah. It is something that the present cabinet comprehends at length their own insignificance in that part of the world, together, perhaps, with the full value of the unrivalled position won for the country by the liberals and sacrificed by them. They perceive that the loss of Afghanistan has placed them completely at the mercy of circumstances. We cannot blame them, therefore, for refusing to attempt the chastisement of Nasr-Ullah Khan. They could not do it if they would. They have voluntarily abdicated the power to avenge themselves; and there is consequently not a petty chief in Turkestan, however paltry or pettifogging, who may not, if he pleases, laugh at their beards. Such is the pass to which this country has been brought, by acquiring what the tory journals used to denominate a strong government, under which we have undergone more humiliations, and submitted to more disgrace than any great country ever suffered before.

Nevertheless we have yet to mention the most extraordinary illustration of our weakness that events have hitherto supplied. Dr. Wolff, now a prisoner at Bokhara, if he be not poisoned, or otherwise made away with, is a British subject and a minister of the church of England. The Khan knows this. Nay, common report has rendered the fact familiar to the whole population of Asia as well as to the civilized world. To say the least of it, therefore, it is a deep mortification to Great Britain to admit, as admit she must, her utter inability to afford him protection, or even to mitigate directly the bitterness of the insults that may be heaped upon him. She feels, however, that she can do nothing. To what power then, in this dilemma, does she have recourse? Why, to the object of her greatest jealousy, to Russia, to the Czar Nicholas himself! By this time, in all probability, Captain Grover has arrived at St. Petersburg, furnished with letters from Lord Aberdeen to the British ambassador there, as well as to Count Woronzof, requesting their good offices in his behalf with the emperor. And what is the favor that he has gone to solicit! Is it for a free passage through his imperial majesty's dominions to go in search of Dr. Wolff, and add a fresh flower to the bloody wreath which already encircles the brows of Nasr-Ullah Kahn! Nothing of all this. The object of Captain Grover's mission to St. Petersburg is humbly to entreat the Empe-

ror Nicholas that he will, out of mere grace and favor, undertake the deliverance of a British subject from captivity! We cannot otherwise than wish him success. Dr. Wolff has given too many proofs of his noble and generous self-devotion in the cause of one whom he regarded as his dear friend: for Captain Conolly, be it remembered, met Dr. Wolff in extreme poverty and distress when he had escaped penniless from captivity, and enacted the good Samaritan towards him, taking him in and clothing him and feeding him, and in all respects behaving towards him like a Christian and a brother. And Dr. Wolff has since shown that he deserved this treatment. The flame of gratitude kindled in his heart, burned on for years until the time came when the man who had behaved kindly towards him was himself in affliction. Then the missionary came forward and remembering who it was that said "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," quitted his home, his wife, and his only child, and cast fearlessly his bread upon the waters, confident that he should find it after many days. And to rescue such a man from thralldom, Great Britain is compelled to have recourse to the Emperor of Russia! Compelled, did we say? The necessity is of her own creating: she suffered the men who zealously guarded her power to be driven from office, and replaced by individuals ignorant of her best interests, and incapable, if it were otherwise, of properly promoting them. We are weak, because we are factious, because statesmen are sent into retirement to make way for quacks. When Lord Palmerston was in Downing Street, British subjects were never constrained to crave the protection of Russia. But such is our condition at present, that we shall feel but too happy if his imperial majesty will deign to send an envoy to Bokhara for the purpose of demonstrating to the world how completely his policy has triumphed over tory-ridden England.

SCRIPTURE READING IN IRELAND.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers a copy of a letter written by Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, earnestly enforcing the duty upon the common people of reading the Holy Scriptures. As a sequel to the efforts of this worthy man in the cause of total abstinence, we hail this letter as the harbinger of incalculable good to Ireland.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES IN IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND.

My dear Friends,—As the united Catholic bishops of Ireland have especially recommended the faithful under their jurisdiction to read with due reverence and proper dispositions the Holy Bible, published by R. Coyne; and as he now, in conjunction with J. Hatters, proposes to issue the Divine Volume, under the same authority, in twelve parts, at sixpence each, so as to suit the circumstances of all classes—in order to assist in carrying into practical effect the recommendation of the venerable prelates, I humbly but most earnestly entreat all the members of the various total

abstinence societies, who, I trust, by being members of societies which have produced order, peace, and tranquillity, are prepared to read the Holy Scriptures with "due reverence and proper dispositions," to avail themselves of such a treasure on such acceptable terms, and thus to join wisdom to temperance; or, as the Apostle Peter says, (2d Ep., c. 1, v. 7.) "that by employing all care you may minister in your faith virtue, and in virtue knowledge, and in knowledge abstinence, and in abstinence patience, and in patience godliness, and in godliness love of brotherhood, and in love of brotherhood charity."

Permit me, my dear friends, to express my most anxious and ardent desire that all of you who shall thus read the Sacred Scriptures with faith, submission, and respect, will follow the Divine lessons they inculcate.

In conclusion, being fully convinced of the great blessing to be derived from a careful perusal of the Sacred Volume, I shall, for my own part, adopt every means in my power to promote its circulation amongst you, and all others over whom I can exercise any influence.

I am, my dear friends, faithfully and sincerely yours, (Signed) THEOBALD MATHEW.

THE LAW OF COURTSHIP.—An American paper gives the following account of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, in which the judge laid down a new doctrine, which we should not be sorry to see adopted:—"A case was recently tried in Rutland, Vermont, North America, in which a Miss Munson recovered 1425 dollars of a Mr. Hastings for a breach of a marriage contract. The curiosity of the thing is this—the Vermont judge charged the jury that no explicit promise was necessary to bind the parties to a marriage contract, but that long-continued attentions or intimacy with a female was as good evidence of intended matrimony as a special contract. The principle of the case undoubtedly is, that if Hastings did not promise, he ought to have done so—the law holds him responsible for the nonperformance of his duty. A most excellent decision—a most righteous judge, compared with whom Daniel would appear but a common squire! We have no idea of young fellows dangling about after girls for a year or two, and then going off, leaving their sweethearts half courted; we hate this everlasting nibble and never a bite, this beating the bush and never starting the game—it is one of the crying sins of the age. There is not one girl in twenty can tell whether she is courted or not. No wonder that when Betty Simper's cousin asked if Billy Doubtful courted her, she replied, 'I don't know exactly—he's a sorter courtin' and a sorter not courtin.' We have no doubt that this Hastings is one of these 'sorter not courtin' fellows, and most heartily do we rejoice that the judge has brought him to book with a 1425 dollars verdict. The judge says that long continued attentions or intimacy is just as good as a regular promise. Now, we do not know what would pass for intimacy according to the laws of Vermont, but supposing attentions to consist of visiting a girl twice a week, and estimating the time wasted by Miss Munson at each visit to be worth a dollar, (which is too cheap,) Mr. Hastings has been making a fool of himself 14 years and some odd weeks. This decision makes a new era in the law of love, and we make no doubt, will tend to the promotion of matrimony and morality."

CHAPTER XII.—OUR GODFATHER.

A MONTH and two days of our little lives had passed away, and another evening was in the wane, without any appearance of our worthy uncle and godfather elect, the rich and respectable Mr. Jenkins Rumbold.

He had written, briefly indeed, to accept the sponsorship, and to beg that the spare bed might be regularly slept in, seeing that he was subject to the rheumatism: but, although the morrow was appointed for the christening, still he came not. No,—although his mattress, thanks to the indefatigable Kezia, was well shaken, his blankets thoroughly aired, his sheets sweetly lavendered—a fire laid ready for lighting in the grate—a bow-pot, daily renewed, on the mantel-shelf—and the Book of Common Prayer, with the leaf turned down at the Public Baptism of Infants, deposited on the walnut-wood table.

My mother was in despair; for she was a devotee of a very ancient and numerous sect, renowned for self-torture and voluntary martyrdom. Not that she ever scourged or flagellated her own body with cords or rods, or gashed her flesh with knives, or scored it with uncut talons, or wore sackcloth next her skin, or emaciated her frame by long fasts or frequent vigils; but for such painful exercises as lying on metaphorical thorns, sitting on figurative pins and needles, or hanging on colloquial tenter hooks, she was a first-class saint of the self-tormenting order of the Fidgets.

"It don't signify!" she said, in a crying tone, and flouncing down in the great white dimity-covered chair in the bedroom, as if her legs had suddenly struck work. "I'm quite worn out! If my brother means to stand for his nephews, he ought to be here by this time. Here we are, as I may say, on the very brink of the font, and no godfather!—at least, not certain. It is running it cruelly fine; it is indeed!"

As my mother during these observations had first looked down at the floor, as if addressing the spirits under the earth, and then up at the ceiling, as though appealing to all the angels in heaven, Mrs. Prideaux, in her intermediate sphere, did not feel called upon to reply, but continued quietly to rock the cradle.

"A stranger," continued my mother, "might be excused for indifference; but when a brother and an uncle exhibits such apathy, what is one to think?"

Still the nurse remained silent; for the speaker, during her apostrophe, had fixed her eyes on the neglected twins. But my mother was yearning for sympathy, and, therefore, aimed her next appeal point blank at the mark.

"I confess it does fret and worry me; but it is too bad, Mrs. P.; is it not?"

"Not having the pleasure to know the gentleman," replied Mrs. P., "I must beg to decline hazarding an opinion. The delay may have proceeded from procrastination, or it may have arisen from some accident."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed my mother, clasping her hands as if wrung by some positive calamity. "Yes, you are right! There must have been an accident! You only echo my own misgivings. There have been heavy rains lately, and the waters are out of course. Oh! my poor, dear, drowned brother! To think that, perhaps, whilst I am blaming and reproaching you —"

She stopped, for at that very instant the door

opened; and, ushered in by my father, and closely followed by Kezia, the dear undrowned brother walked into the chamber, perfectly safe and dry, and not a little astonished at the hysterical scream and vehement caress with which he was welcomed.

At last my mother untwined her arms from his neck, and sank again into the easy chair.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, "you are safe! But oh! how changed!" an observation she prudently whispered to herself; but which, nevertheless, was plainly telegraphed by the workings of her features. And truly the alteration she beheld would have justified a louder exclamation. From top to toe, the former Jenkins Rumbold had undergone a complete metamorphosis. Instead of his old-fashioned wig—formal, as if cut in yew, by some Dutch topiarian—he wore his own hair, or rather a fringe of it, to his bald head;—the quaint pigtail, which used to dangle at his nape, was also retrenched; but his chin, by way of compensation, displayed a beard like a French sapper's. And where was his precise white cravat, with its huge bow? Discarded for a black silk kerchief, carelessly tied round his neck in the sailor style, with a lax double-knot. His silver knee and foot buckles were likewise gone; for his square-toed shoes were replaced by a kind of easy buskins, and his kerseymere shorts had become longs, as wide and loose as the trousers of a marine. His waistcoat was unique; and his coat—cut after some original pattern of his own—was remarkable for the number and amplitude of its pockets: fit, there was none. He seemed to have won a suit of clothes in a raffle, and to have adopted them for his own wear from the sole merit of being so easy and roomy that he could roll about in them—like a great oracle of those days, Doctor Johnson.

What an uncle!—what a godfather!

Well might Kezia gape and gasp like a hooked gudgeon at such a phenomenon! Nay, the genteel nurse herself opened her eyes to a most vulgar width, and stared at the strange gentleman with a pertinacity quite inconsistent with her usual good manners.

My father alone was unmoved. Accustomed to the extraordinary whims and crotchets of sick and insane humanity, he was not surprised by the oddities of his kinsman, which he ascribed to their true source. The truth is, whilst the worthy dry-salter remained in trade the monotonous routine of business induced and required a corresponding precision and formality of conduct and character. He had neither leisure nor leave to be eccentric. To caper and curvet on the commercial railroad is as dangerous as inconvenient and inconsistent. But once released from business, and its habits, like the retired tradesman who sets up his fancy carriage, or builds his "Folly," he started his hobby. Its nature chance helped to determine, by throwing into his way a certain treatise, by some cosmogony man of the Monboddoo school, if not actually an unacknowledged work from the pen of the speculative philosopher, who maintained that man, at the creation, had a tail like the monkey. However, the original Uncle Rumbold had so translated himself as to be hardly recognizable by his next of kin.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said. "You miss my wig and tail, and are boggling at my beard. A manly ornament, isn't it—as intended by the Creator! For eighteen months, sister—for a year and a half, brother-in-law—no razor has touched

my chin, and; please God, never shall again—never!—at least while I preserve my reason. As for shaving, it's a piece of effeminacy, the invention of modern foppery; to say nothing of the degradation of having your nose, that very sensitive feature, and one of the seats of honor, pulled here and there, right and left, up and down, at the will of a contemptible penny barber."

"Very degrading, indeed," said my father, stroking his own chin with his hand, as if coaxing a beard to grow from it.

"If there 's a ridiculous spectacle in the world," continued Uncle Rumbold, "it's a full-grown man, a son of Adam the Great, with his human face divine lathered like a dead wall at its whitewashing—now crying with the suds in his eye, and then spitting with the soap in his mouth—and undergoing all this painful, and absurd, and disgusting penance for what? Why, to get rid of the very token that gives the world assurance of a man."

"Ridiculous enough!" said my father.

"My wig, on the contrary, was an artificial appendage, and accordingly I have abandoned it. If, as a sign of mature age, nature ordains me to be as bald as a coot, so be it—I will go to my grave with an unsophisticated bare scone. The same with my queue. If she had intended me to wear a pig's tail bound in black ribbon, at my nape, she would have furnished me with one, or at least the germ of one, at my birth—but she did not, and therefore I have docked off the substitute."

"So I perceive," said my father.

"Yes, sir, as a foreign anomaly. But a beard," resumed Uncle Rumbold, "is quite another thing—a hair-loom, as I may say, from our first ancestor. Its roots were implanted in Paradise—and its shoots grew and flourished on the chins of the patriarchs. And what can we conceive more awful and majestic than the beards, white as the driven snow, and reaching down to the girdle of Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, in their old age! But would they have been looked up to and implicitly obeyed by the people as God's own vicegerents if they had shaved! Not they!—And what, I should like to know, intimidated the barbarian Gauls when they invaded the Roman capitol?"

"A flock of cackling geese," replied my mother, who had some random recollections of ancient history.

"A flock of cackling fiddle-sticks!" cried Uncle Rumbold. "It was the beards, the venerable beards, of the Roman senators. And I cannot help thinking that if our members of Parliament adopted that classic fashion, and no men appeal of fener to the classics, they would not only deliberate with far more gravity and decorum, but frame laws much more wise, and profound, and just, than they do at present. In fact, all the great lawgivers wore beards. Look at Moses!—look at Solon!—look at Lycurgus!—look at our Alfred!"

"If you please, sir," said Kezia—her patience worn out to the last thread—"won't you look at our twins!"

"Eh! what?" snapped Uncle Rumbold, annoyed in his turn, and waving off the maid of all work with an impatient sweep of his oratorical right arm. "By and by, my good woman, by and by. The twins, I suppose, are pretty much the same as other infants—little fat human squabs."

"As you please, sir," replied Kezia, with a

courtesy, but heightened in color and expression towards a red lioness. "All I know is, they are such a pair of twin nevies as any uncle might be proud of—if he was the Grand Turk himself!"

"Well, well," said Uncle Rumbold, rather pleased than piqued by the allusion to his Oriental appendage. "Where are they? Oh, yonder!—Poor little wretches!"

"Poor little wretches!" exclaimed an echo, very like the voice of Kezia, but attributed by Uncle Rumbold to Mrs. Prideaux.

"Yes, poor little wretches!" he repeated, addressing himself to the nurse. "I do pity them; for, of course, they are to be bound up and bandaged like young mummies of the Nile."

"I presume you mean swaddled, sir," replied Mrs. Prideaux.

"I do, ma'am," said Uncle Rumbold, "that is to say, imprisoning their young, tender, freeborn limbs with linen rollers, and flannel fetters, and other diabolical contrivances for cramping the liberty of nature. But, perhaps, ma'am, you wear garters!"

The genteel nurse assented, with a slight bend of acquiescence.

"Because I never do," said Uncle Rumbold. "I detest all ligatures; they check the circulation of the blood, and, consequently, the flow of ideas. I once got upon my legs, with garters on, to speak in public, and I broke down at the very first sentence—I did, indeed! No, no—no ligatures for me! Look here, ma'am,"—and he threw open the bosom of his waistcoat—"no braces, you see!—but one garment buttoned on the other, like a schoolboy's."

"I am no judge, sir, of masculine habiliments," replied the genteel nurse; "but of the infantine costume I can speak, which is the same as custom prescribes in the highest families."

"Custom!" exclaimed Uncle Rumbold. "Confound custom! Why not be guided by the light of nature?" And he gave such a rhetorical blow on the head of the cradle, that the twins started broad awake in a fright, and began to pipe in concert like a double flageolet. In another moment, they were sending their smothered cries, through stuff and linen, into the bosom and very heart of the maid of all work, who, with an infant on each arm, hurried to the door, which she nevertheless contrived to unfasten, and then pushed wide open, with one leg and foot.

But Uncle Rumbold either overlooked or withstood the hints, and continued his harangue to the nurse.

"In the savage state, ma'am, the human animal has no swaddling. Look at the wild American papoose."

"But ours an't papooses," cried Kezia,—"they're babbies."

"Pshaw!—nonsense, woman!" said Uncle Rumbold. "Go to your kitchen. I say, ma'am, the human animal, in a state of nature, is never swaddled!—never! For example, the American Indians. Let us suppose that those two infants there, in the housemaid's arms, were young Crows, or Dog-Ribs—"

"I won't suppose any such falsities!" cried the indignant house-maid.

"Hush! hush, pray hush!" whined my mother. "Kezia, do hold your tongue, or I shall go distracted!"—as in fact she was, poor woman, between her dread of offending our wealthy godfather, and her horror of his doctrines. But my father

enjoyed the discussion, and was sawing away with his forefinger across the bridge of his nose, as if it had been that of a fiddle.

In the mean time, my mother's interruption had drawn Uncle Rumbold's discourse upon herself. "I don't know, sister," he said, "if my spiritual capacity of godfather invests me with any control over their physical education; but, if those two boys were mine, every blessed day of their lives, wet or dry, shade or shine, hot or cold, they should enjoy, for an hour or two, the native liberty of their limbs, and sprawl and crawl, as naked as they were born, on the grass-plot."

"Gracious goodness!—On the damp lawn!"

"Ay, or soaking wet, if it so happened; and, what's more, the youngsters should have to climb some tree or other for their suspended victuals."

"Why, the poor things would starve!" exclaimed my mother.

"Not they," said Uncle Rumbold. "Trust to the light of nature! Hunger and instinct would soon teach them to scramble up the stem, like young monkeys—ay, as nimble as marmosets!"

My mother shook her head. "But they would sprawl and crawl into the fish-pond."

"So much the better," said Uncle Rumbold; "for then they might have a swim."

"But does that come by nature, too?" inquired my mother.

"Of course," answered Uncle Rumbold—"as it does to a fish. Look at the savage islanders—I forget what author relates it—but when one of the native canoes, or proas, was upset, a little Carib, of a week old, who had never been in the water before, kept swimming about in the sea, till the vessel was righted, as spontaneously as a dog."

My mother again shook her head.

"Fact, and in print," said Uncle Rumbold—"he was paddling about like a water-spaniel; and why not! The art of swimming is innate. Take your own twins, there, and chuck them into the river opposite—"

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated my mother; to which Kezia responded with as fervent an "Amen."

"I say, chuck them into the river," repeated Uncle Rumbold, "and you will see them strike out with their arms and legs, as naturally as frogs. In fact, it is my decided opinion, that man, in his pristine state, was intended by the Creator to be amphibious."

"Did you ever make, personally, any experiments in natation?" inquired my father, in his most serious voice.

"Why, I can't say that I ever did, exactly," replied Uncle Rumbold. "But what does that signify, when I'm convinced of my theory! However, as I said before to my sister, if I am to have any share in the physical education of my godsons, those are the principles upon which, guided by the light of nature, I mean to act."

My father made a low bow, so low, that it would have seemed farcical, but for the air of profound gratitude which he contrived to throw into his countenance; but my mother involuntarily uplifted her hands and eyes, while Kezia, forbidden to speak, gave a low groan, or, rather, grunt.

"In the mean time," resumed Uncle Rumbold, "I have not forgotten a sponsorial offering;" and diving his hand into one of the many huge cloth closets, or pockets, in his coat, he extricated with some difficulty a brown paper parcel, which he presented, rather ostentatiously, to my mother.

"No trumpery spoons, sister, or jingling corals,"

he said, as her fingers nervously fumbled at the string—"but something that, rightly employed, will increase in interest and be a benefit to the boys through life."

My mother's fingers trembled more than ever at these words, and twitched convulsively at the double knot, whilst a score of vague images, including a pile of bank notes, to be invested in twin annuities, passed through her agitated mind. Kezia, with held breath, and broad undisguised anxiety in her party-colored face, intently watched the unfolding of the successive coverings; and even in the well-bred Mrs. Prideaux curiosity triumphed so completely over courtesy, that she jostled and incommoded our godfather in her eagerness to partake of the revelation. At last the inmost veil of lawn paper was removed.

"A book!" murmured my mother.

Kezia, fetching her breath again with a deep-drawn sigh, deposited the dear twins in the cradle and hastily left the room; while the genteel nurse, giving her head the slightest toss in the world, resumed her seat and her needle-work.

"A book!" repeated my mother.

"Ay, the Book of Books, as I call it," said Uncle Rumbold—"the Bible, of course, excepted."

"And a presentation copy," remarked my father, adroitly catching the volume as it slid off my mother's knees, "with the writer's autograph on the fly-leaf!"

"Yes—and a tall copy and unique, and privately printed," said Uncle Rumbold. "A work as original as scarce—as logical as learned—as correct as copious—as sensible as sublime—as captivating as convincing—as playful as powerful—as elegant as elevating—the life-long study of a profound philosopher—in short, a work worthy of its title—'The Light of Nature!'"

"It is all very fine, no doubt," said my mother.

"A perfect treasury—a mine of riches!" exclaimed Uncle Rumbold. "The Holy Testament excepted, the world has never received such a legacy. And this, as I believe, the only copy extant! A gift, let me tell you, sister, that nothing but our near relationship, and my anxiety for the future welfare of two—I say *two* nephews—could have extorted from me."

"A mine—a treasury—and a legacy," repeated my mother, with a tear, that might or might not be a pledge of sincerity, gushing from either eye. "You are very kind, I'm sure—very kind and considerate, indeed.—Who's there?"

It was Catechism Jack, come to announce that supper was on the table, in the parlor. So the conference in the bed-chamber broke up. Uncle Rumbold offered his arm to my mother to lead her down stairs; and my father, whistling a march, in a whisper, brought up the rear. Nothing worthy of record passed during the meal, except that the guest received and relished the mixture which had been promised to him by letter at the suggestion of Mr. Postle, namely, "a draught of something comforting to be taken the last thing at night—say, diluted alcohol sweetened with sugar." The dose was even repeated—and then the parties separated, and retired to their respective chambers.

"Well, my dear," asked my father as he stepped into bed, "how do you like the 'Light of Nature?'"

"I wish," said my mother—but stopping short in the middle of her wish, to give a vehement puff at the candle—"I wish I could blow it out!"

CHAPTER XIII.—OUR OTHER GODFATHER, AND THE GODMOTHER.

"George?"

"Well?"

"How is the morning?" asked my mother, entering full-dressed, and accosting my father, as he looked over the Venetian half-blind of the parlor window.

"Why, I think," replied my father, "considering those low dirty-looking clouds, with tattered dripping skirts, lounging about the horizon, like ragged reprobates who have slept all night in the open air and the gutter, that we shall have a general sprinkling to-day, as well as the particular one in the church."

"I am always unlucky in my weather," grumbled my mother, "especially when it is wanted to be fine. We shall be nicely soaked and draggled, of course; for the glass-coach must draw up at the turnstile-gate; and we shall have to paddle up the wet sloppy churchyard, and the path has been new gravelled, and the dripping yewtrees will green-spot all our things."

"You must take umbrellas and clogs," said my father.

"To go clattering up the avenue, and clattering with into the porch! And the poor children will catch colds, and have the sniffles," added my mother, taking a desponding look at the dull sky over my father's shoulder. "Yes, it will rain cats and dogs, sure enough!"

"There will be the less mobbing," suggested my father.

"That's no comfort!" retorted my mother.

"I don't mind a crowd, or being a spectacle, or I should certainly object to walk in public with my brother; for, unless I'm mistaken, we shall have all the tag-rag and bobtail boys in the parish running after him like a Guy Fox. And Kezia too—as if it was necessary at a christening to dress up like a she-harlequin, with cherry ribbons on a Mazarine blue bonnet, and a scarlet shawl over a bright green gown!"

"And our twins?"

"Oh, Mrs. Prideaux has kept *them* genteel—though it was a struggle too—what with the rosettes and lace quiltings that Kezia wanted to stitch on their caps and robes. And then Jack—"

"What of him?" asked my father, with some alarm.

"I have only had one glimpse of him," replied my mother, "in his new livery; and clean washed and combed, and smartened up respectable enough, if he hadn't ornamented his jacket with a parcel of strips of French grey cloth, as well as a great bow stuck in his hat, with a white-headed nail. But Mr. Postle has stripped off his finery, and sent him out with the basket."

"Very good," said my father; "and my bearded brother-in-law, has he been called? He ought to be dressed and down by this time, for he hasn't to shave."

"Oh, pray don't joke about him," exclaimed my mother; "as it is, I'm sadly afraid he'll be affronted before he goes. Do all I can, I can hardly keep myself from flying out at his daring doctrines about the poor children—and, as to Kizzy, I verily believe she suspects he is an orgre in disguise. She can't bear him even to come near the infants, though he has only kissed them once since he came, and then she wiped their dear

little faces directly, as if she thought they would catch his beard."

"And if they had," roared the gruff voice of Uncle Rumbold, as he pushed open the parlor-door which had been ajar; "if they had caught my beard, it's better than catching the chin cough. But come, come, no apologies; I'm not easily offended, or I should have been huffy just now with your housemaid, who told me to the hairy thing itself, that it ought to have been blue."

"Poor Kizzy," said my father, "she is plain and plain-spoken, but as honest and faithful as unrefined."

"Ah! a child of nature," said Uncle Rumbold; "well, I like her all the better; and, if she has a sister disengaged in the same capacity, I'll hire her on the spot. The true old breed of domestic servants is almost worn out, nearly extinct in England, like the bustard and the cock-of-the-wood—partly their fault and partly our own, by always setting them too high or too low—over our heads or under our heels—either pampered like pet monkeys, or snubbed like horn slaves—never treated according to the light of nature. For instance, there's the tender passion. It's notorious that nine tenths of the poor girls in Bedlam went crazy from suppressed sweethearts, and yet, forsooth, no followers are to be allowed; so that unless Molly falls in love with my lord, and John nourishes a flame for my lady, as he often does, by the way, they might as well have no human hearts in their bosoms. Whereas, servants have passions and feelings as well as ourselves—the same natural capacities for liking and loving—ay, and perhaps stronger at it too, as they are at scouring floors and scrubbing tables!"

How long this harangue might have proceeded is uncertain, probably till church time, but for a new arrival, our second godfather, the proctor from Doctors' Commons. In all outward and visible signs he was the direct antagonist of his co-sponsor. His beard and whiskers were cleanly shaved off; and although he was not bald, his hair was cropped as close as a pugilist's. Then his cravat was starched so stiffly, and tied so tightly, that he seemed in constant peril of strangulation; his coat fitted him like a skin, exhibiting a wasp-like figure suspiciously suggestive of stays; and his tight pantaloons were as tight as those famous ones, into which the then Prince of Wales could not get, it was said, without supernatural assistance. In his manners, besides, he was as prim and reserved as our uncle was free and easy,—so that while introducing Mr. Titus Lacy to Mr. Jenkins Rumbold, my father could not help adding to himself, "alias Lord Chesterfield and Lord Rokeby."

Another tap at the parlor door, and in stalked our godmother, Miss, or, as she was generally called, Mrs. Pritchard, a spinster as virtuous in reputation as Cato's daughter, and as towering above her sex, for she stood nearly six feet high without her cap. In features she rather countenanced the Rumbold practice, for though her upper lip was decidedly hairy she never shaved; but in her figure she inclined to the Titus Lacy persuasion, her waist was so very slender—whilst in her notions of the powers and duties of a sponsor, she differed from both; mysteriously hinting that by some mystical spiritual connection with the twins, she became more their mother than their mother, who was simply their parent in the flesh, and as such only entitled to wash, feed, and clothe

their bodies, or to whip them if naughtiness required. My mother, it may be supposed, did not greatly relish or approve of this doctrine: but the truth is, the unexpected refusal of a female friend, at the eleventh hour, had compelled her to accept the proffered sponsorship of Mrs. Pritchard, in spite of that lady's former declaration, that if she did become a religious surety, she would not be a nominal one, but fulfil her vows and act up to the character: the nature of which character she painted during breakfast in such colors, that, as Uncle Rumbold whispered to my father, "she promised to make a devil of a godmother!"

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CHRISTENING.

My mother was out in her forebodings. By the time that breakfast was over, the ragged dirty-looking clouds had skulked off, and the tall poplar over the way shot up into a clear blue sky. The narrow strip of river that was visible above the grassy bank glittered like a stream of molten gold; and the miller's pigeons, a sure sign of settled weather, were flying in lofty circles in the sunny air, casting happy glances, no doubt, at the earth beneath and the heaven above, instead of a steak under and a crust over them.

Even the little shabby boys who kept jumping over the post on the near side of the road, evidently reckoned on "Set Fair," for while many of them were without hat or cap, and some had no coat, great or small, none had brought umbrellas,—few had even water-proof shoes on their feet, much less clogs. A great comfort and relief it was, the said solitary post to the young expectants, most of whom had to wait a couple of hours more or less, before the glass-coach driven by one man and a nosegay, and drawn by a pair of horses and two peonies, pulled up at the Doctor's door.

The mob in the mean time greatly increased, for a rumor of the bearded godfather, exaggerated, as the tale travelled, into the Grand Turk and the Great Mogul, had flown throughout the parish, so that when the gentlemen—who preferred to walk to the church—issued from the house, it was through an avenue planted with men, women, and children, six deep, and amidst a cheer which only the united Charity Schools, of both sexes, could have composed.

"Huzza!" they shouted,—"Moses forever!—Huzza! for the Great Mogul!" with other cries which our eccentric uncle would fain have loitered to enjoy and retort, but for the hauling at one arm of Mr. Titus Lacy, who was disgusted with the familiarity of the lower orders, and the dragging on the other side of my father anxious to be in good time. But the mob was not to be shaken off or left behind any more than the swarming flies that encircle a horse's head. Even so, a buzzing cluster of satellites, male and female, old, middle-aged, and young, kept running, shuffling, trotting, behind, beside, and before the persecuted trio, whom, with a suffocating cloud of dust, they accompanied along the road, through the churchyard, and up the yew-tree avenue to the ancient porch, where an offcast of the curious but less active inhabitants, the lame, the infirm, and the indolent, awaited their arrival.

Thanks to this diversion, the glass-coach, followed with a smaller escort, yet not so few but that there was constantly at each window the bobbing head of some long-legged lad or lass snatching peeps, by running jumps, at my mother and godmother, in full dress, sitting bolt upright on the

back seat, and on the front one, Mrs. Prideaux and Kezia, both in their best, and each holding a remarkably fine twin in her arms or on her lap. But it was otherwise when the females alighted at the churchyard gate and walked up the avenue, where the minority joined the majority of the mob. Then all the clamor was renewed. "Huzza! Old Close! Longbeard forever! Huzza for the Great Mogul! Who's lost his Billy Goat!" with other cries more or less jocose, and some hostile ones, indicative, alas! of my poor father's declining popularity.

"Who frightened Sally Warner into fits?" screamed a gawky girl, pointing with her coarse red finger at Kezia.

"And who wanted to 'natomize her?" bawled an old lame woman, shaking her crutch at the Doctor.

"And won't sell opie!" grumbled a surly-looking laborer.

"And prescribed a child to sleep with a sick monkey!" cried a woman with a green shade over her eyes.

"And a parish burying for our poor Sukey!" muttered a tall man with a black hatband on his brown hat.

"And begrudged us our godsend!" murmured a woman in rusty mourning.

"That is untrue, at any rate," said my father to himself, and with the serenity of a good man conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, he stepped smilingly into the church, where the curate was waiting, and the whole party being assembled, the baptismal ceremony immediately began. And for a time the service proceeded with due decorum, till about the middle of it, when the clergyman had to demand, "Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the Devil and all his works?"

"I do!" shouted a voice from one of the pews, "and all the sinful lusts of the flesh."

Every eye instantly turned in the direction of the sound, and at once recognized a well-known face, with its mouth sucking at the forefinger just clapped into it.

It was Catechism Jack,—who had been betrayed by a familiar phrase in the service into one of his old responses.

The curate paused, and made a signal to the beadle, who proceeded to eject the unlucky respondent from the church,—not without an altercation and a struggle, for Jack pleaded piteously to be allowed to see the christening, and even clung to the pew-door, from which, at length, he was wrenched, with a crash and a jingle of broken glass, whilst a powerful and disagreeable odor quickly diffused itself throughout the building.

"There goes a whole basketful of physic," said my father, *sotto voce*, to himself.

"So much the better," said uncle Rumbold, in the same suppressed tone. "Trust to nature."

"O! I shall die! I shall swoon away!" murmured my mother, showing a strong inclination to go into a fit on the spot, but the hysterical passion was scared away by a stern emphatic whisper from Mrs. Pritchard.

"Don't faint HERE!" and then turning to the curate and pointing with her long bony forefinger to the font, she added aloud:—"I object, sir, to that consecrated element being used for reviving!"

The protest, however, was unnecessary, for my mother recovered without any relief from water, save what stood in her own eyes; and order being

restored, the ceremony proceeded to the end without interruption, or anything extraordinary, except that at the final exhortation, when every one else was standing up according to the printed direction, Kezia was observed on her knees, evidently offering up a private extempore prayer,—a departure from the orthodox rite which incurred a severe rebuke from Mrs. Pritchard the moment the curate had pronounced the last syllable of the service.

"Well," said Kezia, mistaking the drift of a lecture that insisted on a strict observance of the ceremonials, "and if I did kneel down without a cassock—" she meant a hassock.

"But you were putting up a heterodox petition of your own framing," interrupted the angry spinster.

"Well, I own I was," answered Kezia; "for the two dear little lively members just admitted into the church. And where's the harm, if it did proceed from my own heart and soul, instead of the Common Prayer Book? It was religiously composed, and I do hope," she added, unconsciously adopting the language of her bakery, "I do hope and trust it won't rise the worse for being home-made."

Here the controversy dropped; and the usual entries and signatures having been made in the vestry, the family party reissued from the porch, saluted by the same cries as before, along the yew-tree avenue, and through the church-yard gate, where the majority of the mob dispersed in different directions, so that the Great Mogul and the glass-coach were followed by only the idlest of the boys and girls, and of those one or two dropped off in every dozen yards.

The moment my father reached home he hurried into the surgery, and related to Mr. Postle what had occurred in the church with the medicine and the Catechism Jack.

"I knew it! Say I told you so!" exclaimed Mr. Postle. "What else could come of intrusting the basket practice to an idiot! But of course, sir, you will discharge him directly."

"Certainly," replied my father, his good sense immediately recognizing the policy of the measure, but his humanity as promptly suggesting a loophole for evasion. "Yes, he shall be discharged on the spot,—that is to say, should the beadle be dismissed, for from what I saw of the scuffle, he had quite as much to do with the downfall of the basket as poor Jack."

By a curious coincidence, whilst Mr. Postle in the surgery was thus advising my father to send away the footboy, Mrs. Pritchard, in the parlor, was recommending to my mother a month's warning for Kezia, and with a similar result.

"Why, she does forget her own sphere dreadfully," said my mother; "and puts herself very forward in the parlor, and in the nursery, and even in the surgery, besides behaving very improperly and independently, as you say, ma'am, in the church.—Yes, I must and will part with her—at least as soon as I can find another like her, to do the work of three servants—and which I never shall."

CHAPTER XV.—THE SUPPER.

The clock struck nine.

As settled in domestic conclave, the dinner had been only a plain early meal, at which the two godfathers and the godmother were treated as three of the family, the grand festival in honor of the christening being reserved for the evening;

and my mother, attended by Mrs. Pritchard, had just slipped from the drawing-room to inspect the preparations.

"Beautiful, isn't it!" she said, looking along the supper-table, gay with flowers and lights, and brilliant with plate, of which there was an imposing display.

"Very genteel, indeed I might say elegant," replied Mrs. Pritchard, fixing her gaze especially on her own epergne. "And those silver branches, too, they are almost as handsome and massy as the Cobleys', and of the same pattern."

"Between you and me," said my mother, "they *are* the Cobley's; and the tankard, you know, is Mr. Ruffy's, a present from one of his rich clients."

"And those silver-gilt salts are the curate's, I believe," said Mrs. Pritchard, "a parting gift from his flock?"

"I believe it was," said my mother.

"And the dessert-spoons," inquired the tall spinster who had made the tour of the table; "all with different crests and initials—pray, is that a new fashion?"

"They are the school spoons, from Mrs. Trent's," said my mother, reddening. "But the knife-rests are our own."

"And if I may ask," said Mrs. Pritchard, "how many friends do you expect?"

"Why, all those who have lent plate, of course," replied my mother—namely, "the curate, the Cobleys, the Ruffys, Mrs. Trent, and Mrs. Spinks."

"Who!" exclaimed, Mrs. Pritchard, in a tone like the pitch-note of an Indian war-whoop.

"Why, she is rather unpleasant, to be sure," said my mother; but that is her salver on the sideboard. Then there's Colonel Cropper of the Yeomanry, who is to come in his uniform, and the squire has half promised to drop in—and if it had n't been for that nasty little Brazilian Marmot—I ought to have said Marmoset—we might have hoped for the lady at the great house. Then there's Doctor Shackle, and the Biddles—and the Farrows—and young Fitch, altogether about fourteen or fifteen, besides ourselves."

"Just a nice number for a party," said Mrs. Pritchard, if they all come.

"They are late, certainly, very late," replied my mother, her heart sinking like the barometer before a storm, at the mere suggestion of disappointment. "But hark! there is an arrival!" and with the tall spinster, she hurried into the drawing-room to receive her guest. It was the unpleasant Mr. Spinks. Next came Doctor Shackle; and then, after a long interval, the wit of the neighborhood, young Mr. Fitch, a personage against whom Uncle Rumbold instantly felt that violent antipathy which he invariably entertained towards a dandy; or, in the language of those days, a buck.

"I'm early, I'm afraid," said the wit, looking round at the circle of unoccupied chairs.

"Or like myself, a little behind the mode," said Doctor Shackle. "I forgot that nine o'clock with fashionable people means ten."

"Then we are to have a fashionable squeeze, I suppose," said young Fitch, "a rout as they call it—a regular cram?"

"Oh, no!" cried my mother, eagerly, "only a few, a very few friends, quite in a quiet way."

"About twenty," said Mrs. Pritchard.

"And there are only six come!" observed the

unpleasant Mrs. Spinks, deliberately counting heads.

"Are you sure, my dear," inquired Mrs. Pritchard, "that your invitations were correctly dated?"

"O, quite!" replied my mother, "for I wrote all the notes myself, and to make sure had them delivered——"

"By Catechism Jack," said Doctor Shackle.

"No, indeed!" cried my mother, "but by a special messenger."

"Yes, a charity boy," said Mrs. Spinks. "And I know personally that Mrs. Trent had her note; and so had the curate, and the Biddles."

"It is very odd," muttered my mother; "the Biddles were always early, and I made sure of Mrs. Trent. She ought indeed to have come to tea. It is very strange—very strange indeed!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said my father. "By and by they will all come in a lump; and if they don't we shall only be the snigger."

"And in the mean time," said young Fitch, "the great Bashaw there with the black beard will perhaps amuse us with one of his three tails!"

"I am sorry, young man," said Uncle Rumbold, in his gruffest voice, "that I am not a naval Bashaw, or I would amuse you with nine."

At this retort, delivered with the look and growl of an enraged lion, the abashed wit hastily retreated to a chair; and the little buzz of conversation which had sprung up, was hushed as by a clap of thunder. There was a pause—a long dead pause—and to make it more dreary, the family clock—an old-fashioned machine with stout works and a strong pulse—stood in the hall, so near the drawing-room door, that its tick! tack! was distinctly audible, like the distant hammering of endless nails into an eternal coffin. Tick! tack!—tick! tack! Oh! that monotonous beat,—only broken by a sudden "click!" like the cocking of a gigantic pistol, and which made every one start, as if Death had actually given warning instead of Time! And then, tick! tack! again,—till with an alarming preliminary buzz the clock struck ten. The odious Mrs. Spinks was the first to speak.

"Quite a quakers' meeting!"

But nobody replied to the remark. The wit continued mute—the tall spinster merely looked wonderingly at my mother, who looked inquiringly at my father, who slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked up at the ceiling. Mr. Titus Lacy was habitually taciturn, and Doctor Shackle only opened his lips in a sardonic smile.

At last, at a private signal from my mother, my father came and placed his ear to her mouth.

"For heaven's sake, George, do talk!—and get young Fitch to rattle—why don't he rattle?"

"The Bashaw killed him," whispered my father.

"But I will do what I can." And by a desperate rally, he contrived to get up a brief conversation;—but the fates were against him. Doctor Shackle seemed determined to answer in monosyllables; and Uncle Rumbold's hobby, in spite of a dozen allusions to the light of nature, refused to be trotted out. At last my father's own spirit began to share in the general depression—the discourse, such as it was, again dropped, and then—tick! tack! tick! tack!—Oh! it was horrible!—the only sound, it seemed, in the wide world. Not a knock—not a ring! No one came—nobody sent an apology.—What on earth could be the matter! The clock struck eleven!

"I believe," said my mother in a faint voice, "we need not wait any longer."

"We have waited too long already," said Uncle Rumbold; "at least I have—and long to satisfy the cravings of nature."

"Give your arm, then, to Mrs. Pritchard," said my father—"Mr. Lacy will escort Mrs. Spinks; the Doctor will convey my wife, and I will take care of Fitch;" and in this order the company, if company it might be called, marched, melancholy as a walking funeral, into the supper-room—joined, in their progress through the hall, by Mr. Postle.

My poor mother! A demon might have pitied her, as she took her place, and cast a rueful look at my father at the bottom of the table, flanked on each side by six empty chairs. A fiend would have felt for Kezia, as she stood, death-pale, behind the back of Doctor Shackle, not from any partiality to that sneering personage, but that she might exchange looks and signs of wonder and grief with Mr. Postle, who sat opposite.

"A pity, isn't it?" said Mrs. Spinks across the table to Mrs. Pritchard, "such a beautiful supper!—enough for thirty—and only nine to sit down to it!"

"We must make up in mirth," said my father, "for our lack of numbers," and again he made a gallant but vain attempt to revive the spirits of his guests. Besides the common gloom, he had to contend with the animosity of Mr. Postle against Doctor Shackle, and the antipathy of Uncle Rumbold to Mr. Fitch. An unlucky joke hastened the catastrophe. The wit, emboldened by wine, had the temerity again to attack the Bashaw.

"Allow me," he said, "to recommend a little of this," at the same time thrusting a frothy spoonful of trifle as near as he dared to the redoubtable beard.

"Sir," said Uncle Rumbold, snatching up a full glass of ale, "if I consulted the law of retaliation—which is one of the laws of nature—in return for your lather, I should present you with this wash for the face. I say, I should be justified in so doing; but from respect to the present company I shall only drink to your better manners."

A momentary silence followed this rebuke; and then came a sound which startled all the company, but one, to their feet. As in pile-driving, there is a point beyond which the weight, called the monkey, cannot be screwed up; so there is a certain pitch, at which human fortitude gives way,—and my mother's had reached that limit. The agitation, the mortification, the mental agony she had so long suppressed, had at last overstrained her nerves, and with an involuntary scream, such as is said to come from persons who have swallowed prussic acid, she went into strong hysterics. My father and Kezia instantly hastened to her assistance, but to little effect; either the fit was so obstinate, or the patient.

"Nothing serious," said Dr. Shackle, "she will soon recover, and in the mean time her best place is bed."

The hint was taken; the company immediately broke up; and whilst my mother was carried up stairs to her chamber, her grand christening party—of two gentlemen and two ladies—unceremoniously departed.

"Only four out of twenty!" gasped Kezia to Mrs. Prideaux, whom she had dragged apart into a corner of the bed-room, "only four out of twenty!—What, in mercy's name, can it all mean?"

"The meaning is plain enough," answered the genteel nurse, in her calm sweet voice,—"your master is a ruined man."

From Johnson's Medico-Chirurgical Review, for October.

Graefenberg: or, a true Report of the Water-cure, with an Account of its Antiquity. By ROBERT HAY GRAHAM, M. D. Octavo, pp. 232. Longman & Co. 1844.

TRUTH, we are told, lies in a well—but from the wells of Graefenberg some “mighty big lies,” as O’Connell would say, have been dragged up, and scattered over the world! At length, however, we have an approach to truth—or, at least, to candor; for it is clear that Dr. Graham does not consider Priessnitz a god—nor the Water-cure infallible. On the contrary, he has often shown up the ignorance of the Graefenberg Apollo, and the murderous effects of hydropathy, when unskillfully administered. Still, our author has a monstrous deal more confidence in the “water-cure” than we have—or, indeed, than he is authorized to entertain from the facts which he himself has put on record. The old excuse, however, is always at hand—that we must not confound the *uses* with the *abuses* of a remedy; and this argument is often had recourse to by Dr. Graham himself. The present publication, nevertheless, is decidedly worth all the others put together, not only as to candor, but as to knowledge and learning. We shall therefore take much more notice of it than we have thought it necessary to do of the swarm of hydropathic pamphlets and advertisements that preceded.

Dr. Graham arrived at Graefenberg on the 18th October, 1842, and was immediately introduced to the presiding divinity of the place, whose portrait has been frequently drawn, and need not now be re-painted. After being billeted in one of the huts, the Doctor was visited by Priessnitz—ordered to strip—and enveloped in a wet sheet, without being asked a single question! Dr. G. was surprised to find that two thirds of the disciples of Priessnitz were young men, the majority of whom were laboring under secondary syphilis! The remainder were chiefly dyspeptics and hypochondriacs.

“Consultations generally take place at table immediately after dinner, when this ‘Physician of Nature’ is approached with the greatest deference and reverential awe. By some he is looked up to as a demi-god, and not unfrequently so designated: by others, who have not received any relief from his treatment, he is considered as a successful impostor.” p. 15.

Contrary to the practice of some regular physicians who prescribe the same forms of remedy for all diseases, however dissimilar, Priessnitz varies the “WATER-CURE” in almost every individual case, however similar may be the malady.

“He considers the skin to be the principal outlet by which the ‘bad stuff,’ as he terms it, constituting the disease, is to be expelled. Therefore, when the skin is harsh and dry, and the pores closed, this ‘bad stuff’ cannot escape. The frequent application of cold water draws it to the surface, opens the pores, and thus facilitates the object. In other words, cold water, by the stimulus of

reaction, causes a determination of blood to the skin, and thus becomes a derivative; by which means it greatly increases the functions of this important organ, and solicits the escape of any critical discharge which may take place. He seems not to have any notion, at least he does not admit it, that the application of cold water to the surface ever gives rise to congestion in the large vessels. He says it is warm water which produces this effect, and repels the ‘bad stuff;’ yet he admits the necessity of feeling warm after the application of cold.” p. 17.

The tactics of Graefenberg are not unworthy of a remark. The regular physician and the barrister are *obliged* to undertake the management of all cases, good or bad. Not so Priessnitz. He makes his selection, rejecting about one fifth, on an average, of the sick pilgrims—namely, those who are unlikely to be cured, or likely to die! The ADMISSION, therefore, implies a kind of promise of recovery, and inspires hope; while rejection is considered as sentence of death—and doubtless leads occasionally to that event. But Priessnitz has another string to his bow. Every failure on the mountain is ascribed to want of punctuality in obedience to the demi-god’s instructions.

When boils recur without relief, it is attributed to “bad blood” as well as “bad stuff.” The one preventing the other from getting out properly. Boils come forth in about one third of the cases, and when recovery follows, it is, of course, from the escape of the “bad stuff” by these safety-valves. He prescribes plenty of food, but no other drink than water. Not even tea is allowed. M. Priessnitz says truly, that his “water-cure” requires “a great deal of strength to enable the patient to go through it.”

“How can it be otherwise when carried to the dangerous extreme it is at Graefenberg! This is tacitly implied also by the more experienced of the patients, who say that it is quite sufficient after the first month to do only half what Priessnitz requires; whilst, on the other hand, a relaxed observance of his orders furnishes a plausible excuse for any mishap that may occur.” p. 24.

A lion having been erected on the side of Graefenberg hill, a wag was asked what it meant. He replied that there ought to have been a hog on one side, and a bull on the other, of the statue.

“It would then have signified, that to go through the ‘water-cure’ at Graefenberg requires the courage of the lion, the strength of the bull, and the stomach of the hog. In every instance of death, which was brought under my notice, I ascertained that it proceeded from congestion, and not from disease—a sufficient proof that the treatment is sometimes carried beyond the endurance of life. This I assert fearless of contradiction, and the most enthusiastic admirers of Priessnitz cannot disprove the fact, however much they may attempt to disguise it.” p. 35.

Dr. Graham considers that the water-cure admits of great modification, as well as combination with proper medicines. The Apollo of the place frankly tells his patients that the “cure” is long

—extending to three or four years. "Many of the patients leave in the second year, believing themselves better—others, who have derived no benefit, leave also, endurance being quite exhausted. In these cases the want of success is, of course, attributed to want of patience."

The food at Graefenberg is of the worst and coarsest quality, "such as would be scarcely tolerated in our workhouses." Sour bread, cow-beef without a particle of fat, served up with salted cucumbers or sour-cROUT, shapeless dumplings "made of the scraps of bread which have been left at table, and soaked in the skimmings of the pot-liquor, sauce made of Dutch herrings," &c.—these are the delicacies of the Graefenberg Table d'Hôte! On Sundays, however, besides a dance, the patients are treated with "baked geese, lean, hard, and tough." "They looked miserable, dirty, wet and cold, half-starved in an adjacent pond, frequently sparing the cook the trouble of killing them." From such coarse fare and cold water the Silesian peasant has realized a fortune (at the age of 42) of one hundred thousand pounds! Let the Coopers, the Halfords, the Brodies, and the Chambers, hide their diminished heads!

There is no record kept at Graefenberg of the cures, failures, or deaths. "Col. B., who paid some attention to this matter, and watched the departures in the Autumn of 1842, assured me that the numbers cured fell vastly short of the report." Dr. Graham himself calculated that about one in twenty of the patients were cured. We shall now glance at a few cases.

Miss S. S.—, aged eighteen, fair and most beautiful, in excellent health, and rather plump, accompanied her parents to Graefenberg "on a trip of pleasure." Having caught some of the enthusiasm of the place, she determined to make well better, and took to the water-cure gently at first! For a time, the cold bathing, the mountain air, and other auxiliaries, appeared very pleasant to the neophyte, and she now went the whole hog. Her parents left her at Graefenberg, to get rid of the "bad stuff" in her blood, and returned to England! In the course of a month, the scene began to change. Feverish excitement set in—the glands of the neck swelled—and boils made their appearance. These symptoms were hailed as the harbingers of the crisis, and the expulsion of the "bad stuff." The sweating process was therefore put in practice. Passing over various details, we shall quote the finale, which our readers will do well to show to their patients who contemplate a pilgrimage to Graefenberg.

"Notwithstanding matters were in this state for some time, Priessnitz expressed himself confident of ultimate success, and said that all was going on most favorably. Seven weeks previous to the fatal termination of the 'cure,' Miss S. S. was removed by her friends to the neighboring town of Freiwaldau. In seven days after the removal a fever supervened, accompanied with delir-

ium, which lasted for a fortnight. For this two moist sheets were ordered, in immediate succession; the first for half an hour, replaced by a second, in which she remained a full hour. On being taken from the sheet, she was placed in the half or demi-bath, at the low temperature of 50° Fahrenheit. For the first three days after the attack of fever she was well rubbed in the bath with cold water for two hours; afterwards for one hour, which treatment was repeated twice in the day. *Whilst in the bath, as well as in the moist sheet she again complained of pains in the stomach.* The evacuations from the commencement of the fever were red as blood, and continued so to be until death; and latterly, they were nothing but blood. Previously to the fever there was a boil, or 'crisis,' as it was called, on her left breast; it did not suppurate, but receded during the fever. After the fever had left, a vesicular eruption broke out all over the body, but disappeared within a couple of days. At this time, large boils made their appearance, first on the soles of the feet, then on the palms of the hands, afterward on various parts, or rather all over the body—on the arms, legs, stomach, and sacrum. Even at this period, a fortnight before death, Priessnitz pronounced these boils to be a salutary 'crisis' and, in spite of all the alarming symptoms, declared that in six weeks she would be perfectly well, and fit to undertake the journey to England. Having been seized with a violent shivering and cramp in her stomach whilst under friction in the half-bath, she insisted on being taken out, at which Priessnitz, when informed of it, became very angry, and the next day sent one of his own women with strict orders to prosecute this operation until she became warm.

"The moist sheet and the half-bath were persevered with twice a day until within two days of her decease. *During the last three days she vomited blood.* No other remedies were employed to relieve the patient, and none to sustain life. On the night of the second day after the discontinuance of the treatment, this hapless young lady expired in the arms of her attendant, whilst being raised in bed, the blood at the same time gushing out of her mouth and nostrils." p. 53.

We do not quote this melancholy case to show the fatal effects which sometimes result from the cold-water cure, but to prove the total ignorance of Priessnitz, and the absurdity of believing one word that he says, or relying on one atom of his prognostic or diagnostic skill. On opening the body of this murdered lady, the viscera were all found to be sound—no enlargement of the mesenteric glands. The stomach was found to be coated with a thick brownish mass, extending into the jejunum, and the vessels throughout the alimentary canal "were in a high state of congestion."

"At a subsequent period, when my friend Captain Wolff informed Priessnitz, that it was decidedly my opinion she died from congestion, induced by the treatment, especially the moist sheet, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied, that 'something gave way in her inside, which caused death. That it was his practice to judge of the inside by the skin, but that he was restricted in his observations in her case, and therefore could not tell what was going on withinside.'" p. 55.

We commiserate the feelings of the wretched parents who—

"Left in that fatal lair the tender fawn,"

to die among strangers in a foreign land, consigned to an early tomb by the murderous hand of an ignorant butcher, who "mimicked the tone of her voice, and her retiring modesty, when he once attempted to remove her bathing dress."

"He afterwards ridiculed the English ladies for using bathing dresses at all, so different from the custom of his own countrywomen. And all this was said and done with a sort of acting or imitating their manners, highly amusing to his hearers, who burst out into repeated shouts of laughter. Such is the great, the immortal Priessnitz! *Proh pudor!*" p. 55.

Such is the school to which our fair countrywomen resort to foster their morals and recover their health!

Case 2.—A gentleman of fortune was attacked with diarrhoea, while at Graefenberg. To promote the descent of the "bad stuff," he was ordered the hip-bath, and to repeat it every two hours. Evacuations of blood succeeded, which were pronounced to be favorable symptoms. In about a week he died!

Case 3.—A Prussian captain had been afflicted with asthma for several years. He took the wet sheet, in which he perspired, and on going into the cold bath, immediately died!

Case 4.—M. Dzubo, a captain in the Austrian service, had been some months under treatment, when the crisis appeared in the form of a tumor in the throat. It burst internally, and he instantly expired. There is no surgery employed in Graefenberg. Nature and cold water are to do all. The lancet would probably have saved the captain's life.

"Two thirds of his patients are said to be syphilitic. Of these, almost every one has been over-dosed with mercury, and the majority of them suffer solely from that form of the disease, which, when the virus is destroyed, may be called mercurio-syphilitic, being the effects of mercury. Under the 'water-treatment,' as practised at Graefenberg, it requires from six months to two or three years to cure these secondary symptoms. No doubt the progress of the cure is retarded by the quality of the food, and the too long and too frequent application of cold." p. 59.

Case 5.—Captain Wolff, a great friend of Dr. Graham's, and under the water-cure with him, went to Graefenberg for the treatment of an affection of the head, consisting of heat at the vertex—cephalgia—muscle volitantes, dimness of vision, constipation, inflamed face and nose, &c., under which he had labored for several years. He had been at Graefenberg nine months, and left at the same time as Dr. Graham did. "He went through the entire course, with occasional variations." He was an enthusiastic admirer of Priessnitz, and had unbounded confidence in the water-cure.

"One day, entering my apartment radiant with

joy, he announced that the 'bad stuff' was at last 'drawn down,' for that he had evacuated a large quantity of slime mixed with cheese-like matter. I could not even then convince him, that this was the effect of the cold hip-bath repelling the blood towards the intestines, and thus causing congestion, and increasing the malady." p. 67.

The captain pursued the directions given him, rising at three o'clock in winter mornings, to be enveloped in the wet sheet, and taking the cold plunging-bath immediately afterwards!!

"Since my return to England, I have received a letter containing the following remarks:—

"* * * What further effects has the 'water-cure' produced on your constitution? As for me, alas, it has not yet obtained the wished-for success. I am almost always in the same condition, suffering still from dyspepsia, the 'mouches volantes' and everything else, the same as before. You were indeed a true, but, to me, ill-omened prophet!" p. 67.

We shall now take a glance at Dr. Graham's own history.

Case 6.—Dr. G., aged fifty-two, arrived at Graefenberg, as was before stated, on the 18th of October, 1842. He had been subject to gout, at intervals, for ten years previously,—the fits influenced by moral as well as physical causes. There was a dash of rheumatism in the gouty diathesis. Although he had a good appetite, and was inclined to corpulence, he felt weak, with somewhat dry and harsh skin, cramps, and bad nights. The pulse was contracted, varying from seventy to eighty, with palpitation, dyspnoea, perspiration and exhaustion on taking exercise. The weather, at Graefenberg, was then keen and frosty, the mountains covered with snow.

"At five in the morning I was enveloped in the moist sheet. The sensation of cold was at first so intense, that it seemed as if I was packed in ice and snow. A quivering of the muscles and chattering of the teeth came on, similar to that which is experienced in a fit of the ague. In two or three minutes, this sensation passed away, the heat of the body having gradually created a sort of vapor-bath, when I was somewhat reconciled to my new situation. My pulse was rapidly brought down to sixty, and did not afterwards rise above sixty-six. In three quarters of an hour, the bath-attendant, Frantz, came and found me in a slight perspiration, when I got up and was washed for two or three minutes in the half-bath, the extreme chill of the water having been taken off so as to bring it to about fifty or fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. At eleven I was rubbed down with the wet sheet, which was succeeded by a foot-bath for ten or fifteen minutes, of extremely cold water, about two inches in depth. The effect of the cold on the soles of the feet was such that I could scarcely endure it, and the feet became of a bright crimson hue. At five in the afternoon the treatment was repeated, the moist sheet for an hour, and then the half-bath.

"Next day, the hip-bath was substituted for the foot-bath. This was also intensely cold, causing a stinging, tingling sensation, as if the points of innumerable fine needles were everywhere penetrating the skin as it came into contact with the water.

The same bright crimson color appeared as before. This sensation, together with the look of the skin, was deemed highly propitious. Such was the course of treatment I underwent, without much deviation, during the first week. I could not become reconciled to the moist sheet; it frequently brought down my pulse to 50; hence, I sometimes shirked it in the afternoon, and used instead the hip-bath, and friction with the dripping sheet. I had a great inclination for a sweat in the blanket." p. 70.

We cannot pursue the details of the treatment which our author underwent, till one day (Nov. 4) he stumbled over the edge of the plunging-bath, and received a contusion in the left thigh, from which he went through horrible miseries till a severe attack of gout came on.

"On the following day, Sunday, November 27, the gout fully declared itself. The wet bandage had caused a vesicular eruption and inflammation of the skin, and, without doubt, brought on the disease, which now proceeded rapidly, and with excruciating pain. I felt as if my bones were being crushed and ground between two mill-stones. I did not, however, as on former occasions, experience that burning heat in the articulation of the great toe, as though a drop of molten lead were boiling and hissing in the joint, or as if it were being reuded and riven asunder with wedges of red-hot iron. The burning heat was located in, or drawn to, the skin. The left knee was also attacked, and became enlarged, very painful, and not admitting of the slightest motion. I also suffered much pain in the loins, especially about the left kidney. In this state, too intently occupied with my sufferings, sleep was banished from my eyes. My kind friend proposed to sit up with me, which I could not permit. The night was, therefore, passed in solitude, and its stillness only broken by my half-suppressed sighs and groans." p. 75.

We will not fatigue the reader with the plans adopted by Priessnitz to cure Dr. G. of the gout—or of the religious obedience which the learned Doctor paid to the dictates of the ignorant charlatan. In the course of the cure we find the following note.

"I was now sadly reduced by the disease, by the severity of the treatment, and by my great abstinence,—my food consisting merely of a small quantity of bread and milk, and, at dinner, a sort of hasty pudding. The frequent application of the moist sheet, during the first attack, had reduced my pulse, whilst I was in it, generally to 53, sometimes to 48. I had a short, dry, hard cough; sneezing, and a constant singing in my ears, resembling the chirping of birds, which last effect I have not even yet entirely got rid of. Under these circumstances, and as the moist sheet was not imperative, I resolved to abstain from its further use. In vain my friend, Capt. Wolff, urged me to continue it; my reply was, that if I did, he would have to lay me by the side of poor Miss S. S.; therefore, instead of the moist sheet, I was enveloped every day, from six to seven or eight hours, in the blanket, and then rubbed for half an hour in the bath, at 55° or 60° Fahrenheit." p. 78.

Scarcely convalescing from a third attack of gout, our worthy Doctor determined to make his

escape from Graefenberg, though in the very depth of winter. Bandaged in wet clothes, he reached Breslau, and at last Dresden, where he had left his son at school. The following passage speaks for itself.

"Worn out with sickness and fatigue, I returned to the hotel which I had put up at previously to my journey to Graefenberg. As the bandages had not been renewed since I left Breslau, they had become perfectly dry, and my legs were thickly covered with a silvery scurf. Having bathed them, and replaced the bandages, I sent for my son, a boy eleven years old, whom I had placed here at school. On entering the room, and approaching toward me, he all at once stopped short, gazed in mute astonishment, and hesitated whether to advance or not; and, even after I had embraced him, his steadfast look was riveted upon me, until at last he burst into tears. Affected at this conduct of the child, my first impression was that he was unhappy at school, which drew from me the exclamation, that if such were the case he should return with me to England. 'Why, papa,' he at length sobbed out, 'you look so thin that I did not know you—I could not believe it was you.' I relate this circumstance merely to show how altered I must have been in that short space of time, for my son not to have recognized me. He was not singular, however, in this respect, for it was the case with every one, even the domestics at the hotel. The change having taken place gradually, I was familiarized with it, and quite unconscious of the extent to which it had gone." p. 91.

The Doctor reached his native home; but had not been there more than a few days, "when gout came on in both his feet and knees." "Thus I had four or rather five distinct attacks of gout in little more than three months, in spite of Priessnitz's prediction that, after the second fit, *I should never have it again.*"

The greater part of the volume before us is occupied with reflections on the nature and treatment of gout—most of them sensible and judicious—and with researches on the "Water-cure," as set forth in the writings of Drs. Hahn, Floyer, Baynard, Ellison, Vander Heyden, J. King, Rush, Kinglake, Smith, Todaro, &c. &c., which will be read with some curiosity by the public at large, as well as by the profession; but we have confined our analysis to the "Personal Narrative" of our author, as more likely to prove beneficial to the reader than speculations or researches. If this narrative were converted into a homily, and read in the churches of the United Kingdom every Sunday, a few might be deterred by their fears from making a pilgrimage to Silesia; but when we see grave, learned, and even experienced physicians and surgeons discharge from their brains every particle of the reason which God gave them, and the knowledge which they had acquired from books and bedside, to run to Graefenberg and risk their lives under the experiments of an ignorant peasant, how can we wonder at non-professional individuals swallowing the miracles said to be performed on the Silesian Mountain, and running thither in quest

of impossible cures, or for the treatment of maladies that could be more safely cured at home! Every medical man who thus makes an ass of himself, materially injures his profession, and tends, as far as he can, to bring it into contempt with the public! We may pity and despise the tom-fooleries of a Burdett, who patronized successively the quackeries of a Morison, a Long, and a Priessnitz, dying at last in the wet harness of Graefenberg;—but we cannot help entertaining some other feelings towards those of our own profession, who deeply injure medical science by prostrating themselves at the shrine of ignorance, impudence, or imposture, in the forms of Hydropathy, Homeopathy, and Mesmerism. We hope the sufferings of Dr. Graham will prove a salutary lesson, not only to himself, but to others, both in and out of the profession. We certainly think that he has had a narrow escape from the fate of the young English lady who perished in a foreign land, under the Water-Dæmon of Graefenberg!

From Hood's Magazine.

RAMBLES AT RIO:

WITH A TALE OF THE CORCOVADO.

It is certainly a magnificent sight the entrance to the vast harbor of Rio Janeiro. On both sides rise stupendous mountains with many vistas of lovely green valleys between, sinking down almost to the very level of the sea. To the right you see a beautifully placed white castle, with its green and yellow flag floating on the sea breeze, and its three tiers of batteries rising like terraces one above and behind the other. Opposite to it on the left shoots up at about a mile and a half's distance a narrow conical mass of granite to the height of I should think little less than a thousand feet. This is named the Sugar Loaf, and appears completely inaccessible. The arrangement of the lofty mountains behind it takes a curious shape as seen from a vessel entering the harbor—to wit, that of a stout old gentleman with a very high Roman nose, laid out at full length on his back. His head, neck, chest, voluminous paunch, and knees, and turned up toes, are laughably plain and correct, as well as other parts of the body. The face part is the only one that has a name. It is called Lord Hood's nose, and is itself certainly a remarkable mountain.

As soon as you have passed these, there opens to the right the magnificent basin called Five Fathom Bay. It is nearly circular, at least seven miles across, and has a small gatelike entrance, with a high grass-covered rock to one side crowned with a chapel, and united to the land by an airy wooden fabric of a bridge that skips from rock to rock on its way in a manner infinitely picturesque.

Opposite to this bay lies the town of Rio Janeiro, sleeping in a hot dusty haze between two small hills mounted with batteries, and crowned with churches, convents, and other religious houses. Close behind it tower the precipitous sides and summits of two lofty mountains, the Corcovado and Tejuca; they and the range from which they rise being covered by a dense forest of a rich dark green. But here I have to take up my parable against this same green. It is all of one shade—

nothing is to be seen around on mountain or low ground but the same monotonous tint here, yonder, everywhere; the only thing that varies it being the dark-grey, almost black granite precipices, and the white or reddish dots that mark the country plantation-houses. How different from the landscape of my own fair country, where you have green of every complexion, from the shade you can hardly distinguish from golden yellow, through all intermediate hues, to the deep blue tint of ærial distance. Here there appears to be no blue in the atmosphere at all; for even on the balmy evening, if you look toward the far-away mountains, you will find that all the enchantment distance lends them consists in a thick greyish-black haze, as if the air upon and around them were loaded with dust.

But from looking at the town you turn to the right, and your eye sweeps the glassy and isle-gemmed surface of this inland-sea called the harbor. Its further shore you cannot see—it is too distant; but a mighty ridge of mountains more jagged than any saw, whose pinnacles indeed stand up from it as the fingers from your hand, you can see rising far beyond, and with its vast mass shutting from your view one floor of the face of heaven. This sheet of water is said to be an hundred miles in circumference, and capable of containing all the shipping in the world. When I saw it the portion of it opposite the town was covered with vessels—merchantmen clustering nearest the shore, and outside a goodly array of men of war,—English, French, Brazilian, Neapolitan, and Sardinian frigates, corvettes, brigs, and schooners, presenting, when certain political proceedings in the town drew from them a general salute, as magnificent a sight as man might desire to witness.

But look beyond the ships at those sweet little villages whose white walls shine so in the sun, around that pretty bay on the opposite side of the gut. These are Praya Grande and San Domingo.

"But what," you cry, gazing with excited eyes and horror-stricken countenance—"Look there—there in the water—that object about fifty yards away—look—a body, by heaven!"

"But come, do not think of these things: look at the town there with its smoky cloud overhanging it, and the green wood-clad Corcovado rising behind. There will be a boat ready presently, and we can go ashore."

In a minute it is ready, and we take our seats, urged landward by four stout fellows, whose brawny limbs, moulded on the shores of Cornwall, Hants, or Devon, there is small chance will ever in this world be applied to slave labor.

"As we go, look at that hulk up there—that is the 'Crescent' receiving-ship for captured slaves—there are black men there who have been on board for five years, and never left the ship."

"Why?"

"Because, if the men ventured on shore, *they would be stolen*. But yonder, astern of her, do you see those small hookers of things? those are slavers! In one of them were found about three hundred and fifty slaves."

"Bless me, they don't appear to be above forty or fifty tons—how could they contain such a number?"

"Why, you see, they stow them away as you would stow goods—they *pack* them, in fact."

"But a great many must die."

"Oh yes, if they get over one half of the lot they think they have done a good thing; and if they get them safely landed, one voyage is enough to make a man's fortune, for each fresh young negro is sure to fetch in the market a sum little short of two hundred pounds. The price has greatly risen since the efforts to suppress the trade, and, consequently, the temptation to embark capital in it is much increased. I understand a man lately boasted he had made thirty-five thousand pounds by the business in five years. But I'll tell you a yarn about that same receiving-ship, that will probably amuse you till we reach the landing-place. There were two young blacks, a youth and a girl, that had been taken in the same slaver, and probably stolen from the same place in Africa. They were brought on board the *Crescent*, and soon their extreme mutual attachment became very evident. Most probably it had been an old true love story between them in their own country.

"But some of the young officers, desiring to amuse themselves at the negro's expense, gravely informed him one evening, that next morning his dark sweetheart was to go from him forever, as she was one of a number that were to sail as free laborers for the British West Indies. The poor fellow appeared to take it somewhat to heart; but certainly no one expected to find him next morning—as he was found—strangled by his own hands, and dead. The possibility of a person committing suicide by strangulation (not hanging) is a thing you may be disposed to doubt, conceiving that the pain, and the agonizing feeling of want of breath, would make the poor creature relax in his efforts, and shortly stop them altogether, letting the sweet air find access to his lungs, and thus frustrating the attempt. But the completion of the act only shows the energy and determination of this sable Romeo. The way he accomplished it was this. He tied round his neck a sash, or a handkerchief, or it may have been a rope-yarn—then into this he put a stick, and twisting it round and round tighter and tighter, succeeded in putting an end to his existence; proving that, as many sensible people have said, whatever the complexion may be, the heart burns the same all the world over."

"What a romance!"

"No romance at all—it is true—it happened within six months back. But here we are at the landing-place—that great building in front of you is an hotel, as you may see by the sign '*Hotel Pharoux*.' That other here, in the square, is the emperor's palace—and sure enough there he is—that young silly-looking lad, in the blue uniform, with gold epaulettes, standing at the window, looking out upon the troops that move awkwardly in dingy squads before him. It is a very plain and homely, but extremely large building, and communicates by a covered bridge of three arches across a street with another and larger portion, to which a decent church is attached. There is no attempt at ornament in any part of the structures, with the exception, perhaps, of the church: the whole looks like a range of cotton factories; and the guard, with their dark uniforms and darker faces, look not unlike the engine-keepers."

The main street of the city, called the *Rua Direita*, is broad, open, and airy, though it contains no showy shops, nothing but dim dusty stores; where, however, a good deal of business would appear to be done. All the glare of jewel-

lery, millinery, drapery, and other fancy wares, is reserved for the *Rua do Ouvidor*, or French street. By the way, it is remarkable, that most of the British in Rio Janeiro are wealthy merchants, holders almost of the whole commercial capital of the country. Most of the French, again, are shopkeepers, bakers, and hotel-keepers; nevertheless, the French are very numerous, and have a theatre of their own. The English have no theatre, but a very excellent subscription-library and reading-room, and a pretty little church.

From the first moment you step on shore, you cannot help remarking the crowds of negroes hurrying along everywhere under their burdens. Men and women—everything they have to carry they carry on the head:—you will see one staggering along with a ponderous bale of goods on his crown, another walking under a jug of water—nay, the very stones of a building you will often find carried from the quarry on the skulls of black fellows. As they run along under their burdens, they always sing a kind of monotonous song, which appears to ease the toil considerably; sometimes it consists of merely one word, repeated loudly and sonorously every fourth or fifth step; sometimes a sentence, repeated with equal regularity. When there are a good many of them, this sing-song is not unmusical; and often one of the number fills up the intervals of the staves by shaking a gigantic tin rattle, similar to a child's in England, with his left hand, while, with his right, he holds his burden steady upon his head.

And yet I cannot aver that the negroes appear unhappy: they seem always in good spirits, and are continually joking and laughing with each other when they meet: indeed, where there are many of them congregated, as about the public fountains, the sound of their merriment may be heard at a great distance. You may see old grey-headed men poking each other in the ribs, and pushing one another about like boys; playing, in fact, as they meet in little groups of three and four, with their heavy burdens on their heads; while their strange, shrill, metallic-sounding laughter rings along the road or street, the scarcely lighter complexioned Brazilians passing them with the same look wherewith you would regard a horse neighing in front of an omnibus.

As I was walking along the shady side of one of their streets, I saw a gang of about a dozen blacks employed in carrying bales of goods up from the harbor into the town. They were all exceedingly heavy, powerful men, and they moved along under their ponderous burdens with a long swinging trot, at every fourth step enunciating in a chorus of loud and deep voices the syllable "bom,"* while the sweat poured down their muscular shoulders, and their great chests expanded and subsided like the measured heave of the ground swell. There was one of them at the rear stopped and looked cautiously around him, then hurried across the street to where a woman was moving along with a heavily laden basket on her head, and an infant hanging behind her from her shoulders. I marked him especially: he had the most intellectual countenance I have ever seen in a negro. The woman, first looking stealthily about, drew round with a smile of fond recognition the child from behind her, and the father took it in his arms and kissed it rapturously, while the little thing danced and kicked about, and crowded with

* "Good!" in Portuguese and Brazilian.

joy, and patted his great face with its tiny black hands. I stood still, regarding the scene, and a pleasing train of thought had begun in my mind, when, on a sudden, some one seemed to catch his eye. I looked and saw a thin dark Brazilian, dressed in white cotton, with a Panama hat on his head, and a short slender bamboo in his hand, turn the corner. The negro hurriedly returned the child to its mother, and turned from her with an expression in his countenance I shall never be able to describe. It spoke a manly intellect utterly debased—strong passions forever crushed—a soul prostrated by oppression, never more to rise in this world. There was in it a cowardice evidently not native there, but implanted by man's tyranny; an unnatural submissiveness, and seeming confession of fault; a semi-idiotic look of entreaty, as if for pardon or mercy, which sat ill, ill on the expressive features a moment before so warmly lighted up, and in strange contrast to the gigantic frame whose muscles and sinews moved beneath the skin like the levers and cranks of powerful machinery. Hastily taking up the chorus of "bom! bom!" he hurried after his brethren in captivity, endeavoring, by the tremendous exertion of his limbs, to overtake them, though they were far in advance, and the bale of goods on his head would have crushed to the ground the stoutest drayman in London.

But let us return to the town. We are moving up the Rua do Ouvidor. It is a narrow street, with a big, stinking gutter running down the middle, and abundance of elegant shops on each side,—the goldsmiths, especially, making a brilliant display; and well they may, for their whole stock is usually in their window. There are, of course, busts of aristocratic-looking beauties of wax in the hair-cutter's windows; but they are European, and done after the English and French ideas of good looks, and must, indeed, be a sore puzzle to the natives, unaware, as they are, of any living complexion other than a sort of greenish-pale tint.

And here is another thing I must pause upon—Brazilian beauty. I only, during six weeks' residence in Rio, saw two really pretty female faces, and the ladies who had them, were Italians, employed at the opera. I sat in the pit of their opera-house, and, with a glass, scanned the boxes all round the vast building, but hardly a pretty brunette even could I see. The universal style of features seemed small black eyes, thin lips, thinner jaws, scanty black hair, and the peculiar greenish-white complexion. An expression of studied artificial coldness and hauteur filled rather than animated the faces; and the attitudes in which the owners sat, were angular and constrained. It is a curious thing that Europeans, going out to Brazil, have their complexions changed in six months, at most, to this greenish hue—a color which would seem to be connected, in some way, with the universal green of the country, as if it were, by some unexplained optical means, produced by the reflection of the light from the vegetation, which is so exuberant as not to be lost sight of, for any half-a-dozen steps, in the thickest part of their most populous towns.

They have two theatres in Rio. One, the theatre of San Pedro d'Alcantara. To this I went one evening. The house is very large, and constructed on a principle admirably calculated for such a building in such a climate. The walls are pierced with large round holes, so numerous as to

give them the appearance of mighty sieves. These holes are in rows, and open into airy galleries, from which the tiers of boxes branch. A person, then, seated in this building, is as thoroughly in the way of the air, as is a bird in a wire cage; and a delightful coolness constantly pervades it, notwithstanding the heat from the innumerable lights that burn all round. The interior of the house, though great in extent, was but shabby in point of decoration, and also in point of cleanliness—the scenery was squalid and mean, and the dresses looked as if bought second-hand; but there was one redeeming thing—the *chandelier*. It was certainly the finest I have ever seen in a theatre.

The piece was "La Donna della Lago," a version of The Lady of the Lake, and might have been a good-enough thing in its way, but I, unfortunately, am not qualified to pronounce upon operatic performances; believing that they have no merit except that of being in fashion, or, that, if they have, I am by nature disqualified to perceive it. In fact, the whole business looked more ludicrous to me than any farce; though the worthy Brazilians seemed to take it all in serious part, and criticized and applauded their own Crisis and Rubinis in right good earnest; and, also, a squinting Lablache, who, without the rotundity of his European prototype, bellowed in a way that appeared highly satisfactory to all hands.

Their ideas of the Scottish costume appeared to be in a high degree original. Roderic Dhu was clad in a long petticoat of common checked cotton, and had a sort of turban of the same stuff on his head, with a quantity of feathers stuck into the folds, and wore a pair of hideous black boots, going far up the leg, and lost to sight beneath the petticoat aforesaid. The rough leather pouch worn by the Highlanders in front, had been a sore puzzler to the Brazilian wardrobe-man: he had supplied its place by a small dark apron that harmonized wonderfully with the black boots. Two Highland armies were introduced thus in warlike array, each headed by a complete brass band, and, wonderful to relate, every kilted bandsman had his pibroch properly set down on a card, and stuck on the top of his instrument. Then, two chieftains—veritable sons of the Gael—came forward, in a terrible passion, and, according to the true Highland feeling and custom, began fighting furiously, not with claymores, but with a dreadful duet, singing at each other with a ferocity that struck the whole audience with astonishment and awe.

I did not stay for the ballet; for the sight of a half-naked woman, capering about, does not excite in me the anomalous feelings, the enjoyment of which some persons gild over by a flourish about the poetry of motion.

There is one superb walk, or ride, in the neighborhood of Rio. A very fine aqueduct supplies the town with water, which it brings from sources from seven to ten miles distant, on the sides and toward the summit of the Corcovado mountain; and along the course of this aqueduct is the walk I allude to. There are many public fountains supplied from it, and from these, again, the inhabitants have the water conveyed to their houses in tubs, on the heads of slaves. The most striking of the fountains arrests your eye, when you first step on shore. It stands in the middle of the palace square, and is not an ill-looking piece of architecture. Some inscriptions, one of which is a Latin epigram, adorn it, and it is surmounted by a stone model of an artificial sphere, an object

which the Brazilians have on their flag, and bear generally as an emblem—probably connected with some idea of the old Portuguese glory.

In one corner of the town, the aqueduct crosses a very fine double tier of arches. Here you ascend a serpentine steep, and upon getting to the level of the watercourse, a slightly inclined path takes you along its side, by many a leafy winding, more than half-way up the mountain. A worthy sailor, a friend of mine, was my companion on this journey, and we were provided with plenty of cigars, a couple of biscuits, and a small bottle of rum; while I, in a secure pocket, bore a small, fairly-written MS. Now, the history of this MS. was as follows:—I had been dining with a medical officer on board one of her Majesty's ships in the harbor, and, in the course of conversation, had mentioned my intention of climbing the Corcovado. "Well," quoth he, immediately, "I have the manuscript of a tale which I wrote with regard to that same mountain. It is the substance of a yarn told me by a young merchant here in Rio, who has since settled down at Monte Video; and, as he was a well-educated young man, I have no doubt it is true. You will find it a very interesting story; and before intrusting it to you, I must exact a promise that you will not read it until seated or standing on the very summit of the mountain."

I immediately pledged myself, and received the papers, neatly folded up and sealed.

Well, my companion and I ascended the path, and moved up the country along the line of the aqueduct. We had not walked half an hour ere we found ourselves winding through a regular South American forest. I never in my life saw such vegetation. Were you to take a cart-load of leaves, and empty them in a heap, I do think they could hardly lie closer than they did upon the branches of this wood; and all green—of a color most lovely, though monotonous; for here the tree in no season is unclad, nor does the summer which they have for a winter ever sear the hue of any foliage. The water was conducted downwards along the precipitous sides of different prongs of the parent chain of highland, and often along the very narrow edge of such steeps, where you had views of deep well-like valleys, their nearly perpendicular sides all wood-clad, and green as a garden arbor, that green being variegated by the snowy walls of plantation houses, and the bright red cultivated soil at the bottom. The clear "un-European" laugh of the negroes rose, refined by height and distance, in tinkling reverberations from precipice to precipice, emulating the shrillness and melody of the cicala piping on every twig. It was an awe-striking sight, standing on the edge of the narrow pathway, to part the clustering bushes, and look down the wood-mantled precipices; for the tree trunks seemed to shoot clusteringly from out the all but perpendicular steeps, and, rising branchless to a great height, till, by loftiness of stem, they had gained a small distance from the face of the rocks, gave out a dense mass of foliage impervious to light as so much solid stone. The trees rising to a height of fifty or sixty, often of at least seventy feet, ere they had room to bear a leaf, their foliage looked like a vast green mat hung up in the sun upon the face of the hills, and supported in that position by innumerable gigantic poles, stuck against rather than into the rocks, as a dirty kitchen wench would fix a candle against the wall. And when you looked down among these naked

stems, they and the dense brushwood at their roots seemed steeped in a faint greenish light, or rather dimness, that far away down towards the valleys, became a dark verdant mistiness, through which objects were no longer clearly distinguishable; while everywhere, above and below, guanas, lizards, birds, and butterflies, all tinted alike in this mystic light, flitted and flew from stem to stem in the silent, cool, and fragrant greenness. And when we rolled stones, and threw them down, and they went smashing now against the rocks, now against the trunks,—anon crashing and tearing their way through the thick topmost foliage of a lofty tree, which topmost foliage was not ten feet distant from the face of the rock that held its root some sixty feet farther down; and when these stones went rolling and knocking, their sounds growing fainter in the leafy green mists far below, till only a louder smash could reach the ear, we experienced a feeling as closely approaching the sublime as I can well conceive; and, considering that a slip of the foot might precipitate ourselves after the stones, were glad to draw close to the wall of the aqueduct. But all overhead was light, and beauty, and stirring life. Blossoms of every description sprang up by the path; birds, of all shapes and plumage, fluttered and chirped among the branches; and big butterflies, of every gorgeous hue, and villanous-looking dragon-flies, with their scaly blue lustre and halo-like flutter of misty gauze wings, continually crossed us, leading us often in fruitless chase. Far above us might be seen the magnificent man-of-war bird, the most graceful in form and flight of all winged creatures, leisurely sailing the air from his nest in the untrodden clefts of the mountain to seek his prey, pirate-like, upon the sea. From branches over our heads hung suspended, by invisible thread, the tree spider, in his little silken nest, popping his head out and in, and heaving in or paying out his cable as he desired to rise or fall. Bees and all winged insects hummed through the air, while the earth teemed with ants and every creeping insect; a tiny stir among the grass or leaves indicating the rapid dart of the lizard, guana, or some other reptile. And over all glowed, in his full majesty, the life-inspiring sun; not, as in other climes, giving coy and temporary glances of his glory from between the veils of clouds, but rolling alone in the blue sky, the sole object in heaven.

Up we went, rounding now one angle, anon another precipice, and at each obtaining new views of the rich country below, with its woods, fields, and lagoons; of the bay, with its innumerable islands and multitude of ships dotting its surface; of the battery, or church-crowned rocks that abound in the vicinity of the town; and of Rio itself, sleeping obscure beneath its cloud of dusty haze.

At length, when we had marched about five miles, and were now some fifteen hundred feet above the town, we came to the immediate source of the lower aqueduct, where a small mountain stream rushing into the cistern in part supplied it; a second portion being brought round in a little artificial gutter from another part of the mountain. This second source we followed; but soon left it, striking up a path alongside a wattle-built cottage, where resided a Brazilian soldier, a sort of perpetual sentry upon the good repair of the water-works near this point. Shortly after passing this cottage the path became exceedingly wild; on

one side of it generally rose a precipice; on the other an abyss descended, where the mighty trees grew with their naked stems shooting far aloft, one from almost every square yard of surface, frequently shutting out from us all view of sun or sky; the only thing we could see besides stems, rocks, and foliage, being the winding path stretching a little in advance or behind, as it were under an arcade of verdure, while a subdued cool greenish light showed us the damp trodden soil of the pathway, and the brushwood so luxuriantly dense as almost to appear of massive solidity. Here we saw the coffee-bush growing wild, with its cherry-red berries—there the cocoa-nut tree, bare, however, of fruit, for the season was their winter. Guavas, mangoes, plantains, and bananas, and all tropical plants, were here; for their seeds, wafted by the winds from the rich plains below, had caught root and sprung into forest existence as trees or bushes.

In this wild path we walked on about two miles more, till we reached another portion—the highest of these waterworks. A small rivulet of crystal water was brought round in hollow tiles from far behind the shoulder of the mountain. After following this a little, we came upon what you could hardly call a hamlet: it consisted of one house and two or three huts, while an open shed, with a bench under it for working, stood in the midst. The house was inhabited by a Brazilian and his family, the huts by negroes. Thereafter there was about half a mile of ascent—tremendous climbing!—they were no ordinary lungs that could serve a man up those dizzy steepes. Nevertheless we bent our breasts forward to the task, and, panting and exhausted, even after very frequent stoppages, at last found ourselves close to the summit, which is two thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the town's level. This summit is double; consisting of two points of rock, with a gash about forty feet deep between them. A small bridge of iron, placed by one of the emperors, formerly connected them, and an iron chain-rail surrounded each, to prevent people from tumbling off and going sheer down the precipices. There were also a flag-staff for signaling, and a small iron house or box for shelter. All is now gone, save the slender iron posts that supported the chain, and a few steps cut in the rock that formerly led to the bridge. Each of the summits is a separate rock; not flat, but rounded on the upper surface, so that a puff of wind would blow you off: indeed you have hardly room to stand secure, for neither of the rocks is more than twenty feet across, and hardly a square yard is level enough to stand upon securely, it being gradually rounded off into the stupendous bare precipices that form three sides of the Corcovado, or Humpback mountain.

The view was magnificent in the extreme; eighty miles at least of the coast up and down of South America could the eye sweep, with their hills, and eternal forests, and rocks, and isles, and bays, and league-long beaches, to which you could not tell in the distance whether it was the silvery sand or the ever-rolling surf that gave the dazzling whiteness. The immense basin of the harbor lay stretched beneath, thirty miles up into the country, like a mighty sheet of frosted silver, for a thick white vapory haze, like a film, dimmed its surface; but many wooded islands spotted it with emerald beauty; and the big sweeping lateen sail, half concealed in the sunny vapor, flitted here and there

athwart it, sometimes near and plainly skimming like a white bird—anon merging faintly into sight in the dim distance, shining like a bright speck for a minute, then fading into nothingness, so far, far was it away. Then what a stretch of many-colored cultivated land expanded itself between its shore and that ridge, of which the "humpback" on which we stood formed one extremity! A vast plain of red alluvial soil, fenced into fields, and bearing the rich sugar cane, cotton, and coffee plants—the vegetable wealth of the earth—dotted, too, every here and there with the white mansions of its lords, each under its grove of mighty trees—tamarind, mango, or cocoa-nut. Innumerable were the bays and creeks jutting from the great sheet into the land—many the broad blue lagoons connected with it, often by a scarcely perceptible neck of water, and their own tributary streams diversified with wooded islets.

As you looked straight down (for you could do that and see ground two thousand and odd feet beneath you and not an hundred feet from you horizontally)—as you looked down, the streets and squares of Rio lay plain as a map; and observing, steadily, you could see the black dots of vehicles moving hither and thither; and the boats and canoes going and returning between the shipping and the shore, and the white surf breaking on the beach. Close under another stupendous precipice were the emperor's botanic gardens, and you could perceive the yellow walks and the green plants, like a pattern on calico, while the fountain could be plainly observed playing in the midst.

It was on the whole a sight whereon the eye was not feasted, but made drunken rather!—it is the nearest phrase I can think of to communicate withal the idea of the feeling produced.

When we had surveyed it until oppressed with its magnificence, we sat down on the middle of the rounded rock, and opening the MS., I began to read the tale of the young merchant, as written by my naval friend, and entitled

A STORY OF THE CORCOVADO.

When I first came out to Brazil, I got a situation as clerk in the counting house of Diaz, Brown, and Company, the extensive merchants at Rio Janeiro. The only other white clerk in their place of business was one Lopez do Pereira, a Portuguese by descent and birth, but educated in England. Of course we became companions; and although he was eccentric to absurdity, I found him a very agreeable fellow on the whole; his whims being often irresistibly ridiculous, while he was not at all annoyed at laughter, but would laugh himself with his whole heart, while he still persisted in the proceedings that caused it. These were often, while very odd, both hurtful to himself and painful to his friends; as, for instance:—

The inhabitants of Madeira have a singular head-dress; it consists of a little blue scull-cap, lined with red, not sufficient to cover the head of an infant, and having a small stiff pig-tail, about four inches in length, projecting into the air from the middle of it. This curious affair they perch on a bushy head of hair, and certainly acquire thereby an aspect sufficiently remarkable to a stranger. Now this cap Pereira had seen at that island, on his voyage out from England, and once he took it into his head to wear one, made under his direction, of a similar construction, at Rio; nor did he leave off his noticeable head-piece till an attack of brain fever made him adopt a more shady covering. He

was, of course, a Roman Catholic, and devoutly believed in the agency of the devil, upon whom, when his whims had left him, he invariably laid the blame.

One day, when we had been about a year together, the day being a holiday, we resolved upon an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Accordingly, hiring horses, we rode up till horses could go no farther. As we rode I began to laugh and question him with regard to his singular weakness. My thoughts were directed to this subject by seeing him turn round on the horse's back and ride with his face to the tail; and this though the animal was very spirited, and the path was so narrow that one horse only had room to go upon it; with the stone wall of the aqueduct on one side, and a succession of wooded precipices on the other. On my inquiring the cause of this remarkable manœuvre, he replied, laughing loudly himself, that he thought it was a good idea, as he could talk to me better face to face, for I was riding in the rear. But I remarked that we could converse quite well without seeing each other, and reminded him of the misers, who talked in the dark to save candles. Upon this, he stated that as all the view lay behind us and nothing in front but woods, this was the most rational way of riding for an admirer of the picturesque. I bantered him out of this argument also, when he plainly confessed that he rode in that way from an internal impulse, no more to be resisted or controlled by him than the decrees of fate—that there was a devil within him who prompted him to make himself ridiculous, and that he could no more gainsay this mastering spirit than fly in the air. For the rest of the ride he continued to practise this uncavalier-like style of horsemanship, to the vast entertainment of sundry blackies we encountered, working at small repairs on the aqueduct, or bringing down loads of sticks from the woods. Nevertheless he continued to talk with infinite good humor of his own curious turn of mind. He told me that this devil of his ceased its malicious promptings at all times when heavy business occupied him—that cold bathing went far against it; and that once, when for a considerable time under anti-inflammatory treatment for some complaint, it entirely disappeared.

At length we arrived at the last collection of houses on the ascent, and here we left our horses, mounting the last steeps on foot.

As soon as we stood upon the rocky ball, and looked around us, overwhelmed by the grandeur and danger of the scene, I was full of exclamations. From the brim of the rock we stood on, the sight leaped down direct to fields and lagoons, two or three thousand feet beneath us; and the precipices, from what I could see of them, made my blood cold. The vastness of the horizon, with the distance and diversity of the parts filling it up—the silence, the solitude, the apparent eternal nature of the mighty rocks—even of the forests—all these ideas, combined with the precarious nature of our position on this airy and often cloud-covered pinnacle, and the certain dreadful fate that awaited one who should topple from such a stupendous height (for on three sides were precipices of from one to two thousand feet,) raised my mind to a very high state of excitement. But when I looked at Pereira, expecting to see in him an equal enjoyment, I observed his dark Portuguese features pale with that tawny color which constitutes the pallor of southern Europeans; his bloodless lips quivered, and there was a sort of convulsive starting of different muscles of his body.

"What," said I, "you surely are not afraid of falling!—come near to the centre, and your head will not swim so much."

"Afraid!" he replied, vaguely and incoherently. "No!—Yes—afraid—for you;—save yourself, D—! for God's sake, save yourself!"

"Why, man, there is no fear—get you down first, you are nearest the path."

"No! we shall never go down that path—the demon, D—, the demon in my heart prompts me to throw you from this pinnacle sheer to destruction, and he will not but be obeyed! O Mother of Deity! Queen of Heaven! look on me in mercy!"

As he spoke, my heart smote my side violently; and I felt for a moment sick to death, for the recollection of his character and strange eccentricities arose before my mind.

"Gracious Heaven!" said I, "you cannot mean what you say!" As I stood horror-stricken, he clasped his hands, and wringing them slowly, but with his whole strength, raised them above his head, looking upward at the same time with eyes sparkling from unnatural fire, and grinding his teeth, as if with anguish, a moment—and, with a wild howl of despair that rung like the cry of a vulture, he sprang upon me!

A mercy it was that he gave me that warning! I was prepared so far, that his onset drove me back but one step: another step would have been death to me! He grasped me with his whole strength, and with the convulsive gripe of mortal fear I closed upon him; and thus, in dread embrace, we stood straining with the whole power of every sinew. It could not be called struggling, it was the slow and steady application of every force and every art of two athletic young men striving, the one in the frenzy of madness, the other in the dread of immediate dissolution. Now he would bend me a little, now I him! Oh what an agony that minute was to me!

At length, in about two minutes, I knew that his strength was giving way: we were equally matched in strength, but I had the full chest and long wind, produced by hard exercise through all my youth in a far northern climate; he was narrow-chested, and soon began to pant. Perceiving this, I compressed his ribs with my whole strength, and, bending in his back, gradually brought him down on the rock. But the moment he was down he commenced struggling violently, and rolled us both over toward the awful brink. I thought I was gone, and clutched the rough rock with my fingers till the nails were torn from them. Providentially my hand came against one of the rusted iron supports that had, of old, upheld the chain, and I grasped it with that clutch commonly called the death-gripe. Holding on by this, and getting my legs about it so as to have a good purchase, while he still struggled ceaselessly with hand and teeth to dislodge me, I caught hold of the hair of his temples, and dashed his head violently against the rock. The blow affected his brain; the eyes which had just been glaring upon me in maniacal fury now rolled obliquely in their sockets, and his motions were no longer directed against me. With both hands I repeated the blow, and he remained motionless; still I was not sure of him, for I had read and heard that the insane are very cunning, and adopt many schemes to accomplish their ends; so, putting one hand to his heart, and being able to perceive only a very faint and scarcely discernible beating, I got up and drew him to the middle of the rock. Then, resting for a moment to breathe and to thank Heaven that I had been saved alive

from this fearful encounter, I began to descend the rock, dragging him after me till I got on a secure path, when I shouldered him and carried him to where we had left our horses. Here I got some blacks to carry him down to the city of Rio Janeiro, and conveyed him to the house of our mutual employer, Mr. Brown.

As we were quite by ourselves, I might have accounted for his injuries by a supposed fall among the rocks, but I preferred telling the truth as it is written here. An inquiry was made according to the law of Brazil, and I was declared free of all blame; whilst Pereira, who was then recovering his bodily health, was condemned to restraint in a madhouse for life.

I never afterwards could look up to the pinnacles of Corcovado without feelings of horror being called up in my mind; and so painful was this to me, that I was ultimately led to transport myself and my fortunes to Monte Video.

Such was the MS. When I had done reading it, we both got up, and, curiously enough, began to dodge about, keeping a wary distance, and each apparently afraid to come near the other; at length, one of us getting to the approach, slipped down, and the other cautiously followed him: when we had arrived at a safe place, we each began to laugh in the other's face.

"What was the matter with you?"

"I was afraid some irresistible devil would prompt you —"

"So was I, as to you."

"Pshaw! did you ever know anything so ridiculous, as two fellows to be so wrought upon by a tale?"

And thus conversing, we descended to a village in a valley, where we sat down at a small public house to enjoy an evening repast under a green tree.

And here, reader, end, for the time, my Rambles at Rio Janeiro.

EPIGRAM.

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—
"Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!"

Hood.

From Tait's Magazine.

QUAKER MISSION TO THE MAURITIUS AND SOUTH AFRICA.*

Those who, like us, found instruction and refreshment in following Mr. Backhouse and his fellow-laborer on their Missionary Rambles through the Australian Colonies, will, we are persuaded, be as much gratified in accompanying them in their farther pilgrimage. Before returning to Europe, after their visit to Australia, Mr. Backhouse and his friend, Mr. George Washington Walker, went to the Mauritius, whence, after a brief stay, they embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, and made a rather extensive tour among the missionary stations and christianized spots of South Africa.

* A Narrative of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa. By James Backhouse. Illustrated by Maps, Etchings, and Wood-cuts. 8vo, pp. 720. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Mr. Backhouse is rather to be regarded as one who surveys and reports upon the labors of others, than as himself a regular laborer in the missionary field, though he never loses an opportunity of throwing out a word in season wherever his lot may be cast. Whatever Friends may be at home, abroad they are of a truly catholic spirit. Moravians, Methodists, Scots, Germans, Caffres, Hottentots, wherever the Quaker apostles met with a sincere Christian, he was hailed as a brother in the bonds of the gospel.

As a work of travel, this volume is less interesting than the account of Mr. Backhouse's visits to the new settlements and emigrant groups of Australia. Of the circumstances of the few English and Scottish settlers whom he saw at Glen Lynden, Glen Avon, and other places in South Africa, he has told less than we would like to hear regarding this interesting class of our countrymen. But perhaps there might not be much to tell respecting their social condition; and Mr. Backhouse's inquiries were confined to subjects of graver import. The same quiet enthusiasm for nature, and particularly for botany and ornithology, which we noted in his former volume, is strikingly apparent in the new one; and Africa affords a much richer field to the naturalist than Australia. Mr. Backhouse excels as a landscape painter. In the Mauritius, as in Australia, he generally adopted the primitive mode of using his own legs in his excursions about the island. The landscape sketched below is, we think, very pretty and engaging. The season is the middle of April, 1838.

13th.—Yesterday, we again came to Roc en Roc, Mapou, where, to-day, a considerable congregation assembled, to whom the objects of the coming and death of Christ were largely set forth, in connexion with the difference between the superstitious appropriation of them, according to the traditions of men, and the spiritual application of them to the soul, by the power of God. The people were very attentive, and a precious sense of the divine presence prevailed at seasons. In the afternoon, I walked to Grande Baie, with G. Clark and a young colored Creole, who was learning the British and Foreign School system of instruction, with a view to become a teacher. We went along the coast, which made the distance about nine miles, though perhaps not more than six by the nearest way. The land of the coast is either covered with grassy turf, or with copses of various shrubs. Here and there, cocoa-nut and date-palms are scattered, chiefly near little groups of the dwellings of fishermen. Little tranquil inlets, covered by the sea at high water, are numerous in this direction; they are margined with mangroves of about ten feet high, having handsome, elliptical, laurel-like foliage. Large bushes of *syzygium jambolana* grow a little further from the beach; they produce the fruit called jamlongue, which is the size of a small plum, but more cylindrical, and is sweet, but astringent. Some of the poorer people on the coast collect the prostrate stems of *batatas maritima*, a plant of the convolvulus tribe, which extend many yards along the sandy ground, and bind them in long, loose, thick bundles. These they cast into the sea, and drag to

the shore, bringing with them small fishes. We passed some blacks making large torches of numerous splinters of a kind of wood that is inflammable when green, which they use to attract the fish at night. These torches are about three feet long, and a foot in diameter at the wider end; they are bound together by means of withes of the *jasmindu-pays*, *jasminum mauritianum*, the shoots of which are so long that one is sometimes sufficient to make a little basket, as we were assured by a man of color, who was making a basket from them.

The state of society in the Mauritius previous to the abolition of slavery, is represented as exceedingly depraved and licentious. By the time of Mr. Backhouse's visit, symptoms of improvement were apparent. The whites were showing a better example, and marriage ties had begun to be known and respected among the black population.

The following passage, which occurs in the Journal shortly after Mr. Backhouse had reached Cape Town, will be perused with deep interest from the affecting reminiscences it awakens, and the weight which belongs to the author's opinions on the question of war, or the right of the strongest:—

In the evening, we attended a monthly missionary meeting, in the Union Chapel, at which John Williams, of the South Sea Mission, was present, the Camden missionary ship having put into Simon's Bay yesterday. John Williams gave some interesting information respecting the mission, and his visit to England; he spoke very modestly of the labors of the missionaries in the South Seas; and, in alluding to the good that had been effected among the islanders by the introduction of the gospel among them, dwelt chiefly upon the destruction of idolatry and infanticide, and the general improvement of the people; he also brought forward some cases, showing that a spiritual change had been wrought; and noticed the important fact, that multitudes, who a few years ago were in utter ignorance, could now read the Holy Scriptures with facility, and could write intelligent letters. After John Williams had concluded, I gave the company some information respecting the forlorn state of the aborigines of Australia, and the injury done them under the influence of misapprehension and prejudice. Dr. Philip made a few pertinent comments on what had been expressed, showing that the erroneous ideas of defective capacity in the Australians and Tasmanians, and the alledged difficulties in regard to their instruction and civilization, were only such as long existed in respect to the Hottentots; that these had been demonstrated to be utterly fallacious, and the result of ignorance of the constitution of the human mind. He also expressed a conviction that as more correct information was now diffused, a better spirit would be stirred up towards these oppressed people; and that ere long they would become the subjects of more extended Christian labors, so that in them also the power of divine grace would be shown.

3d.—We dined with William Henry Harvey, the colonial treasurer, and walked with him through the Kloof, between Table Mountain and the Lion Hill. The scenery is very grand. The tops of the rugged mountains to the north and east were covered with snow; but notwithstanding that it was the depth of winter, many beautiful plants and shrubs were in flower. Not finding a public lodging-house convenient, we concluded to remove

to a more private situation, and engaged a good sitting-room and two bed-rooms in a large house, built in the Dutch style. We dined with the family, and took our other meals in our own apartment. For this we paid four and sixpence a-day each.

4th. We breakfasted with several of the missionaries from on board the Camden, among whom a conversation arose on the subject of war. One young man pleaded in its defence, and stated that he thought the civil magistrate was bound to extend protection to those who looked to him for it, against the aggression of hostile tribes. This specious kind of reasoning is very common, but those who adopt it appear to forget that "peace on earth" is one of the characteristics of the gospel; and that those who now look to the civil magistrates for military protection are persons who make themselves "partakers in other men's sins," many of them occupying the territory of hostile tribes, without their proper consent. The aborigines of these lands would generally, if not universally, have received peaceably small parties of Christians whose object in going amongst them was to impart to them the knowledge of the gospel. But when persons professing to be Christians mix themselves with parties who locate themselves like swarms of locusts on property taken forcibly from the aborigines of any country, they forfeit their Christian character; and, in seeking protection from those who hold the possession of such territory, not by peace, but by force of arms, they lean upon a defence which is after this world, and not after Christ.

We regret that we cannot give Mr. Backhouse's opinion of the quality of the famous Constantia wine, for reasons which the reader will perceive.

We visited the vineyards of Constantia, at one of which we were politely invited to taste of the wine; but having believed it our duty before landing from the Mauritius, to adopt the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, we declined, and were presently informed by a son of the proprietor, that we were not the first of their visitors who had refused to taste. The dwelling-house at Old Constantia is a large mansion in the Dutch style, well furnished. The skin of a large Leopard, *Felis Leopardus*, shot in the neighborhood, being well stuffed, is placed in one of the rooms. These animals are far from common, but occasionally they are met with about the foot of the contiguous mountains, where they prey upon baboons and smaller animals, seldom disturbing the neighboring flocks.

Mr. Backhouse's journal is so circumstantial and minute—not to say occasionally tedious—in details, that we cannot pretend to follow him from day to day, on his devious route among the settlements, and into the wilderness. The following passage will have interest, from the account which it gives of an institution happily no longer known in any part of Europe:—

We accompanied the district surgeon in a visit to a village twenty-two miles from Caledon, called Hemel en Aarde, *Heaven and Earth*, devoted by the government to the use of lepers. The road lies across a rough range of sandstone mountains, one of the highest points of which, called Babylon's Tower, may be 3000 feet above the sea. The lower hills on both sides of this range are covered, at this season, with green herbage, and decorated with various species of *Erica*, *Protea*,

and *Helichrysum*. The flowers of one species of *protea* formed a head as large as an artichoke; the large scales that enclosed them were of a beautiful pink color. Here we saw several Riet-boks, *Redunca Eleotragus*; this elegant animal is of the antelope tribe, and about the size of a fallow deer. The leper institution was, at this time, superintended by an elderly couple of Moravians. It is not far from the sea, and the cold winds are trying to the patients, who are chiefly Hottentots, and unaccustomed to cleanliness or to much accommodation. The disease with which they are affected, destroys the fingers and toes, which drop off without pain. The patients frequently die of pulmonary affections; a few of them are old, and have been here a long time, but on an average they only live four years after removal to this place. This species of leprosy is not considered contagious, but is hereditary. One old woman held up the stumps of her hands, and said in Dutch, "It is the Lord's doing, and I am content."

Altogether, the place presented a forlorn aspect. The buildings, consisting of the mission-house, chapel, hospital, and a number of huts, were in a dilapidated condition; it was about their cleaning time, and they had not been whitewashed for nearly a year. The patients were about eighty in number. The pious pastor compared his allotment to being in the Isle of Patmos; and his situation appeared to require much exercise of faith and patience. We were present at the evening devotions, when the patients sung a Dutch hymn. I afterwards addressed them through the medium of their pastor, who, after G. W. Walker had prayed, informed them of the nature of his petitions on their behalf.

Of the few incidental glimpses of European settlers which we obtain, the following, brief though it be, is among the most satisfactory:—

One of our men calling at a house to purchase bread and meat, was reluctantly supplied with a small quantity of the latter, after it had been ascertained that the waggon did not belong to Dr. Philip. The people loaded this good man, who is one of the best friends of the colonists, with opprobrious epithets; so greatly do they misunderstand him and their own real interests. Several English and Scotch families have purchased estates in this part of the country, and are exerting an energy upon them much greater than that of the former proprietors, several of whom have emigrated beyond the colonial boundary. At the next house we met a welcome reception from a Scotch family, who readily supplied our wants, and gladly accepted of a few tracts. We passed several other farms at a little distance from the road, on which there were crops of ripening grain, herds of horses and cattle, and flocks of sheep. The sheep of the broad-tailed breed, are large, hairy, and of various colors. A few goats usually go with the sheep; the goats being more tractable to drive.

In visiting the missionary station at Zoar, Mr. Backhouse found occasion to make some remarks, the importance of which should be kept in view by all those who select and send forth missionaries to uncivilized tribes. The ingenuity of missionaries, as handicraftsmen, has been no mean instrument in advancing the higher objects of their labors.

The present missionary, who is placed here by an arrangement between the Berlin and the South African Missionary Societies, is a pious man, but does not possess much knowledge of

handicraft trades. Some knowledge of these is highly desirable in a missionary, both to enable him to make his own dwelling comfortable, and to teach useful arts to those amongst whom he is placed. The missionary being alive to the importance of such arts, had adopted measures to get some of the youths instructed in smiths' work, &c. The Hottentots were voluntarily building him a house, being only supplied at the expense of the Society with one meal a day.

In advancing to Bethelsdorp, Mr. Backhouse records a fact new to us in natural history, namely, bullocks contending with dogs for bones, and cattle often standing chewing bones in the kraals or folds in this country. In another place, we find the dogs displaying better taste, by devouring the grapes of the missionaries. We regret to learn that the station of Bethelsdorp was not found in a very satisfactory condition, though the causes may be but temporary.

An accident, one of many, having befallen their waggon, the travellers obtained this pleasing glimpse of a chief and family group of Caffres.

We accompanied Wallace Hewitson on a visit to the Caffre chief Macomo. He was residing contiguously, and at whose place a considerable number of Caffres were assembled to celebrate the marriage of one of this chief's sons. In the minority of Sandili, the principal chief of the Gaika Caffres, Macomo was a sort of regent. The Blinkwater is a little winding river, on a rocky bed, bordered with willows and other trees; near to its side Mocomo had a hut and a tent. The bride of his son was of the Tambookie tribe, the chiefs not being allowed to marry into their own tribes. If they violate this rule, the sons of such wives are not considered the successors to the chieftainship of their fathers. Macomo met us courteously, and introduced us to several of his own wives, and to the bride; but, as we had no interpreter, we could make little out in conversation, we understanding but little of Dutch, which some of them spoke, and they but little of English. It was their milking-time when we passed two of their cattle kraals, at one of which they kindly offered us milk. The chief and several other men were seated on the ground near the tent. They were dressed in karrosses or cloaks of skin, with the hair on; that of the chief was of leopard-skin, which is seldom worn but by men of rank, and is expensive. Prepared ox-hides are the kind chiefly used: the inside, which is worn outward, is so worked away, as, in good karrosses, to be fibrous, looking much like hair; it is colored almost black, with a preparation in which grease is a large constituent. The karrosses of the women have a piece attached at the back of the neck, of about four inches in width, and reaching to the heels, covered with brass buttons; they also often wear the shell of a small tortoise, suspended from the shoulder of the karross. Several of the women had head-dresses on the present occasion, in the form of square bags a foot high, standing erect, and transversely covered with small white beads; most of them had also numerous rings of thick brass wire around their arms. They had much the general aspect of an order of nuns. The bodies and limbs of both sexes exhibited a dressing of red ochre and grease. We were regaled with milk, which was brought in a closely woven basket. Returning to the waggon, we were accompanied by two Caffres; the errand of one of them was to bring back four pocket handkerchiefs for

the wives of the chief and of his son, and a little tobacco for the chief. They inquired for brandy by its Dutch name brandywyn, and were informed that we used no strong drink; at the same time we denounced the evil consequences of its use.

The travellers were in the vicinity of Philipton, where Mr. Backhouse makes the following observations on the blessed influences of the introduction of Christianity on the condition of the women of Caffreland, as of every other region:—

Before the introduction of Christianity into Caffria, the wives of the Caffres cultivated the ground, the men disdaining such toil. On the introduction of ploughs, the men made comparisons between the quantity of work performed by them and by the women. A chief named Thopo, who received a plough from the contribution made by many friends for the promotion of agriculture among the native tribes, sent a message in 1842, acknowledging gratefully the present, which he called "a strong wife."

In the course of the day, I had an interesting interview with several matronly Christian women of the Nooka family of Gona Caffres. Their nephew had been our guide in Caffraria, and we had proposed that he should accompany us beyond the Great Orange River. They took the subject under grave consideration, and, notwithstanding their willingness to do anything in their power to promote the cause of the Redeemer, they came to the conclusion, that it was not their duty to give him up for this service. Their deliberation reminded me much of the manner in which questions of importance are treated in the meetings for discipline of the Society of Friends; and I have no doubt but they were enabled to come to a right judgment in the matter. The manner in which they expressed their sympathy for my companion and myself, and their belief that the Lord would provide for us, was both affecting and comforting.

Mr. Backhouse gives little information concerning the political state of the colony, or of the emigrant settlements at Natal; and the various missionary reports from South Africa are now so frequent and regular, that he has little to communicate of missionary enterprises, beyond his personal experiences in the course of his pilgrimage. Instead of copying out any of his reports from the missionary stations visited, we select this picture of a happy and hospitable family, which conveys a very favorable impression of the tone and scope of this Quaker journal.

We reached the Uitkomst early, and were again received with that frank hospitality for which Hendrik and Maria C. Van Zyl are noted, and which is especially shown to all who labor in the Gospel, from a real love to the truth. In the evening we had a religious opportunity with the family and servants. Here all were cared for, and taught to read, whatever might be their circumstances or color. After the reading of the Scriptures, we addressed them, and were engaged in vocal prayer: a sweet feeling of divine overshadowing prevailed to such a degree that it was difficult to separate. It is worthy of remark, that in the drought of the previous summer, when the corn was ready to perish on the ground, rain fell at this place, so that the crops here were good, notwithstanding most of the corn was destroyed in the surrounding country. H. Van Zyl would not, however, take advantage of this; but having first

ascertained what the missionaries at Ebenezer wanted, whom he supplied at a very low rate, and that those at the Kamiesberg, Nisbett Bath, and Komaggas had sufficient supplies, he sold what remained above his own wants at a very moderate price, saying, that the Lord had not blessed him, in order that he should take advantage of his neighbors.

29th.—We had two favored meetings with the family, the servants, our own people, and a few strangers; a gracious influence pervaded these opportunities, similar to that of which we were sensible yesterday.

30th.—Being rainy, we remained with our kind friends at the Uitkomst, and spent most of the time in writing: we had also another agreeable opportunity of religious communication with the family. Maria C. Van Zyl had injured her arm by an accident before our arrival, and she was still feverish and in great pain; nevertheless she was unremitting in her attentions. She was a woman of a lively spirit; and she reverted with gratitude to the day in which travelling missionaries first brought her evangelical hymns, and directed her attention to the atoning blood of Christ, and to the work of the Holy Spirit upon her heart. In her family devotions she often set one of the colored boys to read, or to give out a hymn; either selecting one herself, or desiring them to select one, in order to ascertain the bent of their minds. Though the singing might not have pleased an ear critical in music, there was much in it that might be recognized as agreeing with the character of "singing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

31st.—The unpropitious state of the weather for travelling induced us still to remain at the Uitkomst. Maria C. Van Zyl furnished us gratuitously with a stock of bread and flour, which lasted us through most of the remainder of our journey, as well as with many other articles. She subsequently expressed great regret to a missionary, at having allowed us to pay her for a sheep.

4th mo., 1st.—The rain ceased at noon. The family here allowed fourteen of the surviving portion of our weaker cattle to remain at this place till their strength was recruited. The herdsman, contrary to the advice of his mistress, smoked Dakka, which gave him a wild, frenzied look. He said he knew it was wrong, but it had got the better of his resolution to leave it off.

We must not omit to mention, that from funds liberally supplied by friends, Mr. Backhouse was enabled, after his return to England in 1841, to supply Robert Moffat with the means of printing six thousand copies of the Scripture Lessons of the British and Foreign School Society, which the latter had previously translated into the Bechuana language, which is the tongue of the Bechuana people.

Mr. Backhouse concluded a pilgrimage more extensive than any ever previously undertaken by a Quaker apostle, not excepting George Fox, at London; which he reached on the 15th of February, 1841, after an absence of nine years and five months from his native land, his friends and his family. Those who have found pleasure and improvement in tracing his wanderings, will, we are certain, sympathize in the simple-minded and pious expressions of gratitude for preservation and deliverance from many perils, with which the work closes.

From the United Service Magazine.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN COMPANY.

"Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Put un voisin comode,
Et modèle des potentats."—*Le Roi d'Yvetot.*

"The truth is, that from the day on which the Company's troops marched one mile from their factories, the increase of their territories and their armies became a principle of self-preservation."—*SIR JOHN MALCOLM'S SKETCH.*

THE government of so vast a country as India by a society or company of merchants, is to ourselves, when we give it consideration, a matter of wonder and astonishment; to foreigners it is nearly incomprehensible; Napoleon himself could never satisfactorily solve this political puzzle. The spirit of association which is only now beginning to show its head in France, was totally unknown in his time; and he could not conceive how any society, the members of which he would have held individually in contempt, could, when banded together, send forth fleets and armies to conquer nations of such great extent and so far distant; perhaps he might also be a little jealous in seeing this company turn war into a commodity, and making it far more profitable than even he could with all his talent, ability, and unlimited means.

One thing he must at least have admired amongst these merchant conquerors,—their extreme coyness and modesty; in continually disclaiming all ambitious views, and preaching peace, sword in hand; these must have forcibly reminded him of his own early dispatches and bulletins, where the only motives assigned for the appearance of the republican armies in Italy were to secure the liberties and happiness of mankind. Had the British, like the Portuguese, confined themselves to their factories, their policy, as recommended by Sir Thomas Roe, who was ambassador at the Court of Delhi, was, "to avoid all grounds of offence to native states, and to endeavor to cultivate peaceful relations;" but had they followed this course, in all probability they would have shared the fate of their Lusitanian forerunners, and have lost their possessions; but from this they were prevented by the force of circumstances. Thrown into immediate rivalry with the French in the Carnatic, they were obliged to have recourse to arms, and to cultivate the friendship, such as it was, of the native princes. Once, according to the tenor of the passage I have taken as a text, "they had marched a mile from their factories," they had added to them a new character, that of being soldiers as well as merchants. It is a curious coincidence that the man who laid the basis of the present Indian Empire, went out to that country as a civilian, and became a soldier by instinct, united to unforeseen circumstances. The Rubicon once passed, it has been absurd, if not hypocritical, to make profession of peaceable intentions, which never can be fulfilled. India was won by the sword, and by the sword it must be retained; nor will it ever enjoy perfect repose, until the whole territory, from the Indus to the Bahrampooter, is united under one homogeneous government.

The common and conventional phrase, "that we hold India by the force of opinion," is mere idle talk, unless we translate the word opinion into the knowledge that the natives possess of our superior military skill and power; for it is that which is the main stay of our Indian tenure; allow the sources on which this conviction is founded to fall into decay or perish, and then see how many

years' purchase this empire would be worth. This conviction must gain force daily now the power of steam has brought India within a moderate distance of England as regards time; the facility and rapidity of intercourse will force out the real position of that vast empire, and make the people of this country not only familiar with the present mode of government, but point out the means of ameliorating the condition of the Indian population, in which there is vast room for improvement. It is the more necessary, as the natives are now beginning to see their way, and understand that they have rights and privileges which they may have to defend. A few of the most enlightened of these Orientals have already visited England, have been able to appreciate her laws and institutions, and mark the improvements produced by a high state of civilization; they will be able to enlighten their countrymen on the real nature of the government that rules their destinies, about which they have had for a long time but confused and ill-defined notions; and they will see that the time has nearly arrived when some sweeping and essential change must take place in this respect, and a new system be introduced.

As the early history of the British settlements in India is familiar to most readers, it will be unnecessary here to enter into detail, further than to say that at the close of the sixteenth century the Company or Association was formed with a capital little more than 30,000*l.*, and the first factory they established on the continent was at Surat, in 1612. From such a trifling foundation, and in the comparatively short space of two hundred and thirty-two years, has sprung up our vast Oriental empire. The spirit of association which performed these wonders has, like all things else in this world, had its drawback; the shareholders and proprietors of this stock, which went on gradually increasing, did not advance their money without expectation, amounting to a certainty, that they should have returns in the shape of dividends, as from any other mercantile speculation. As long as the monopoly of the trade of India was preserved to the Company, it was easy to pay these dividends out of the profits, while the territorial revenue went to meet all the other demands of the general government, and support the continual wars in which it was involved with the native princes. It may easily be conceived that commerce having been the origin of the company, they would adhere with the greatest tenacity to their exclusive rights; and they fought their battle in defence of these with the greatest obstinacy and ingenuity. After repeated attacks, parried by all the sophistry possible to be collected, they were forced to give up the monopoly of trading to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, and they yielded with extreme bad grace to the necessity. Every impediment and obstacle they could raise against the progress of an open trade, were resorted to, and with small delicacy.

If the loss of command of the India trade was a great blow, it can easily be imagined how these Merchant Princes were affected when their monopoly of China was threatened. The press groaned beneath the weight of the pamphlets and documents they put forth, to show all the calamities that were sure to follow this concession. We were to have worse tea, very little of it, and enormously dear; constant disputes with the Chinese, which they alone were able to avert; and, finally, there could not be the least doubt that we should

be entirely shut out from the Celestial Empire. Idle and futile as these prophecies have turned out, they did not fail the less of having a host of believers, and every engine was put in motion to retain them in the delusion. But the "pressure from without" was not to be resisted; people could not see that in seas navigated by all the nations of the world, Englishmen alone should be excluded, unless they were servants of the East India Company; no sophistry could explain away this absurdity; it was too glaring. The monopoly fell, never to rise.

Little wonder, however, at the tenacity with which the Company adhered to its maintenance; it was the most direct and immediate financial resource they possessed; it served to liquidate the European demands, amounting to some three millions annually, for payment of dividends on India stock, the support of the establishments in Leadenhall street and elsewhere, with pensions and gratuities. This home demand has now to be in a great measure supplied from the land revenues of India; but although beaten out on the two points just alluded to, the Company never forgot the original source of their prosperity, and although they can no longer exclude their countrymen from their marts, they do not disdain to share the profits; they still keep a number of ships in their employ, both for trade to India and China, and the coasting traffic of the East. They have set up a rival tea-shop in Assam, and notwithstanding all their lamentations about China, they have from their own territories produced sufficient slow poison to stupify three hundred millions of Chinese, with a profit to themselves of two or three hundred per cent. This respectable trade, however, is not enough to fill up the vacuum in the coffers occasioned by the abolition of the monopoly; and, as I said before, the land revenue of the East must supply the deficiency.

Every one knows the progress that has been made in education, and consequent intelligence, in India, and several of the most enlightened of the natives, Hindoos as well as Mahometans, have visited England, where they have learned something of the nature of the abstract idea of John Company, and become aware that they have been living for a long course of years under the government of a mercantile speculation, that can have no other interest in their welfare and prosperity, than what is derived from the credit side of the ledger. They will question themselves—What benefit has our country derived from British domination, in comparison with the progress that all the rest of the world has been making? We see here a portion of our territorial revenues distributed amongst a parcel of dowagers and old beaux, that toddle down to Leadenhall street to receive it in the shape of dividends, while our roads and other means of communication in India are entirely neglected.

Such reflections as these must force themselves on the minds of all the well-educated native Indians, and make them feel painfully their inferiority. If they look further into the matter, they will see that every European who lands on their shore, almost without exception, comes there for no other purpose than to make money as fast as possible, and return home; thus the riches of India become accumulated amongst a few hands, only to be taken to England to be squandered often in the most senseless and tasteless manner; independent of this nostalgia that infects every Englishman in India, Providence would seem to have

set a bar against the naturalization of the European people on the continent of India; of children born of British parents that continue to reside in India, not one in ten attains maturity or vigor of manhood, and those whose parents are obliged to remain in the East are sent home to pass their adolescence.

There is a certain advantage gained by the people of India, in the more stable form of government and the administration of justice; but the latter is in some degree counteracted by the increased expense attending its administration. They have likewise the certainty that in all their contracts and agreements with those in authority, they will be sure of receiving the stipulated price, reward, or wages; on which points they entertained considerable doubts while under the dominion of Moslem or Hindu rulers. But these constitute the chief advantages they possess in the change, as the nature of the tenure under which the land is cultivated, by not giving the tenant an interest in the property, is a drawback on improvement. There are no canals or roads of any extent, or adapted for mercantile purposes. The proof on the latter point is, that the mode of conveying travellers by *dawk*, remains as it was under the Mogul dynasty, and even the great arteries of the country, the Ganges, Jumna, and their tributaries, have never been made to yield one half the benefits that might be derived from them. The government employs a few steamers for its own use; but there is little improvement in the navigation of the great rivers since old Nearchus paid his first visit to one of them. Very few years since the clothing of the 44th Regt. was lost on its way up the Ganges, and more recently a portion of the 62d Regt. met the same fate. Old customs have never been got the better of, and these noble rivers are navigated by craft only one stage removed from the canoe or raft. No country can make any great progress while the means of communication are neglected; and it will not be too much to say that although a century and a half have elapsed since the settlement of the India Company in the country, not one half, or perhaps more than one third of the resources of that extended empire, have been developed or brought to benefit.

The increased demands on the territorial revenue will serve as an impediment to the improvement of the land, by not allowing it repose in the absence of improved modes of cultivation; and the value of the soil will therefore be deteriorated so much, that it will not return eventually what is expected from it; unless they convert the upper provinces into an opium-garden for the supply of the Celestials. The system of patronage will prevent any economy or retrenchment in the salaries and emoluments of the pet civilians, therefore it is on the army that these experiments must be made, whenever the directors are attacked by the cold fit of parsimony. Hitherto these attempts have been attended with rather unfortunate results, producing discontent amongst the officers, and mutiny in the men, and they have been withdrawn with a precipitation equal to the want of forethought and consideration that imposed them.

The very nature of this mercantile association would give a tendency to hold cheap the profession of arms, and make soldiers be looked on as mere tools, useful to a certain extent or for a particular purpose, but beyond that not worthy of any further consideration, except so far that their few privileges and trifling emoluments are to be abridged and cut down whenever an opportunity offers. To

the discredit of preceding governors-general, they have fallen into these discreditable views, and although actions of the highest order have been performed at various times by the Indian army, they have been slurred over or allowed to drop into oblivion. The honor was reserved for Lord Ellenborough to bring forward the merits of the native soldiers and their European officers; to bestow praise where it was due, and to raise the Indian army in its own esteem, and consequent respect of the public: and for so doing he has been hastily recalled and in a manner that would imply reproach; but if such was intended it has recoiled with double force on its authors. Of this they must be pretty well aware by this time; and, indeed, seemed to admit it at once, as they kissed the rod that chastised them by accepting a new governor-general from the same hand, who they knew would follow exactly the policy of his predecessor. I wonder how they felt when buttering the duke with their compliments, as a set-off to their "indiscretion." He told them plainly not to bother him with flummery, but to address their compliments to the new governor-general.

In some papers in this magazine I pointed out errors and faults in our military system, which I may flatter myself were so undeniable that no man either in or out of office has ventured to gainsay their truth. My object was then to show that all those evils sprung from original false organization; the vices of which, though prominent and self-evident, had in some degree been redeemed by the correct and conscientious mode of administration; which, however, by the very nature of the case, had to entertain a constant struggle with the inherent faults and defects that grew up with the system. Now the Indian army has been copied exactly from ours, and the errors alluded to have never been counterbalanced by systematic rule; it appears, therefore, a matter of no little wonder how it has hung together so well. It speaks most loudly in favor of the material from which that army is formed, and the excellent character of the sepoy as a soldier.

The best proofs of his docility, obedience and attachment to his standards, may be found in his foregoing, in favor of the service, all his religious prejudices and associations, and agreeing to serve beyond the limits of India, particularly where he has to be conveyed by sea; and no soldiers fight better when led by European officers,—but of these he is much stinted in quantity. Every one conversant with the history of India is aware that this native force received its first organization during the wars in the Carnatic; that they were originally formed in independent companies, subsequently into regular battalions, and then into regiments, such as they exist at present. In the whole course of this process the directors have shown themselves costive with respect to the number of European officers, although their presence and countenance is the key-stone of the arch of their military power.

The question naturally arises, are officers of any use? If they are, why should the queen's regiment be so strong and the company's so deficient, when the very existence of the army to which it belongs depends on the presence and countenance of European officers? The only answer that can be given to this reasonable query is condensed in one word,—“expense.” We cannot afford it. To support our own respectability in the eyes of our friends, and to pay the dividends, it is actually

requisite that we make money by governing India; and although we acknowledge that we have been under some obligations to the army, we think it the best branch to cut down, as their habits of obedience and discipline will prevent them from grumbling; which would not be the case were we to try any economical experiments on the civilians, our particular *protégés*. Reasonable as this sort of argument may appear, acting on it has brought John Company to the threshold of one or two bad scrapes. Look at the battle of Meanee, when Sir Charles Napier took the bold measure of attacking the Beloochees in position, the value of every single individual, in such a struggle against long odds, was above price. When the action was at its height, and some of the few officers of the native troops were put *hors de combat*, and the sepoys had begun to lose confidence, from the absence of their European officers, Sir Charles and his staff threw themselves into the breach, and led on the blacks (as he called them.) Let us suppose that, owing to the cause just mentioned, a single native regiment had been seized with panic and given way, it would scarcely have been possible to remedy the disaster in so small an army; and a defeat under such circumstances would have led to another Afghanistan massacre. It would have been a signal for the descent of all the mountain tribes, have alienated all the Mussulmen in the India, and the whole of our tenure in the government of the empire would have been shaken to its foundation, for the sake of saving the pay of a few subaltern officers. After the conquest of Scinde, by troops drawn from the Bombay Presidency, an addition of troops was requisite to defend the country. To confer a favor on Bengal, in the way of civil and staff appointments, these reinforcements were to be furnished from that Presidency. For this purpose twelve thousand men were to be added to the establishment, it will scarcely be believed, without the addition of a single officer; and in the mean time several regiments were ordered on that duty. Whether the government meant, when they got these troops to Scinde, to cut down their allowances to any figure they pleased I will not take upon me to say, but it had at least the appearance; and the sepoys, who are wide awake to their own interests, understood it in that sense,—they mutinied, and would not budge a step before their batta and rations were granted. We have seen fine accounts how this revolt was appeased, by what is called a “mixture of firmness and conciliation;” to my apprehension it was a shabby compromise to fear, and will materially injure, for years to come, the discipline of the native troops: and all this for the suspicion alone that the government was about to perform a shabby act of mercantile parsimony!

At the recall of Lord Ellenborough, contrary to the wishes of the home government, things seemed to approach what is commonly called a “dead lock;” but it now may be looked on as only one of the shadows of coming events that cannot be long delayed, and which the expiration of the charter will bring to a crisis at no very distant day.

Since the abolition of the monopoly of the Indian and Chinese trade, the power and even the respectability of the East India Company are evidently on the wane; confined and hampered by the Board of Control, criticized and speechified in the House of Commons, and twitted in the Lords;

they meet with small respect and attention at home, and even in their Eastern dominions are not much better off; their orders are either evaded or set at defiance, and a clique is established at Calcutta, over which they have no control, and are rather afraid of, as they cannot venture to check the abuses among them that are quite notorious; the whole affairs of war and peace are taken out of their hands, and they scarcely seem to have any functions or office left, except forking out the money. Their last move in recalling Lord Ellenborough was like the last kick of the dying, —and might be compared to the flare-up of an expiring lamp before it is extinguished. It will now become a consideration of the greatest importance if such an impotent government can be allowed any longer to preside over the destinies of so many people, and whether it can be so *cobbled* as to last a few years longer, or be at once superseded by the British government. This will bring us back to the reconsideration of Mr. Fox's celebrated Indian Bill, with all the consequences that might follow its enactment. Since that question was first mooted, material changes have taken place, not only in the elements of government, but in the nature of the population as regards education and advancement in civilization. From narrow-minded jealousy, it was always the policy of the East India Company to discourage the immigration of European settlers; and although the opening of the trade has done away with the restriction, little advantage has been taken of the liberty, few colonists have come out with the idea of remaining as settlers, and even had their numbers been a vast deal greater, the extension of the European race on the continent of India must have been very limited, from the extraordinary and unaccountable circumstance, that seven eighths of the children born of European parents never come to maturity, if they remain there in their early youth. This circumstance is a heavy drawback on European marriages in the East; for this cause chiefly, as well as for education, children are obliged to be sent to Europe, often accompanied by their mother. The severance of these conjugal ties is attended with the great inconvenience of having two establishments; and, unfortunately, the scandalous chronicles proclaim that this is not the whole of the mischief. Should the mother die during this separation, the father gets gradually weaned from a progeny which he only knows as a drain on his purse, and the children, who have experienced nothing of the endearments of a parent during their early years, are only kept in remembrance of their father by the remittances; at the end of a dozen or fifteen years, they meet nearly as strangers, both parties perhaps disappointed in the exaggerated opinions they had formed of each other. These and other objections have considerably checked European marriages in India, and consequently brought connexions of a less binding nature into use. There has sprung from these *liaisons* a race called half caste, whose existence was scarcely known at the time of Mr. Fox's bill, but who, with their progeny, are probably destined to play a conspicuous part on the theatre of India.

The great objection to Mr. Fox's bill, was the vast addition it would give to the aristocratical influence in England; indeed, so much was it apprehended that the liberties of the people were considered to be in danger by giving that part of the legislature too great a preponderance, that it

was the chief cause of throwing out the bill, which was in other respects unexceptionable. I am too little of a politician to know whether these objections continue to exist in all their force, or whether they have been modified by various circumstances; at all events, no such danger can be apprehended under the present *régime*; the patronage of sugar and hop merchants, who have become India Directors, can never damage our liberties, however the continuance of their government may endanger the existing state of things in India. On that point, some change will be essentially necessary, and at no distant period; some means may be found out to do away with any apprehended danger that might arise from throwing the whole patronage of India into the hands of a minister; for instance, the appointment of some branch of the royal family as viceroy, with responsibility at home, to be supported by a council, whose acts should also be subject to revision; or a viceroy, removable as in Ireland, with governors to the two or three other Presidencies. The India stock and bonds, which now hang like a nightmare over Leadenhall street, might be paid off at par, or added to that unconsidered trifle—the national debt.

In no branch of the public service would this change of government be of more advantage than in the administration of the army; the constant jealousy that now holds between the queen's and company's officers as to rank, would exist no longer, and it would not be a very difficult task to amalgamate the whole mass, raise up the establishment of numbered regiments to 150, including the European regiments now in India, and the colonial corps, and give each of these three, four, or five battalions of native troops; it would increase the intimacy and confidence already existing between the two services, would make the knowledge of India and its interests more familiar to the mass of the people, and to the army itself, be the means of giving an impulse to the present languid circulation of promotion; it would also offer the means for what I have always advocated—the promotion of deserving non-commissioned officers. Hold out the prospect of being made officers in India, where they could live like gentlemen on their pay, and I would venture to assert there would be no occasion to hold out other temptations to the soldier to enlist, nor any necessity for squandering large sums as bribes during war, or bringing into play the seductions of the recruiting serjeant. Many other advantages would arise to the army in such a change of government, and the country itself would reap great advantages, for nothing can be much worse than its present state, in all that concerns the internal prosperity of a nation. Whatever government succeeds the present, which is confessedly unequal to the task, should never for a moment lose sight of the principle, that India was gained by arms, and by them must be retained, that is, the great influence and power that holds together this vast empire, and has caused a hundred millions of people quietly to submit to a government whose very nature or origin they do not at this day understand, and it may be said without exaggeration, that they are contentedly living under the sway of an abstract idea. I therefore abjure the future government to keep this always in sight, to cherish their army, and see that it wants for nothing; indulge the prejudices of the natives, and do not interfere with their customs; place all their pecuniary affairs on a fixed and permanent footing, both for peace and

war; give the native regiments their full and proper complement of European officers, equal to those of the British regiments, and you will no longer have occasion to scamper over the mountains to look for imaginary Russians, or even if they did come, backed with all the rabble of the East, you might bid them defiance.

From the United Service Magazine.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

It was on a fine pleasant morning in August that, after a hearty breakfast in the town of Hamilton, (some day to be the capital of Upper Canada,) I embarked with two associates in a light Yankee wagon, with its usual appurtenances for containing the "plunder," and drawn by a fine spirited span of horses. We forthwith proceeded on our way to the Falls. The country as far as Stoney Creek, about four miles distant, is rather uninteresting, but from thence there is an excellent level road passing through the flats which extend along the base of Burlington Heights, as far as Queenston; and on either side of which the soil is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated. "Grimsby," or "Forty Mile Creek," where we rested, is a most lovely little rural village, by far the handsomest I have seen in these parts, being quite in the English style, with two neat churches, and plenty of ornamental trees grouped around them. It lies close under the cliffs, and contains a grist-mill; though the creek which supplies the water to turn it was *non est inventus* for the time, having dried up. Proceeding onwards for fifteen miles, through a very similar country, we reached St. Catherine's; a considerable town, which, from the number of its population, the bustle of its streets, and the high charges of its hotels, appeared to be flourishing. It is not far from Lake Ontario, and the Welland Canal passes through it, conducing to its welfare by affording fine water-privileges for mills, of which there are a number in the vicinity. From hence to Hamilton, however, none exist, as far as I could observe, save the one at Grimsby already mentioned.

Our stay was but short, however; for all our thoughts were careering onwards, on the rapids of expectancy, to behold the wonder of the age—the Falls. We drove rapidly onwards, therefore, to Queenston, where we breakfasted at an indifferent little inn, there not being a good one in the place, although in the American town of Lewiston, on the opposite side of the river, there are some very fine ones. Above the town, ends, in precipitous cliffs of two hundred feet in height, that bold chain of hills extending from the head of Burlington Bay, and which are here called Queenston Heights. The entire route from Queenston to Hamilton was the scene of military operations during the last war, with varied success to the contending parties, but ending in a severe and well-contested conflict on the adjoining heights, in which the gallant Brock and his aide were slain, though the Americans were defeated, and driven with great slaughter over the perpendicular bank of the river, where most of them perished, little quarter being given on either side. One of the few who escaped, "mair by gude luck than gude guidin," as the saying is, was the landlord of the inn we breakfasted in at Hamilton, who (then an American soldier) was impelled by the dread of the cold iron, over the precipice with the others,

and fell some distance, but, fortunately for him, was caught in the fork of an outgrowing tree, and his coat being like Baillie Jarvie's, of "gude clait," he hung there till matters became cooler above, when he was rescued from his situation, which must have been a very fearful one. At the close of the war he settled at Hamilton; but his wonderful escape seemed to have had little effect in moderating his radical propensities; for, as far as conversation went, he seemed as great a demagogue as could be.

A handsome obelisk (since destroyed by that villain Lett) pointed out the spot where General Brock was interred, and from the summit of this you had a very extensive view of the country, which, though so long settled, yet looked like one immense forest. A squatter had taken possession of the monument, and levied contributions on those who wished to ascend; though still modest enough, when hard pushed, to acknowledge the illegality of his demand. It is at the heights here, which commence exactly at the same level and distance from the lake on both sides of the river, that the Falls are supposed to have originally commenced, and gradually retrograded, from the crumbling of the rock beneath, till they reached the spot where they now are. Here also, it was projected to span the river by a chain suspension-bridge; and as the distance from bank to bank is not great, this plan may probably be carried into effect at some future period.

Queenston is situated at the very verge of the stream, and a ferry-boat plies betwixt it and Lewiston. A large and showy mansion, lying behind the town, is the property of Sheriff Hamilton, who has extensive grounds here, and is likewise a considerable proprietor of steam-boats, several of which ply betwixt this and Toronto. From hence we proceeded to the town of Niagara, over a fine road on the banks overhanging the river, of which you have a pleasing peep here and there, and through a country abounding in orchards, apparently full of fruit; though in other parts of the country the failure of this crop had been very general. The landscape was enlivened by a number of pretty little whitewashed cottages. A drive of seven miles brought us to the town, which is situated on an extensive plain at the junction of the river and lake. There is an old fort, now abandoned, and a smaller but newer one commands the river and opposite shore, on which stands the American Youngstown, with a fort also. The situation seems healthy and agreeable, and the town thriving; though it might be a warm berth in case of a war.

Returning in the evening, after passing through Queenston, we drove through a loose sandy sort of country all the way to the City of the Falls, laid out under that sonorous title by a company who have possession of a considerable portion of the lands adjoining. Its outlines were still in a very meagre condition, and it did not seem to be at all in a "progressing" state. It is the *vox et preterea nihil*. We found the hotels, as usual at this season, crowded with visitors who had been making the *grand tour*, "black spirits and white spirits, red spirits and gray," and we took up our abode at the "Pavilion," which used to be the most fashionable resort, and is kept in good style, though hardly so much frequented now as "Chrysler's," which stands on the brink of the river, and whence you have a magnificent view of the huge volume of water, as it leaps its rocky barriers. We had

heard very contradictory reports of the distances at which the roar of the Falls might be heard, and its vapory canopy described, but we neither saw nor heard either, nor would have discovered by any external signs that we were nearing it until we reached our destination for the night. This might have arisen partly from the state of the atmosphere, partly to our having imbibed certain "antifog-matics" on our route, but which of these, deponent averreth not. In the feverish excitement of being so near our great aim and object, slumber was at a discount, and it was a late hour ere we retired to rest, with a fixed determination of being on foot at sunrise.

We slept "not wisely, but too well;" and when we did emerge from our rooms on the following morning, it was at a somewhat later hour than we had intended. From my apartment, which was to the back of the house, I had listened to the hoarse muttering of the cascade, till far on in the night, lying in a sort of dreamy consciousness, and revelling in anticipation in the pleasure I should have, in at length gazing on that which had attracted persons of every age, sex, and country, to see, to hear, and to admire.

The day was a very brilliant one, accompanied by a cool refreshing breeze; and we found, on descending, the whole hotel astir, there having been a considerable accession of company the day previous, all like ourselves anxious for their first peep at this glorious scene. There was the composed family man, with air serene, his wife and daughter hanging on his arm, trembling with almost childish eagerness, and the junior branches behind gambolling with delight;—then a pair of fops adjusting their collars and their coats, and evidently considering themselves of more importance than many falls, and who, as an Irishman declared, would have been a losing concern if taken at their own valuation and sold at his. Then there was the newly-spliced couple stealing quietly aside, absorbed in their own communions, with a brace of spinster sisters gliding behind;—youthful poets in contemplation deep, or what we might call a brown study;—*militaires selon les règles*;—riotous southerners, with more money than wit;—*femmes jolies et femmes de chambres*;—staid elderly men;—mercantile travellers;—prospect-hunters, *et hoc genus omne*, including ourselves, whom the reader may class under whatever head he pleases.

From the summit of the winding staircase we observed the dense and lofty volume of spray hovering like a dark cloud above the abyss; and hastening onward, we speedily reached the Table Rock, where we took our first gaze. "Oh! what a Fall was there, my countrymen!" I have mere than once stated to you that I had heard and read so much of this wondrous work of nature, and had had my imagination so much excited, that I expected to be disappointed at seeing it, yet I still had a lurking idea that I should find it otherwise. What was my impression? The sight was grand, majestic, overpowering, and we all gazed in silent awe, for even a female, I believe, could not have talked at such a moment; and yet—and yet, let me confess it to you, I was disappointed. One generally forms an idea in their mind of what they are expecting to behold, and somehow I had always imagined myself, on approaching the cascade, suddenly looking upwards, and beholding it towering to the clouds, and coming sweeping over with a volume and a fury, as if it would, according to Jona-

than, send everything to "immortal smash." In place of this, here I looked downward a great depth certainly, but nothing compared even to the Montmorenci Fall, near Quebec, while the great width detracted still more from the apparent height. As regards the great body of water bounding over the precipice I was not, nor could any one be disappointed. It was immense, enormous, and the thundering, vibrating roar with which it plunges, is most profound.

One of the finest views is to be had by lying on the edge of the Table Rock, and letting the eye rest upon the uppermost part of the rapids, which commence far above, and following their dizzy course down a declivity equal to fifty feet perpendicular, ere they reach the brow of the precipice and leap to the gulf below. This is a beautiful sight, but care must be taken not to take the leap one's self; for while gazing I felt a singular sensation within me—a sort of innate desire or impulse to throw myself over, and for very fear thereof, held on to the rock with a most tenacious grasp. I have more than once experienced this sensation in similar cases, and it is far from a pleasant one. I saw the same thing afterwards occur to a young lady behind the sheet of water, who actually screamed to her friend to hold her, as she felt an irresistible desire to take the leap. Part of this cliff fell some time ago, and there is a large crack in the remainder, while it is very much undermined, and therefore likely to fall at no distant period.

The American Fall appeared to me to be higher than that on the Canadian side, but without anything like the breadth or volume of water. A ladder conducts you to the bottom of the steep, where you have a still grander and more imposing view of the tumbling smoking mass, the heavier body of which is evidently towards the centre of the Fall, which is concave. At the summit of the cliff stands a register house or hut, where visitors may inscribe their names in books appropriated for that purpose, and for the reception of the various effusions and overflowings of the brain, in verse or "prose insane," of those who deem it fit to let the world know their feelings on the occasion. Of these more anon. Here also, on payment of a trifle to the keeper, you are provided with a guide and habiliments to proceed behind the watery curtain; and it being my maxim then to see whatever was to be seen, I proceeded to "boun me for the fight," by applying for the "togger." I was shown to a small room adjoining, where I found two youngsters busy equipping themselves; and following their example, I stripped to the buff, and there being "nae wale o' wigs in the bog of Allen," I ensconced myself in a pair of canvass inexpressibles,—a world too short for my long shanks, and an oil-skin jacket, the sleeves reaching to my mid arm, without buttons, and fastened with a piece of spun-yarn round my neck and waist, between which last and the lower garment, a delicate circle of white skin wooed the gentle breeze;—a bathing-cap, and a pair of hard-hide anti-corn-law shoes completed my equipment, and then I stood a figure of fun indeed. When I turned and looked at my comrades, we burst into such boisterous heartfelt guffaws at our own grotesque appearances that "roof and rafters a' did dirl," and the noise of the cascade seemed fairly beat upon its own ground. Betwixt the sounds reverberatory cachinations, though on a minor scale, caught our ears from a room similar

to our own, which was the ladies' dressing-room.

Being now led out by our guide "Indian file," we had to defile past the open door of the general apartment, and this could not be a hasty operation, the flooring being uneven and slippery, while the stair-case yawned like a gulf within a few feet of us. While engaged in this perilous manœuvre, therefore, we were fully exposed to the oblique fire of the inhabitants of said room, among whom were a group of females, and they did not "joke their fun" at us,—"Oh! no, certainly not, by no means," as the Dodger says; but we gaily returned the discharge, and fled down the main hatchway. At the foot of the steps we overtook another party, among whom were two ladies; but I presume they had taken a pick of the garments, as they were a shade more respectable in appearance than ourselves. It was on this occasion that the lady alluded to showed such terror, and I was only surprised she had had the courage to venture. In proceeding behind the waterfall, the ledge on which you walk is both unequal and very narrow, scarcely twelve inches wide, yet there is no great danger, save to persons of weak nerves, who should on no account attempt it. The more alarming circumstance is the violent gusts of wind you experience from time to time, and which, did they blow from, instead of towards the rock, would instantaneously sweep you into the abyss about twenty feet below. The path does not go so far in as I imagined, but halts abruptly at Termination Rock, there being no further resting-place for the foot. The rock above and below is perpendicular, and all the while you are experiencing one of the severest shower-baths possible, while, on attempting to look upwards, you see no "coming events cast their shadows before," but a dim, misty light through the falling torrents, like gazing through a dense fog; and so, having had your fill of glory, you come out and make way for others. For doing this feat, you may have for a gratuity a printed certificate, signed by your guide; but should you not have time nor inclination to encounter the risk, but yet desire to share the glory, you may also get a certificate for "a con-sid-er-a-tion."

On the British side there is a museum well worth the attention of tourists. By paying a quarter of a dollar, you may visit it as often as you please, while in the neighborhood. The birds and animals preserved, of which there are a great number, are almost entirely indigenous to America, and the greater portion of them have been killed by coming over the Falls, and been picked up below. There is also a collection of coins, minerals, skeletons, *lusus naturæ*, and Indian curiosities, and a large assortment, for sale, of walking sticks, of every shape, size, and description, all (said to be) cut on the spot, and in very great request.

One of the finest views of the cascade is from the hill above Chrysler's Hotel, where you have the American fall in your immediate front, and the horse-shoe one to the right thundering away in full chorus. A zig-zag carriage-road leads from the hotel to the water's edge below, where a single small ferry-boat plies, and the ferry-man told me he frequently crossed a hundred and fifty persons in one day—his charge is 1s. 6d. Various men, chiefly deserters, have attempted to cross here by swimming, but many have been drowned in doing so.

The Falls decidedly improve on acquaintance.

Every time I have visited them I have been more and more delighted, and filled with admiration of them. Crossing the ferry to the opposite bank, you ascend by a wooden staircase, and at the summit you have a lovely view of the smaller fall, which is much greater than it seemed at a distance. Completing the weary ascent, we reached the outskirts of the town of Manchester, and leaving it on the left, passed over a rude but secure bridge to Goat Island, which belongs to General Porter, who has a paper-mill here. A pontage is levied of 2s., and your name registered, while refreshments, guide-books, Indian articles, &c., all court your acquaintance at the expense of your purse. The island contains some delightfully romantic walks, shady and cool, and is a pleasant spot for rumination, or courting either your muse or lady fair, as the case may be. I call — and — to witness this. On the right, you get to the very verge of the American fall, and may cross a small portion of it on a felled and squared log. Descending a staircase, erected at the expense of the celebrated Mr. Biddle, and thence called the "Biddle Steps," a foot-path leads you to the base of the inner portion of the Horse-shoe Fall, where scrambling over the fallen fragments of rock into the regions of vapor and mist, you have another splendid view of this noble cascade.

Reascending, we seated ourselves at a point where we might at the same time view the convulsed and heaving waters, and observe the various groups of tourists as they passed, some in a merry excited vein, others sauntering along in sombre silence, while others again, singly or in pairs, reclined upon the green sod or the scattered branches. On a rock jutting into the stream, a little way above the great fall, is a round tower internally encircled by steps, but there is nothing to repay a person for the trouble of ascending them; not far from it a little timber platform, or rather a single log, part of which is already broken, projects some six or eight feet beyond the precipice, and from its extremity, if you have nerve enough, you may gaze sheer down on the hideous gulf below, but the log being rendered slippery by the spray, the secret charm of attempting this, is the daring shown in encountering the terrific peril. It is said, however, that some years ago a stranger used to make this piece of wood his promenade, and even at times to suspend himself by his hands from its further end with fearless temerity, but one morn his place was vacant and knew him no more; and even the animal-preserving folks below the fall could give no clue as to his fate. The projecting log was probably drift timber, but what the tower was erected for I did not ascertain, though decidedly not, as some folks declared, to commemorate Sam Patch's jump. The leaps of this strange character were not performed over the fall, but from a platform or ladder about the same elevation, exactly opposite to where Biddle's Steps are placed, and it looked a fearful height for such an attempt, though we have latterly become more accustomed to such "vaulting ambition," from the exhibitions of sailors, &c., from the bridges, and topmasts of vessels. Poor Sam's, however, was the vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, for he perished in a similar attempt at the Genessee falls. On the last occasion, ere he made his final exit, report asserts, that he felt a presentiment of some impending calamity, and would fain have declined exhibiting that day, but the sovereign people, who had assembled to behold

the spectacle, were not to be choused of their sport,—“*spak o' loupin o'er a linn,*” would not go down with them, so poor Sam made his last appearance on the stage with a desponding heart. With an air of placid resignation he took the leap; long and anxiously the gaping crowd watched the surface of the sparkling element below, trusting to see it broken by the round visage of the “jumper” emerging from the lower regions. They waited in vain,—Sam did not come to time, nor has e'er been heard of since.

Manchester is a very thriving bustling town on the American side, with some superior hotels erected, I believe, by the great Buffalo speculator, Rathbone, and they were filled to overflowing with company.

Recrossing the river we made detour one day to visit the whirlpool, about four miles below, and descending about 250 feet, by a rather steep and intricate path, arrived at a platform of rocks on a level with the water. Some distance above, the stream gushed with terrific violence through a narrow gorge obstructed by rocks, and emerging in a large circular space revolved round and round in a rapid and turbulent motion, carrying with it trunks of trees and other substances. It is a very wild dismal-looking place, the river again sweeping past the rocks with great velocity in the opposite direction. The day was intensely hot, the water at the side clear and pellucid, not too deep, and for a few feet wide quiet and gentle, and I ruminated seriously on taking a bath, it was so tempting; but after having partly disrobed, a thought of the river Styx decided me, and considering that “discretion is the wiser part of valor,” I resumed my garb and returned to the pavilion.

On some occasions I observed, that the vapor or spray of the falls hung very low, and much obscured the view, while on others it soared to a great height; and in a similar manner, while one day everything vibrates to the loud roar of the cascade, the next you hear nought but a deep dull growling sound, and all this without any assignable cause. I was assured that the vapory mist had been seen, on clear days, as far as Toronto, about thirty-five miles off, while on the day we approached we discerned nothing of it till within a very short distance.

I went once or twice to the registry office to amuse myself by looking over the books. The room in which they are kept is, both at top and sides, actually concealed from view, by the cards of divers parties nailed against it, and it would be a Herculean task to con over a tenth part of the names of those who have indulged in this attempt at commemorating their visit. I attempted it not, but found “metal more attractive” in the entertainment afforded by looking over the various lucubrations in the albums. They were in all hands, from the elegant little crowquill to the huge round text, and in very varied orthography, while many of the writers seemed more bent on giving some account of themselves and their wanderings, than of either the falls or their emotions on beholding them.

Of all the spots near the falls, Goat Island is decidedly the pleasantest to roam about in. The noise of the cataract is never-dying music to the ear, and may be adjusted to the tympanum by adjourning to a greater or less distance. You have the knowledge also, that the waters are constantly within reach of your visual organs, and, as I have before stated, every time you behold them, your admiration and delight at the prospect in-

creases. This I experienced to the last day of my sojourn, and now I am at a distance from them, I really believe, I think more highly of them than ever.

It is a sight that one can never forget that he has seen, nor ever recollect without emotions of pleasure, and I trust it may be your own lot some day yet, to have an opportunity of beholding the famed Niagara, and all its romantic scenery. There are many waterfalls in the world, but only one Niagara!

From the Polytechnic Review.

ERICSSON PROPELLER.

A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation. BY JOHN O. SARGENT. New York, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS pamphlet appears at a striking moment before the public, for it gives us some idea of the treatment which distinguished mechanics receive at the hands of the heads of our different departments. Ericsson, a Swede, who had acquired in his own country and in England considerable reputation for mechanical contrivances, and whose name, connected with that of Braithwaite, had been favorably known, was the person who invented the propeller to supply the place of the paddle-wheel in steam boats. It was composed of a series of spiral plates attached to the outside circumference of a short cylinder, which is supported by two or more winding or twisted spokes, differing from the Archimedean screw, which is a thread or spiral blade coiled round an axis.

The propeller is placed at the stern of the vessel, and instead of revolving in a plane parallel to the keel, like the ordinary paddle-wheel, it moves in a plane at right angles on a shaft or axis parallel to the keel. The principle was suggested from Ericsson's observation, that all propulsion in nature is produced by oblique action; it is thus that birds, insects, and fishes move through their respective elements. In all vessels, having a large draft of water, the propeller acts entirely below the surface, and in vessels of a light draft it is only partially immersed. In war, a vessel thus prepared gives no warning to an enemy of her approach, for she is noiseless. She is protected in her motion from the missiles of the enemy, for her acting power is below the water; in ordinary navigation, she can avail herself of her sails, a co-operation of which the paddle-wheel does not allow the ordinary steam-ship to avail itself. Ericsson, after various experiments, made a boat which excited no small interest on the Thames: he invited the Board of Admiralty to take an excursion in tow of this boat.

“Accordingly, the gorgeous and gilt Admiralty barge was ordered up to the Somerset House, and the little steamer was lashed alongside. The barge contained Sir Charles Adam, senior lord of the Admiralty; Sir William Symonds, chief constructor of the British Navy; Sir Edward Parry, the celebrated commander of the second North

Pole Expedition; Captain Beaufort, the chief of the Topographical Department of the British Admiralty, and others of scientific and naval distinction. In the anticipation of a severe scrutiny from so distinguished a personage as the chief constructor of the British navy, the inventor had carefully prepared plans of his new mode of propulsion, which were spread on the damask cloth of the magnificent barge. To his utter astonishment, as we may well imagine, this scientific gentleman did not appear to take the slightest interest in his explanations. On the contrary, with those expressive shrugs of the shoulder, and shakes of the head, which convey so much to the bystander without absolutely committing the actor,—with an occasional sly, mysterious, undertone remark to his colleagues,—he indicated very plainly that though his humanity would not permit him to give a worthy man cause for so much unhappiness, yet that 'he could an if he would' demonstrate by a single word the utter futility of the whole invention.

"Meanwhile, the little steamer with her precious charge, proceeded at a steady progress of ten miles an hour, through the arches of the lofty Southwark and London bridges, towards Limehouse, and the steam-engine manufactory of the Messrs. Seaward. Their lordships having landed and inspected the huge piles of ill-shaped cast iron, mis-denominated marine engines, intended for some of his Majesty's steamers; with a look at their favorite propelling apparatus, the Morgan paddle-wheel, they re-embarked and were safely returned to the Somerset House, by the disregarded, noiseless and unseen propeller of the new steamer.

"On parting, Sir Charles Adam, with a sympathizing air, shook the inventor cordially by the hand, and thanked him for the trouble he had been at in showing him and his friends this *interesting* experiment; adding, that he feared he had put himself to too great an expense and trouble on the occasion. Notwithstanding this somewhat ominous finale of the day's excursion, Ericsson felt confident that their lordships could not fail to perceive the great importance of the invention. To his surprise, however, a few days afterwards, a friend put into his hands a letter written by Captain Beaufort, at the suggestion, probably, of the lords of the admiralty; in which that gentleman, who had himself witnessed the experiment, expressed regret to state that their lordships had certainly been very much disappointed at its result. The reason for the disappointment was altogether inexplicable to the inventor: for the speed attained at this trial far exceeded any thing that had ever been accomplished by any paddle-wheel steamer on so small a scale.

"An accident soon relieved his astonishment, and explained the mysterious givings-out of Sir William Symonds, alluded to in our notice of the excursion. The subject having been started at a dinner table when a friend of Ericsson was present, Sir William ingeniously and ingenuously remarked, that 'even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, *because* the power being applied in the *stern* it would be *absolutely impossible* to make the vessel steer.' It may not be obvious to every one how our naval philosopher derived his conclusion from his premises; but his hearers doubtless readily acquiesced in the oracular proposition, and were much amused at the idea of undertaking to steer a vessel when the power was applied in her stern.

"But we may well excuse the lords of the British admiralty for exhibiting no interest in the invention, when we reflect that the engineering corps of the empire were arrayed in opposition to it; alleging that it was constructed on erroneous principles, and full of practical defects, and regarding its failure as too certain to authorize any speculations even of its success. The plan was specially submitted to many distinguished engineers, and was publicly discussed in the scientific journals; and there was no one but the inventor who refused to acquiesce in the truth of the numerous demonstrations, proving the vast loss of mechanical power which must attend this proposed substitute for the old-fashioned paddle-wheel."—pp. 13—17.

Accordingly the invention was neglected in England. It was taken up in America; the war-steamer Princeton, of the United States, was launched on the Delaware upon this principle, of which the following particulars are well worthy consideration:

"In the Princeton, the cylinder of the propeller is eight feet in diameter, and twenty-six inches long, and the extreme diameter described by the outer edges of the spiral plates is fourteen feet. It is manufactured wholly of composition metal, the copper of the vessel, in connection with the seawater, exciting a galvanic action which corrodes iron and renders it inapplicable for this purpose.

"The steam machinery of the Princeton is quite as worthy of observation as her propeller. It is evidently not enough, in a ship of war, that the propeller alone should be placed below the water line: it is indispensable that the whole machinery should be placed out of the reach of shot. The ordinary steam-engine is too bulky to admit of this location, and Captain Ericsson has invented and constructed an engine upon a novel principle, by which he has been able to effect this most desirable object. Any one, of skill or knowledge in mechanics, will be instantly struck by this beautiful engine as the most remarkable feature in the ship; in view of the vast power that it embodies in so small a compass, and the perfect symmetry and exquisite proportions of all its working parts. It has been patented in England, and in this country, by Captain Ericsson, under the name of the semi-cylindrical steam-engine. It differs from other engines in the construction and operation of its working cylinders. In the place of complete cylinders, semi-cylinders are employed; the pistons of which, instead of being circular, and traversing from end to end of the cylinder, consist of parallelograms, having a radial or vibrating movement, similar to that of a pendulum, the centre of motion being the centre of these semi-cylinders. The semi-cylinders are placed longitudinally in the very bottom of the vessel, and parallel to the line of keel. Motion is given to the propeller-shaft by means of short connecting rods, attached to vibrating crank levers on the axes of the vibrating pistons; and the latter are made to reciprocate by the admission of steam, alternately, on opposite sides, as in ordinary engines.

"This semi-cylindrical engine of Ericsson marks an epoch in the history of steam-engines. It is so compact that it occupies only one eighth of the bulk of the British marine engine of corresponding power, and is less than one half the weight. By a peculiar construction, the moving parts have been rendered so extremely light, that the quantity of matter to be kept in motion is hardly one sixth that of the engine to which I have alluded. This lightness and simplicity of arrangement enable

Ericsson to give a direct movement to the propeller-shaft, without the intervention of cog-wheels and other gear for multiplying the speed, resorted to in the Great Britain steam-ship, and indispensable in all steamers propelled by the Archimedean screw. The engines of the Great Britain, owing to their cumbrous nature, must be worked at a speed only one fourth that of the screw—that is, the screw will perform four revolutions to one of the engine.

"The next peculiarity to be noticed in the Princeton is the absence of the ordinary tall smoke pipe, employed to produce the draft for keeping up combustion in the furnaces of the boilers. The smoke-pipe has hitherto formed an insuperable objection to a steamer as a ship of war; for the moment that it is carried away, the efficiency of the engines ceases from want of steam. The draft in the boilers of the Princeton is promoted by means of blowers placed in the bottom of the vessel, and is quite independent of the height of the smoke-pipe, which is only carried about five feet above the deck of the ship. If this inconsiderable projection should become partially deranged by a shot, the draft kept up by the blowers will continue as efficient as before.

"It is not out of place here to observe, that Ericsson was the first to apply to marine engines centrifugal blowers, now so common in this country in all boilers using anthracite coal. In the year 1831 he applied such a blower, worked by a separate small steam-engine, to the steam-packet Corsair, of one hundred and twenty horse power, plying between Liverpool and Belfast."—pp. 38—41.

A very ingenious account is then given of Ericsson's caloric engine, founded upon the theory that heat as an agent exerts mechanical force, but undergoes no change. This has led him to the construction of an engine worked by atmospheric air, which returns the heat at each stroke of the piston, and uses it over and over again. To this subject we may again have an opportunity of reverting.

A MUSICAL REVOLUTION.

THE following translation from the French will show the great moral advantages derived from a cultivation of singing:—

"In the south-west of Switzerland, a musical revolution is rapidly taking effect. Its watchword is harmony: its object is to give a new direction to popular singing, and its means may be found wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the songs of their country and the praises of their God.

"Long was it thought that French Switzerland could not march with the German cantons in vocal music. Long has the Lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar and obscene ballads. Lately the students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavoring to give them popular circulation. The effect has been happily successful, but within a small circle. The religious awakening, which is making daily progress in Switzerland, has had great effect in improving the national singing. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony, and the effects have been so far pleasing—but something was wanted to reach the mass of the people, and that has been supplied.

"A few years ago M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who has long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town to sing together. The rumor attracted considerable attention, and drew forth a variety of opinions. But soon his promises were realized, and all skepticism was silenced. At Morges and in the neighboring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard, producing such a noble effect as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified as it were the whole side of the Lake of Geneva. Everywhere the magician of song was followed by crowds. The moral effect of this is beyond calculation already; the result excites astonishment.

"M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms; persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of churches; and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places hymns are sung—and in the latter songs, patriotic and descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

"These large assemblages followed his instruction and caught his method of execution with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. M. Kaupert's kind manner and untiring patience had a great share in producing the effects which so surprised them.

"The city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its population. Some of the higher classes became alarmed, but in the result, they too were willingly carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first rank, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children and poor people, listening and learning. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Place du Palais, in number 4000 singers—the effect was sublime. M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honor of him, a mark of respect which in Switzerland is never conferred but upon those who possess the highest order of merit.

"At Lausanne his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many who had been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation, began to employ them entirely in learning the new method. Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics,—the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners,—all were attracted, all seemed to be of one heart and soul. When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than 2000 singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest Gothic building in Switzerland; the flags of villages and societies were tastefully disposed on an ivy-clad tower; the vast multitude who came to hear, were crowded within and without, and then was sung a hymn to an air of Luther's composing, simple, grave, noble, but, oh! the effect! no words can utter it; the impression will never be forgotten.—Other hymns were sung, and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to M. Oliver, named *La Patrie*, Our Country, Helvetia—Helvetia."—*Polytechnic Review*.

From the Athenæum.

ON EXPLOSIONS AND EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS.

THE claims lately set up by Captain Warner, and the experiment made off Brighton, to establish those claims, have excited public attention in no inconsiderable degree. There can be no doubt that if Captain Warner possesses the power which he professes to have under his command, of striking and blowing up a vessel or a fort, at the distance of five miles, his secret must be worth knowing, although it may not, and certainly would not be worth paying for at the price named. The secret, however, does not consist in the power to blow up the ship or fort, but in the asserted power to reach it at almost any distance, great or small, with perfect certainty. Various attempts have been made at explaining the experiment in question, into which, however, we do not intend to enter, as the previous communication which Captain Warner had with the ship which he was to destroy, and the possibility of communicating with it even at the moment of explosion, must render the whole affair unsatisfactory, if not suspicious. We shall be more justified in examining and theorizing on this subject when the captain shall have blown up a vessel at the distance of five miles, with which he has had no previous communication, according to the offer which he has since made to government.

What, however, seems to have attracted most attention in the experiment off Brighton is the explosive power employed. Many people seem to have imagined that there was nothing known to chemists more powerful than gunpowder, which was, to all appearance, inadequate to produce the effect described. We have therefore been induced to put together a few remarks concerning the nature of explosive compounds of all kinds, not with a view to explain Captain Warner's invention, which we do not profess to be able to do, but to show that at least one part of it, the mere destruction of the object of attack, is easier than is generally thought.

With regard to explosions we ought perhaps to distinguish between *natural*, such as those of thunder, volcanoes, and earthquakes, together with inferior explosions arising from hard frosts; and *artificial*, or such as are produced by gunpowder and other chemical admixtures. We, however, shall not tie ourselves to any such divisions, as we should be obliged to make numerous subdivisions, according to the different causes of explosions.

One of the most astounding natural explosions, is that concussion of the air called thunder, which follows up the motion of the electric fluid. As the cause of the lightning taking the zigzag form, and the rolling of the thunder is not known to all, it will not be out of place to give the most probable explanation. The electric spark travels first in a straight line through the air, but meets with opposition. The air is compressed at the sides and in front, and indeed to such an extent as at last to hinder the spark from continuing its natural course; it is therefore turned off to the side, proceeds as at first, meets with the same impediment, which it is unable to conquer, and is thus obliged to take the zigzag form. The compressed air, rushing from both sides in order to fill up the vacuum, meets in the centre, and clashes with great violence; the vacuum at the angles of the zigzag course being greater and the air being more compressed than in the straight lines, the explo-

sion at the points is naturally greater, and is the cause of the rolling noise of the thunder.

The power of steam, and the violent explosions connected with it, are well known. When water is suddenly converted into steam, or is resolved into its elements, oxygen, and hydrogen, the consequence is an explosion. Thus, if water be thrown on melted copper, the explosion is so violent as to exceed anything which we can imagine, and the most frightful accidents have occurred from a cause apparently so slight, as one of the workmen spitting into the furnace where copper was melting, arising from the sudden decomposition of the water, which was thus converted into gaseous matter. Terrible accidents of the kind have sometimes happened in foundries, when large quantities of melted metal had been poured into wet or damp moulds. In these cases the sudden expansion and decomposition of the steam has thrown out the metal with great violence. Even the chemical formation of water is accompanied with violent explosions. If we introduce into a phial one third of hydrogen gas, and two thirds of atmospheric air, consisting, as is well known, of 77 parts of nitrogen, and 23 of oxygen, and bring a light to the orifice, a loud explosion will take place. These gases, when inflamed, expand considerably, but instantly after this they combine with each other, and contract into an exceedingly narrow compass. The air rushing into the bottle to fill up the empty space, strikes against the inner sides and causes the report. By the combustion the oxygen and hydrogen are converted into water, the bulk of which is less than the one-thousandth part of the original bulk of the gases.

There are likewise gaseous combinations of hydrogen with carbon in different proportions, familiarly known as fire-damp and gas, which also have the property of exploding when mixed with air and heated to a certain degree. The proper name for fire-damp is light carburetted hydrogen; it issues in considerable quantities from fissures in the earth, coming often from subterranean deposits of coal. This gas does not explode at all when mixed with small quantities of air, nor with a very large proportion; while when mixed with seven times its volume of air it explodes powerfully. It must be heated to a high temperature before it ignites, and the mischief occasioned in mines by its explosion is not alone owing to the burns inflicted upon the workmen, but also to the violent concussion of the air, and the quantity of carbonic acid, partly contained in the fire-damp before ignition, and partly formed during ignition, which of itself would be sufficient to destroy life. Sir Humphry Davy discovered that flame could not be communicated to an explosive mixture of carburetted hydrogen and air through a narrow tube, because the cooling influence of the sides of the tube prevented the gaseous mixture contained in it from ever rising to the high temperature of ignition; upon which observation he founded his valuable invention of the safety-lamp.

The mixture of sulphur, charcoal, and nitre, called gunpowder, is well known. The elastic fluid produced by the firing of gunpowder is found, by experiment, to occupy a space at least 244 times greater than that taken up by the powder from which it was originally obtained. But from the heat generated during its explosion, this elastic fluid is rarefied to upwards of four times its former bulk. The expansive force of this fluid is therefore, at the moment of conflagration, 1,000 times

greater than that of common air. The granulation of gunpowder increases its explosive force. A charge is thus made sufficiently porous to allow flame to penetrate it, and to kindle every grain composing it at the same time. A mixture of three parts of nitre, two of dry carbonate of potash, and one of sulphur, forms what is called *pulvis fulminans*, which, heated gently till it enters into fusion, inflames suddenly, and explodes with a deafening report. The violence of the explosion is caused by the reaction between the sulphur and the nitre being instantaneous, from their fusion and perfect intermixture, and the consequent sudden formation of a considerable quantity of nitrogen gas from the decomposition of the nitre.

Since chlorate of potash has been made the object of a tolerably extensive manufacture, in consequence of its application in making matches for procuring instantaneous light, and a detonating powder for fire-arms, it has become generally known. It deflagrates on hot cinders, like nitre, but with more violence. When ground together with sulphur or phosphorus, it detonates with great violence, and not without some danger to the operator. Mixed with sugar, and struck with the hammer upon the anvil, it explodes violently. A mixture of sugar or starch, with chlorate of potash, is readily inflamed by a drop of sulphuric acid, and this experiment is the basis of the preparation of the oxygenated matches, the ends of which are dipped into a well-stoppered phial, containing asbestos, moistened with oil of vitriol. A mixture, which, when dry, inflames by percussion, and which is applied to lucifer matches, is composed of this salt, sulphur, and charcoal. One of the simplest receipts for this percussion powder consists in washing out the nitre from 10 parts of gunpowder, with water, and mixing the residue intimately, while still moist, with 54 parts of chlorate of potash, in an extremely fine powder. This mixture is highly inflammable when dry, and it is, therefore, dangerous to preserve it in that state.

Substances which decompose water freely, at the same time liberating a gas, must be reckoned among explosive powers. Among this class may be reckoned potassium and sodium, the elements of potash and soda, which have such an affinity to the oxygen of water as to be able to separate its elements, to combine with its oxygen, and to liberate its hydrogen. If we throw a small piece of potassium on water, it takes fire, diminishes more and more, and at last disappears in the water, with an explosion, hydrogen being at the same time given off. If a hole be made in a rock, so as to admit of some water and potassium, and the opening be immediately closed, the rock will in a very short time be burst, and at an expense not much greater than if it were effected by means of gunpowder. The same must, of course, also take place, if we inclose some potassium in a shell, and contrive by some mechanism not to allow the water to touch it till it has reached its destination, where the destructive properties of it would be immediately apparent.

One of the most formidable and one of the most dangerous explosive compounds known to the chemist is a substance called chloride of nitrogen. It is so dangerous to handle, that chemists have been contented to take for granted those powers assigned to it by its original discoverers. The examination of this substance caused its discoverer, Dulong, a severe mutilation of his fingers and the

loss of an eye, and Sir H. Davy, who continued the experiment, was wounded in the eye by a sudden explosion. The greatest care should be taken in its preparation, the face should be protected by a sheet of iron gauze, and the hands by thick woollen gloves. For its preparation a glass vessel is filled with a not completely saturated solution of sal ammoniac in water, and inverted in a basin filled with the same solution. Chlorine is introduced into the bell, and is by degrees absorbed, the fluid at the same time receiving a yellow tinge. The formation of oily drops is perceived on the surface, which collect and sink to the bottom, forming a deep yellow oily liquid. This is chloride of nitrogen. At common temperatures the formation of it takes place but slowly, but when the solution of sal ammoniac in water is heated to 90° Fah. the action begins very quickly, and the operation is speedily completed. It explodes, producing a very loud detonation at a temperature immediately below that of boiling water (212° Fah.,) shattering to pieces wood, glass, or iron. In order to show most simply, and in the least dangerous manner, the explosive powers of this compound, we may allow a drop of it to be sucked up by blotting paper, and on bringing it quickly to the light it will explode with a louder report than that of a rifle. In order to show its destructive properties we need only adduce the following experiment. If we were to take a cup, set it on a piece of board on the floor, and drop a single drop of chloride of nitrogen into it, and cover it with water; the mixture touched with a piece of hot iron would explode, the cup be broken in pieces, the water thrown about, and the piece of the cup on which the chloride of nitrogen lay be driven deep into the board. The chloride of nitrogen is resolved into chlorine and nitrogen gases, the instantaneous production of which, accompanied by heat and light, is the cause of the violence of the explosion. It is, however, not always necessary to heat it to cause it to explode, for if we touch it with a stick, dipped into oil of turpentine or nut oil, with amber, myrrh, India-rubber, and a few other substances, the same will take place. A compound analogous to this is iodide of nitrogen, which explodes with nearly as much violence as the chloride, but is more dangerous because less governable. More powerful in its effects, and a little better known than chloride or iodide of nitrogen, is the fulminate of silver. It is prepared by taking 100 grains of melted and finely pounded nitrate of silver, putting them into a roomy glass, pouring one ounce of lukewarm alcohol upon them, stirring them well together, and then pouring one ounce of fuming nitric acid into the glass. Violent effervescence takes place, and when the black powder deposited at the bottom of the glass becomes white, cold water poured into the glass will cause all action to cease. The whole operation is completed in a few minutes, and one of the chief precautions in making it, is to take a high and roomy glass, for explosions often happen when the liquid runs over, and a portion of the fulminate adheres to the glass. The powder is now to be washed on to the filter by means of water, and great care is to be taken that it be not touched with any hard substance, as the mere contact of a glass rod with the powder has caused it to explode, and has more than once cost the life of the operator. The powder must be dried by very gentle heat, and spread on blotting paper, with about two grains on each piece. The electric spark, hard pressure,

a blow of the hammer, or contact with a glass rod dipped into a solution of concentrated sulphuric acid, are sufficient to ignite it, causing it to explode.

Fulminate of mercury is similar to the former, though not quite so powerful. It crystallizes in fine silky needles, detonates violently by percussion, or when rubbed between hard bodies; in the flame of the candle it deflagrates with a feeble explosion. Mixed intimately with six times its weight of nitre, it forms percussion powder, which is introduced in the state of a paste with water into the copper caps. The daily papers state, that M. Jobbard, of Brussels, who has devoted much attention to pyrotechnic works, has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Capt. Warner's destructive power. It consists, says he, of a Congreve rocket made in this way: the head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those generally in use. He discharges his projectile from a directing tube from the porthole of the vessel, and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is three or four miles, but Capt. Warner imagines he can send it five or six, by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds.

Fulminate of gold is a body analogous to the two former, but being inferior in its effects, and far more costly, it will not be made use of. A substance scarcely inferior to chloride of nitrogen or fulminate of silver is a combination of oxide of silver with ammonia, the so-called ammoniacet of silver. It is of a highly dangerous character, owing to the facility with which it explodes. It may be formed by dissolving nitrate of silver in ammonia, and precipitating the liquor by a slight excess of potash. If this substance be pressed by a hard body, while still in a moist state, it explodes with very great violence; when dry, the touch of a feather is sufficient to cause it to fulminate. The explosion is occasioned by the reduction of the oxide of silver to metallic silver, by the combustion of its oxygen with the hydrogen of the ammonia, and the consequent evolution of nitrogen gas.

We have now enumerated the chief explosive substances, many of which would, of course, be useless in a destructive point of view. Indeed, it is very remarkable, that some of these explosive compounds, which burn far more rapidly than gunpowder, such as fulminate of silver and mercury, are not adapted for the movement of projectiles. Their action in exploding is violent, but local; if substituted for gunpowder, in charging firearms, they would shatter them to pieces, and not project the ball. The idea of destroying ships and forts by such destructive compounds is by no means new, although those which are most likely to answer have not been tried. We need wonder at nothing since Archimedes seriously proposed to destroy the enemy's fleet by burning lenses. The American, Robert Fulton, proposed the making of iron cylinders, which were to be filled, as far as

we recollect, partly with a combustible compound, and partly with clockwork connected with a fuse, which in a certain time was to be brought into contact with the compound. Two of these so called torpedoes were connected by means of a rope, and floated in the direction of the hostile ship. The tide was to carry it towards the prow of the ship, which would then be encircled and destroyed as soon as the combustibles were ignited. The plan however failed, as was to be expected, owing to the uncertainty of the machine reaching its destination. David Bucknell invented a submarine vessel, in which a man might pass a considerable distance under water, and by means of this and an accompanying magazine of artillery, a bold attempt was made to blow up a British vessel in the harbor of New York during the time of the American war. This daring scheme of mischief failed, owing to the impossibility of attaching the magazine to the bottom of the ship by means of a sharp iron screw, which passed out from the top of the diving machine, and communicated with the inside by a waterjoint, being provided with a crank at its lower end, by which the engineer was to drive it into the ship's bottom. The well known Sir W. Congreve proposed to destroy towns and forts by the aid of kites. They were to be made of canvas, and of a very large size, so as to be able to carry very great weights. To the kite was attached a strong rope, and it was let fly on a windy day. When the kite had reached its place of destination over the fort, a shell, weighing a pound, with a fuse, was to be sent up, after the fashion in which boys send up paper messengers. When it reached the top of the kite, and stood over the devoted fort, the string which connected it with the rope of the kite, was to catch fire on reaching some combustible matter at the top, and the shell, thus released, was to fall into the midst of the besieged place. We are not aware whether the plan was ever tried.

Such are some of the modes which have been proposed from time to time for the purposes of destruction. We do not think that the more powerful compounds, known to the chemist, have been tried to any great extent. It is more than probable that one of the explosive agents, which we have mentioned, has been employed by Capt. Warner; and indeed this part of the experiment, as we have before observed, presents no difficulty. The power of projection, or "the long range," is a very different question, and we wait for proof by experiment; till then, we take leave of the subject, having shown, as we think, that sufficient attention has not been paid to the number and power of the explosive agents already known to chemical art.

MEXICO.—A private letter, dated the 6th July last, states that a widely extended conspiracy had been discovered by government, the object of which is to change the federative republic into a constitutional government, with an European prince of royal blood at its head, with the title of "Emperor." It is, however, the opinion of well-informed persons, that, on the eve of a war with Texas, the executive power will not proceed to rigorous measures against the conspirators, among whom there is said to figure more than one general officer; but they will undoubtedly be strictly watched.—*Morning Chronicle*.

From the Colonial Magazine.

THE COMMERCE OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

SINCE the remission of the duty on Canadian flour, combined with the known aptitude and fertility of our Canadian provinces, and their admirable adaptation to the growth of the finest wheat, the cessation of the ravages caused by the fly in the extensive fields formerly covered with that grain, in the eastern portions of Canada, and the construction of a ship canal round the rapids of the St. Lawrence, to facilitate its transport to the ocean; the commerce of the lakes has become an object of transcendent consequence and the greatest value. When the long chain of water communication, intersecting countries of unbounded fertility through the whole American continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of Labrador, is being traversed, without interruption, by every description of vessels—ships, brigs, schooners, steamers, steam-propellers, barges, and boats—it will be admitted that this branch of commercial enterprise is highly interesting and deserving every attention. Christopher Colles was one of the first individuals who directed his attention to the inland navigation of the huge waters of the western world, which, at a very early period of American enterprise, naturally rivetted the attention of the mariner, the merchant, the mechanic, and the farmer. Jesse Hawley wrote many valuable essays, demonstrating the practicability of connecting the lakes with the Hudson river, and thus with the Atlantic ocean. De Witt Clinton, a governor of the State of New York, was the first who put the plan into execution, amidst every description of opposition, ridicule, and reproach. The canal, named, after the vast lake which it connected with the ocean, the Erie canal, was termed Clinton's ditch. The natural valley of the St. Lawrence, like that of the Mississippi, being the proper outlet and channel for these worlds of waters, was not long before it became the object of attraction, and notwithstanding the impediments to its successful exploration, by the numerous waterfalls and rapids in its course, more especially that hugest and grandest—one of the wonders of the world—the mammoth cataract of Niagara; the vast importance of vanquishing these obstacles of nature became every day more apparent, and ultimately eventuated in the construction of the two canals, the Erie canal from Buffalo at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, with the Hudson river, and the Welland canal, on the Canadian side of Lake Erie, commencing at Gravelly Bay on that lake, and entering Lake Ontario, at its western extremity at port Robinson, these canals forming together, with the lakes and the river St. Lawrence, an inland water communication of upwards of 2000 miles. The rapid increase in the value of property along the whole line of the Erie canal, particularly through the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, soon convinced the most skeptical of the forethought, wisdom, and prudence of De Witt Clinton. The timber of the majestic forests skirting its banks, instead of being burnt, as the preliminary step to cultivation, was soon borne on its bosom to those markets on the Atlantic coast, where it was in great demand, and of inestimable value. The hydraulic powers, furnished by the various streams falling into the Mohawk river, were soon required for manufacturing purposes, and the gloomy wilderness, the haunt of the savage, and the lair of the beast of prey, became the site of cities, towns, hamlets, homesteads,

orchards, fields, gardens, and a large and happy, and prosperous population. From Albany, on the Hudson river, to Buffalo on Lake Erie, a distance of 330 miles, the whole country is now one continued succession of farms, with numerous populous towns and villages intervening; and the Erie canal has been one of the most useful and lucrative public undertakings ever carried into execution. The great value of this gigantic water communication arises from the boundless fertility of the extensive country it traverses. Our present concern is with those portions pertaining to the British crown, and in immediate connection with the river St. Lawrence. The lakes bounding that territory are lakes Superior, Huron, St. Clair, Erie, and Ontario. These majestic lakes were first navigated by the French; and the earliest description given of these vast waters, was by one of the enterprising and pious missionaries who accompanied the spirited La Salle in his first interesting and perilous voyage. During the summer of 1679, a vessel was constructed on the shores of Lake Erie, called the Griffin, commanded by La Salle, having a crew of Frenchmen, and a humble Flemish recollect, La Père Hennepin, the spiritual director of these navigators, and the faithful chronicler of their toils. These lakes never having been traversed before, but by the frail bark of the Red men of the immense forests that skirted their shores, they sounded as they went. Their first anchorage was contiguous to those beautiful islands at the western end of Lake Erie, near the entrance of the river Detroit, the scene of warfare between the British troops and the American brigands in 1837 and 1838. From Hennepin's interesting journal we find that they were considered by these early voyagers of inestimable value. "These islands," he says, "make the finest prospect in the world. The strait is finer than Niagara, being one league broad, excepting that part which forms the lake, which we have called St. Clair. The country between the two lakes (Erie and Huron) is very well situated, and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests, so well disposed, that one would think nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect. The forests are chiefly made up of walnut, chestnut, plum, and pear trees, loaded with their own fruits and vines. There is also abundance of timber for building, so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit this noble country, cannot but remember with gratitude them who have led the way." How hardly, even, with his prophetic spirit, could the good Father Hennepin have anticipated, that within a period of less than two centuries from this his first perilous undertaking, this inland sea would be daily carrying on its broad and beauteous bosom thousands and thousands of enterprising inhabitants of all nations, to stock the majestic regions even far beyond it.

The blended piety, heroism, skill, and science of these early navigators, have been carefully preserved in the archives of France, and will amply repay any one having time and opportunity to peruse their interesting annals. Many portions of Canada still bear the names of these early pioneers, Tonti, Charlevoix, Marquette, and others. The great Cardinal de Richelieu, whose chalice, vestments, and other personal effects, are still treasured up with great care in Lower Canada, was the first statesman whose powerful mind was

directed to the commercial importance of the lakes. He devised a system for the collection and shipment of the furs obtained in the north-west regions for France, and established a line of forts from Quebec, through the lakes, to the remotest regions of the west. At the Sault de Saint Marie, Green Bay, Michilimackinac, Detroit, Niagara, Fort Stanwix, and other places on the lakes, trading ports were established by the early French merchants, who acted as agents for the French government. Within the memory of the present generation, the annual collection of voyageurs assembled at Montreal, in the early summer months, and departed, amidst great ceremony and pomp, in their numerous canoes, on the Ottawa, to carry on the North American fur trade. In 1668, the Hudson's Bay Company obtained a charter, and afterwards the North-west Company monopolized the trade in furs. After many conflicts with the Indians, and the French, the English became possessed of the north-west regions, and during the whole progress of the American revolution, until the declaration of peace in 1783, warfare continually interrupted the settlement of the borders, and arrested the commerce of the lakes. The western posts on the lakes were surrendered in 1796, but it was not until after the contest on the lakes, during the war of 1812, that this important navigation may be said to have occupied any real attention. In reality it was not until the introduction of steam into these waters, that their trade and commerce may be fairly said to have made much progress. Lake Superior, the vastest and largest of these inland seas, 1116 miles in circumference, has yet but one steam-boat on it; but the boundless mineral wealth on its shores, will doubtless soon give an impetus to the navigation of this great inland sea. From the rapid settlements on the borders of Lake Michigan, and the country beyond it, that lake has many steamers and schooners constantly plying on it. With the exception of the steamers that are constantly passing through Lake Huron from Buffalo, and the steam propellers from Oswego, on Lake Ontario, to Chicago, there is but one steam-boat on Lake Huron. On Lake Erie there are nearly 100 steamers of various sizes, many of great magnitude, conveying from 1,200 to 1,500 passengers at a time to the settlements on Lake Michigan. On Lake Ontario there are nearly forty steamers, those on the Canadian side carrying the mails between Kingston and Toronto, of great size and power, and commanded by most experienced and excellent captains.* Those who have once had the pleasure of making a passage with Captain Colclough, the obliging and able commander of the Princess Royal, will soon find an excuse to make a second. It is impossible that anything can surpass the attention and arrangements to be met with in these excellent vessels. There are numerous light-houses on the lakes, and every assistance has been afforded to their secure navigation. The practice of towing barges, which had been generally and successfully carried on, on the Hudson river, was found impracticable on the lakes, in consequence of the severe storms to which they were frequently subjected; but since the introduction of the screw propeller into schooners and large vessels, the necessity has been obviated, and a vast deal of merchandise is now carried on by this mode. The celerity, convenience, and safety with which steam-schooners may descend the

rapids of the St. Lawrence, has been found to be one of the most useful and successful experiments made in that new application of steam power. During the month of June, in this present season, the fine schooner Adventure, the property of the Toronto and St. Lawrence steam navigation company, made the quickest direct run ever known between those large and populous cities. The distance is 470 miles, and she went from Toronto to Montreal, laden with freight, in two days and a quarter, demonstrating, to the entire satisfaction of the Company, the admirable adaptation of this class of vessels for the navigation of these waters. To extend the commerce of these seas, loans were advanced by the provincial government, in 1841, to incorporated companies engaged in the promotion of the trade of the Lakes:—To the Oakville Harbor Company, £3,723; to the Cobourg Harbor Company, £5,211; to the Port Hope Harbor Company, £3,075; to the Desjardins Canal Company, £22,415; to the Tay Navigation Company, £1,561; all these works being in connection with the navigation of Lake Ontario. Before the year 1841, prior to the union of the provinces, the following sums had been expended on the improvement of the navigable waters of our Canadian possessions:—Welland canal £462,856; St. Lawrence canal, £440,097; Trent navigation, (a river connected with the waters of the Newcastle district, and emptying into Lake Ontario,) £23,354; the inland waters of the Newcastle district, £21,660; Kettle Creek harbor on Lake Erie, £7,500; Paris-bridge, £2,000; Brentford-bridge, £2,000; Trent-bridge, £4,800; Chatham-bridge, £2,000; Dunville-bridge, £1,700; Toronto harbor, £5,200; West Gwilliambury-bridge, £955; St. Anne's rapids, £4,308; Montreal harbor, £87,175; Chambly canal, £35,000; Steam-dredge, Montreal, £1,500. In addition to these sums thus severally appropriated and expended, the Provincial Parliament, in 1841, granted the following sums to be expended on the following provincial works:—Welland canal, £450,000; St. Lawrence navigation, £691,682; Lake St. Peter, £58,500; Burlington Bay canal, £45,000; internal navigation of the Newcastle district, £50,000; harbors, light-houses, &c., on Lakes Ontario and Erie, £74,000; bridges, slides, &c., on the river Ottawa, £28,000; bay of Chaleurs road, £15,000; road from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, £30,000; bridges between Quebec and Montreal, £34,000; road from the Ottawa to the St. Lawrence, £1,500; and the road from Hamilton, on Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario, to Port Dover on Lake Erie, £30,000. The whole of this large outlay to be expended in the promotion of those works connected with the trade and communication of the Canadian lakes and their tributaries. In 1842, the gross amount of collections of Customs' duties in Canada was £278,930 7s. 3d.; the nett amount collected at Quebec was £68,087; at Montreal, £149,491; at St. John's, £16,864; at Burlington Bay, £7,263; at Kingston, £6,510; at Toronto, £8,053; other ports, smaller sums. The nett revenue derived from Customs, in 1842, exceeded that of 1841 by £50,947—the increase at Quebec and Montreal alone being upwards of £55,326, and on the Western Canada ports, £2,230. The tolls on the Lachine canal produced during the year £16,322. The following tables of exports and imports will give some idea of this valuable and extending trade:—

* See a list of steamers running on Lake Ontario, *ante*—vol. i., *Col. Mag.*, p. 104.

IMPORTS INTO CANADA FROM 1838 TO 1843, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

ARTICLES.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.
Vessels with cargoes.	406	432	535	537	548	423
" in ballast	685	715	807	921	533	845
Madeira wine, per gallons	10,397	31,850	22,551	12,545	24,030	11,238
Other wines	258,022	361,144	288,403	202,176	276,432	254,975
Rum, East India,	45,271	43,493	13,801	99,131	26,379	7,913
" B. plantation,	637,465	110,135	45,220	7,356	26,067	23,799
Foreign spirits,	362,735	601,729	535,474	282,989	221,873	149,215
Whiskey,	15,371	16,193	23,783	167	9,066	572
Molasses,	69,257	82,920	146,379	78,691	117,966	137,540
Sugar, refined,	1,769,247	1,657,697	1,745,822	2,878,717	1,911,670	273,131
" Muscovado, }	4,772,863	5,340,301	7,471,317	9,548,119	6,857,940	7,352,513
" bastard,	43,139	24,723	171,471	218,933	60,806	152,000
Coffee,	1,041,915	971,797	736,556	1,057,455	1,475,306	778,367
Teas,	63,526	25,490	62,078	141,003	118,405	94,378
Tobacco, manufac.	8,791	5,180	175,392	41,446	147,718	72,890
" leaf,	33,405		6,121	4,994		4,094
" plug,	308,183	484,662	445,025	349,728	417,060	64,110
Salt, per minots,						
Value of goods paying 2½ and 5 per cent. duty,	£1,152,183 12 1	£1,768,311 5 9	£1,876,360 2 6	£1,963,493 18 6	£1,761,732 1 8	£1,270,294 19 0
Value of free goods.	175,934 0 7	139,112 12 0	120,542 18 1	120,221 17 6	70,639 5 3	11,118 1 1

—Montreal Gazette, April 25, 1843.

EXPORTS FROM CANADA FOR THE YEARS 1838 TO 1843.

ARTICLES.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.
Ashes, pot,	19,806	17,435	13,113	14,633	18,043	22,004
" pearl,	9,558	8,045	11,385	9,329	9,598	12,912
Butter, per lb.	80,536	72,248	403,730	211,497	542,511	374,207
Beef, brls.	439	2,310	3,685	2,968	9,608	7,195
Barley, minots,	146	130	60	4,504	867	6,940
Flour, brls.	59,204	48,427	315,612	356,210	294,799	209,957
Oatmeal, do.	532	50	6,008	4,567	6,754	5,327
Peas, minots,	1,415	2,855	59,878	128,574	78,985	88,348
Pork, brls.	8,868	6,479	11,203	14,795	40,288	10,684
Wheat, minots,		3,336	142,050	562,862	204,107	144,233

STATEMENT

OF THE PRINCIPAL IMPORTS INTO CANADA BY SEA, IN 1842, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF 1837, 38, 39, 40, AND 41.

From whence.	Shipping.			Articles paying Specific Duties.													Sugar.		Value of Articles paying an ad val. Duty.	Value of Free Goods.
	No.	Tonnage.	Men.	Brandy.	Gin.	Rum.	Whiskey.	Cordials.	Wines.	Teas.	Coffee.	Cigars.	Tobacco.	Snuff.	Salt.	Molasses.	Refined.	Musc.		
Great Britain	491	187,993	7,251	78,993	116,774	35,225	9,066	271	205,297	1,471,670	11,556	669	23,954	12	9,377	50,822	1,911,109	1,762,151	£ 1,705,360	
Ireland	187	61,551	2,417	1,043	118	—	—	—	1,387	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	£ 41,841	
Guernsey	1	249	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	
Gibraltar	4	1,241	42	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
France	49	13,570	472	4,512	—	—	—	475	69,847	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Spain & Portugal	11	3,341	120	—	—	—	—	—	7,109	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3,614	
Sicily	1	564	21	—	—	—	—	—	635	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	480	
Hamburg	2	745	28	—	3,476	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Antwerp	1	427	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Azores	1	55	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
B. N. A. Col.	159	24,819	1,126	2,024	—	11,755	—	50	141,123	448	25,976	1,096	4,528	—	—	—	2,434,392	—	205	
British W. I.	6	2,138	89	—	—	7,772	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25,513	16,584	—	15,138	
Foreign do.	20	3,967	183	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19,312	147	—	—	—	—	—	850	—	
United States	53	25,093	903	—	—	7,041	—	496	1,583	—	—	22	227,790	—	—	32,991	2,616,837	341	—	
South America	2	531	24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,520	5,462	
Imp. at Gaspé	42	3,283	248	—	—	1,974	—	—	417	983	—	—	2,007	—	1,558	9,528	—	7,775	5,680	
Do. at N. Carlisle	51	5,784	316	—	142	3,486	—	—	33	2,205	3,757	—	5,086	—	939	10,371	661	36,765	6,515	
Imports, 1842.	1,081	335,351	13,268	86,572	120,510	67,253	9,066	1,292	300,462	1,475,306	60,886	2,905	263,365	12	13,902	129,225	1,911,670	6,817,940	£ 1,761,733	
Imp. in 1841	1,458	472,887	18,580	131,173	108,508	147,552	167	388	216,020	1,037,445	219,933	915	186,508	92	9,865	83,410	2,878,717	9,548,119	1,964,090	
1840	1,439	462,734	18,453	241,613	108,415	340,790	23,783	222	311,115	736,556	172,141	2,185	241,405	126	12,714	158,379	1,745,822	7,470,701	1,876,360	
1839	1,248	388,639	15,806	324,140	121,065	292,431	16,193	414	397,823	974,215	26,889	624	30,670	84	12,449	83,792	1,676,051	5,328,632	1,794,716	
1838	1,147	354,651	14,714	206,069	147,955	700,300	15,371	1,027	269,158	1,043,487	45,001	2,601	109,396	67	8,947	82,591	1,769,197	4,700,737	1,664,063	
1837	1,145	339,253	14,559	40,751	48,395	404,174	2,714	111	154,526	642,422	114,677	661	191,081	243	8,508	79,738	902,193	4,225,435	1,177,836	

—Quebec Mercury.

From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

MANUFACTURES IN FRANCE—SAVINGS BANK—PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

THREE or four of the articles of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, issued on the 1st Sept., are at least instructive. The number commences with a tale, of which the subject is trite and the execution without redeeming merit. The second article—of thirty-five pages—on the "manufacturing industry of France," though diffuse and verbose, and surcharged with common-place maxims and doctrines, may be pronounced valuable on account of the statistical details. Those of the iron and coal and the flax and hemp products of France possess the chief interest. The reviewer dwells on the recent exhibition in the Champs Elyssés with less elation than his "contemporaries" of the press. He questions the utility of these exhibitions in general, even to the manufacturing interest: while they flatter national and personal vanity, they prove, he thinks, really serviceable to foreign rivals in a greater degree than to any class at home. He appears to me wrong on all grounds. He observes: "However inventive and sedulous the genius of the French, we have reached in a small number of articles only, and these not all of the most important nature, that industrial perfection in which we were preceded by some other countries. We borrow much of foreign invention and improve upon it in not a few instances. We are excelled by four nations, in cutlery, arms, nails, and hardware proper." He regards the French work in bronze, gold, silver, and precious stones, and French furniture, mirrors, some kinds of china and glass, as unrivalled. He cites Birmingham and Sheffield as having studied the Paris exhibition with particular attention and benefit. France exports annually in perfumery to the amount of eight millions of francs; in gloves of her manufacture to the same amount; in cards, engraved pictures, and music, and lithographs, to the extent of ten millions of francs. Within the last quarter of a century the manufacture of iron has quadrupled in France, but England exports as much iron as France now produces, and "this shows her general superiority." On the whole, the reviewer underrates French manufacturing industry with reference to that of other nations, and he complains of the backwardness of his country in distant commercial enterprises. The cotton manufacture occupies several of his pages. You may be struck with his remark that cotton is the great peace-maker: it maintains, he says, *la bonne harmonie* between the two sides of the Atlantic. The sale of the raw material is necessary to America; the use of it—at peace prices likewise—to Europe. In the third article, of thirty-two pages, on the Savings Banks (*Caisses d'Epargne*) of France, there is much to reward a close perusal. The writer traces the rise of the institution in Great Britain and the progress of imitation on this side of the channel. He falls into a wild strain of regret at the extinction of lotteries, which were "founded on hope, a theological virtue and a phrenological organ—were the poetry of chance and a means of universal equality;" absolute nonsense, in my humble opinion. In the article, however, the advantages of the savings funds are fairly and broadly set forth, at the same time that they are supposed to promote selfishness in the classes who chiefly resort to this institution: the

poorer do not exercise as much liberality towards each other as formerly, when they retained their money without provident thoughts or expectation of interest. Two thousand francs is the maximum of the deposit allowed in France; three thousand that of accumulation by interest. The amount of funds in Great Britain and Ireland is six hundred and fifty millions of francs; in France three hundred and sixty millions. Too many people, either rich or in easy circumstances, contrive to get into the *caisses*. The government, to whom all the funds are committed, allows four per cent. in interest, deducting a third per cent. for expenses of management. But they are not adequately employed. The institution subtracts too much money from circulation; the stagnation of money in the social is like that of the blood in the physical frame. It has been a hard and long task to impress the people with the fact of the greater real profit and security for them of these banks. The peasantry, farmers, and many of the operatives and mechanics of the towns still hide their gains. A half of the total of funds might or should be put in circulation, the other reserved for demands. In twelve years hence the amount of deposits in France may have reached a *milliard* of francs—two hundred millions of dollars. In the same term the number of depositors of Paris will be hundreds of thousands, with whom and whose immense claim the government would be dreadfully embarrassed in the event of a *panic*. At this moment the perplexity and trouble would be great: hence all idle rumors of *war*, all discussions that provoke or threaten it, tend to serious positive mischief for the people as well as the government. A commission was appointed in the capital to devise means of preventing a sudden exhaustion of the *caisses* by popular alarm or excessive demand from what cause soever. The commission, after months of deliberation, concluded that "nothing was to be done; the institution must take the chances." Our reviewer thinks that his countrymen particularly need this institution, owing to their vivacity, love of frolic, impetuous or impatient temper. It is far easier for them to acquire than to keep. They have too many temptations to break in upon their savings when these are immediately in their power. In Paris, the administration of the funds is unquestionably excellent. There is one central bureau, which has a branch or counter in each of the eleven other districts of the capital for the accommodation of the people—thrice the number of counters is deemed desirable. The largest number of deposits belongs to the districts of the working classes; next, to those of the domestics of the fashionable quarters, and there is always an increase in January, accruing from the new year's gifts. Females are found to be more provident than the other sex. Prostitutes, many, deposit enough to escape from their horrid career into some honest business or to marry respectably. It is affirmed that the proportion of depositors who appear on the criminal calendar is exceedingly small: however, it is often ascertained that servants steal in order to enlarge their store in the bureaux. Day-laborers are a numerous class of depositors; the common soldiery contribute much. The money paid by conscripts to substitutes goes by law into the savings funds, and cannot be withdrawn during the term of military service: but the substitutes sell their certificates at low prices to jobbers—an abuse which the authorities have interfered to prevent. Beautiful instances are cited

of savings long continued for filial and charitable purposes among the humbler classes. Economy has, indeed, a heart. Self-denial, for generous ends, is as common at least with the poor as the rich. Sympathies so operative are a boast for human nature. It is suggested that *Monts. de Piété*, or pawnbroking, might be advantageously connected with savings banks. The Paris *Mont. de Piété* is supposed to obtain thirteen per cent. from the people. At Metz, the administrator of the funds sets apart, out of a million of francs deposited, four hundred thousand to be lent on pawn, at seven and a half per cent. interest: he secures thus a profit of three and a half on that amount for the bank, as the State allows only four per cent. The reviewer argues justly, from all experience, that the general morality of a nation depends in a large measure on the physical and social well-being of the masses: hence a powerful recommendation of savings banks.

The fourth article, of thirty-eight pages, of this number of the *Deux Mondes* is the most elaborate and abstruse. It treats of a new work highly extolled in the Academy of Moral Sciences—I mean the History of the School of Alexandria, by Jules Simon, a favorite disciple of Cousin. The article forms an exposition of the origin, progress, and tenets of the famous school, philosophical and theological, which sought to crush the religion of the Cross: and the critic discusses and controverts several of the opinions of the admired book. Neither Monsieur Simon nor his reviewer directly acknowledges the divine origin of Christianity; its final triumph is represented to be merely human—the irresistible effect of various dispositions of men and circumstances of a juncture or era. The causes of the fall of the school of Alexandria are traced in the same sense. The New Platonists pass before the reader in the order in which they flourished; Ammonius, the founder; Plotinus, the most distinguished; Proclus, Arius, Julian the Apostate, are recalled to the memory of the students of metaphysics and divinity. Julian is excused, and lively admiration expressed of his enterprises and writings. Simon's theories are a combination of Hegelism and Kantism; he endeavors to prove that pantheism has no connexion with atheism. The reviewer contends that pantheism and mysticism are the logical consequences of the Alexandria method or dialectics; and that the God and the Trinity of the school of Plato and Ammonius are inferior to the Christian in conception and plenitude. His admissions embrace the inefficiency, if not futility, of the ancient speculations, and the practical excellence of the doctrines, precepts, and mysteries of the Gospels. The pages on the godhead of the Christian system, sublime and immense, compared with the pagan, possess value for their intelligence and candor. But this article derives its main interest from its acknowledgments and admonitions concerning the present French philosophy, with the vaunted basis of skepticism and eclectic preëminence. Many French philosophers, the reviewer admits, are intent on a new religion; but, he adds, Christianity is not worn out; the people still prefer it, and cannot study or understand metaphysics. "Let our philosophy beware of attempting to prevail as a church; the Alexandria School became one fatally for itself." He proceeds to show that, in France, in public teaching, Philosophy and Christianity should be kept apart and perfectly free, and that no union between

them is possible. We may allow credit to a gifted and approved member of the Cousin sect for advising his brethren to restrict themselves to *Philosophy*, and leave Christianity to the million. This point belongs to the controversy or contest of the philosophers and the clergy on the subject of education.

Victor Hugo, the poet and novelist, has read to some friends a chapter on the *Necessity of the Soul*, from an extensive philosophical work with which he has occupied himself for several years past. Grand Master Cousin may be jealous of this incursion into his domain. The two men are the most conceited and vainglorious of the French world of letters. Cousin recently presented to the Academy of Moral Sciences a copy of the sixth edition of Romiguere's *Lessons of Philosophy*. He had proposed to the University Council of Instruction its introduction into the list of works for the use of the colleges. In mentioning this circumstance to the Academy he observes: "Need I say that no one of my works has ever had the insolent pretension to be admitted into such company?" Such modesty produced a universal smile. Every one knew his estimate of himself—the greatest philosophical intelligence and oracle that has ever lived.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has furnished a thorough and piquant literary repast in an ample article on *Paul Scarron*, the wit and buffoon, whose *Roman Comique* the French—and the French alone, I think—continue to read. His biography, condition, productions, marriage with the first of his countrywomen, the literary caste of his times, and the society which he and his admirable wife drew about them, are happily and sufficiently sketched. Scarron was an indefatigable jester and scribbler; a consummate blackguard; a sturdy beggar; a matchless glutton. Imagine such a woman as Madame de Maintenon proved to be—the exemplary spouse and nurse, the joint host and the cateress of this ribald cripple! When she took that name and lived as the companion of Louis XIV., who undoubtedly married the widow of Scarron, the memory of his predecessor, whose fame and writings before occupied court and city, was suppressed as far as possible: the courtiers contrived to sink his name and buy up silence about his performances: it was only when the monarch was dead and buried that any one ventured to open or reprint what Monsieur Theophile Gautier here revives in a kindred vein for the attention of the curious in literary history. Scarron's virulent controversies form an amusing part of the article. One of his adversaries styled him "an angry frog croaking in the marshes of Parnassus;" and an old Jesuit added, in reference to the rhymers' self-complacency, "God, who is so good, has arranged things in such way that the frogs should find gratification in their own croaking." As a synonyme, the name is not to be envied.

WISE BEQUEST.—Mr. Dick, a native of Forres, in Morayshire, was born in 1743. He went to the West Indies, where his talents and industry soon enabled him to amass a large fortune. He returned to England; and dying in 1828, left a capital of 113,147. sterling, to be invested as a fund for increasing the salaries of schoolmasters in the three counties of Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen. Here is a lesson for foolish men how to leave their money wisely.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

MISS FREDERIKA BREMER.

LETTER FROM THE HON. G. W. LAY, DATED
STOCKHOLM, 1844.

* * * MISS BREMER (pronounced *Bramer*) has been so kind as to write a brief autobiography of herself, and at my request, for the benefit of yourself, and my countrymen. I send it to you in Swedish, with my translation. You will observe that she has left much to be supplied of that which is most desirable, in order to form anything like a correct idea of her personal appearance, or the prominent features of her character. That she is highly poetical and imaginative, no one can doubt who has read her works; but to find in a mind so constituted, and in the same person, qualities which seem to be quite the antipodes of these, is what few would expect. Miss Bremer in conversation is exceedingly interesting; but always seems inclined to talk upon questions of political economy, philosophy, morality or religion. She is well read on all these subjects, and in whatever she says there are a purity of thought and earnestness of manner which carry conviction to the heart that she feels deeply every word that falls from her lips. She is small in stature. Her portrait, as painted by the great portrait painter of Sweden, Sodermach, is a faithful and striking likeness. I send you a very good lithograph of this portrait.

She has mild, but expressive blue eyes, which are often filled with tears when speaking on a subject in which her feelings become deeply interested. The arrangement of her study and library would give you a more perfect idea of her imaginative temperament, than her conversation. Everything is arranged, not only with great taste, but at the same time with the most perfect simplicity. On the table where she is writing, you will always see several porcelain jars containing the most beautiful flowers; and her windows are filled also with the choicest plants of the season, in full bloom. During the last winter, and when the hyacinths first began to bloom, she sent one morning a beautiful antique porcelain jar to Mrs. L., containing a double hyacinth, with a paper wrapped around the flower, having the following words written upon it: "I am the Galatea, and I come to bloom in your presence." Her tables are covered with the most elegantly bound books of recent publication, whether in English, French, German, Italian or Swedish. These are presentation copies from the most celebrated authors of all these countries, and I have been much gratified in noting among the rest, several of my own countrywomen. She is about thirty-five years old, and in every thought and act, seems to have but one single object, "to make her fellow-beings contented and happy." The dream of her childhood and her youth, she says, has been to do something for her native land. She has already done much; and should her life be spared will do much more. She is possessed of an ample fortune, and can indulge herself in all the elegancies and comforts of life, that her disposition and feelings will permit. Still she is quite plain in her dress and economical in her personal expenses, devoting her income mostly to charities, and more particularly to meliorate the condition of the helpless and unfortunate of her own sex.

During the extreme severity of the last winter, when the poor were freezing from the cold and perishing with hunger, she wrote one of the most

touching and pathetic appeals to the public, that any language is capable of. She offered herself to receive the contributions, and see that they were properly applied. It was successful. Hundreds were thus warmed and fed, who otherwise might have perished. No one, in our country, can imagine or form any adequate idea of the horrid sights one meets at almost every corner of the cities of Europe, half naked, pale, emaciated and feeble wretches, shivering, freezing, and in many instances dying with hunger.

I send herewith also a translation which I have procured from a German work, written by a German countess. Take them all together, with the few remarks that I have made, and you will be able to form some idea of this amiable personage, &c. &c.

THE COUNTESS OF HAHN-HAHN'S SKETCH.

In the summer of the year 1842, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, a German authoress of some celebrity, visited Sweden, and in the account of travels afterwards published, has thus described her visit to Miss Bremer:—

I paid a visit to Miss Frederika Bremer at Arsta. This is her country seat, three Swedish miles from Stockholm. Here she spends the greater part of the year with her mother and her younger sister. The two latter ladies had passed the preceding winter at Nice; she had not, as she does not like travel, unquiet and diversions. She has remained seven months—seven Swedish winter months—at Arsta, without seeing any one but her waiting maid. I should not have thought any one capable of supporting such a solitude, had she not told me so herself. It gave me very great pleasure to make her acquaintance, for I know few authoresses, and one is always a little curious to see persons whose pursuits are similar to one's own. With us her name is in everybody's mouth. her writings in everybody's hands, and if Sweden is mentioned, we immediately think of Frederika Bremer. From her writings I had also formed some idea of her person. I had imagined her as serious and calm, with a slight touch of humor; and so I also found her, and extremely interesting. How much do I not rejoice at this! I know not whence people have derived such prejudices against female authors, but they generally attach to them the idea of something strange.

Arsta is also remarkable in a historical point of view. On the large meadow before the house, Gustavus Adolphus mustered the army with which he marched for the first time to Livonia; and together with his wife and daughters inhabited the wooden house, which still stands by the side of the present mansion, under magnificent trees. The latter was built during the thirty year's war; it is of stone, square and handsome, with large lofty rooms. The country round about is very dull, or seemed so to me because it was a cloudy day, and threatened to rain. The sea appeared in the distance; the trees seemed dark and the fields gray. A walk was proposed; but I, who otherwise liked so much to be in the open air, preferred staying in the house, as there was nothing out of doors to attract me, and within everything was so agreeable: here I can understand how one can feel so extraordinarily attached to one's habitation. I entreated Miss Bremer to allow me to see her room; it was simple as the cell of a hermit. To me it would have been exceedingly disagreeable, for it was a corner room, with windows on two

sides of it, thus with a double light and without curtains.

It contained three square tables, quite covered with books, paper, and material for writing; blue furniture of a sober style; I mean such as obliges one to seat oneself with all propriety, and neither lie down nor lazily stretch one's limbs, which I like to be able to do, when I am so disposed. A few paintings adorned the walls. "That is a genuine Teniers, but I know beforehand that you do not like it," said she, smiling and pointing to a little picture, which represents a peasant filling his pipe. I also said, sincerely, no. In general I said no, when she said yes; but that is of no consequence; such a state of things can be intolerable only when there is a mutual dislike. On the other hand, if persons like each other, it is only a pleasure the more; for they then learn from others to see what they did not remark themselves, or understand; at least that others possess an eye for things which are hidden from their view. She would not travel; she thinks that persons by that means may be easily dejected, blinded or bewildered—"and what will they do with all that foreign stuff?" I tried to persuade her to take a journey to Italy; we might go together; but she had no wish. Nevertheless she interested herself warmly in what I related and had written of other countries, with which I was actually much pleased.

She knew how to overcome the unpleasantness of speaking a language in which she is not accustomed to think; and said what she wished to say partly in German and partly in French, in a simple, natural and decided manner. She has beautiful, thoughtful eyes, and a pure, calm, I would say solid forehead, below which the strongly marked eyebrows move themselves when she speaks, which becomes her very much, particularly when a thought is seeking to express itself. Her figure is slender and neat. She wore for the occasion a black silk dress. In her drawing rooms are two large bookcases filled with Swedish, German, French and English books. I believe even Italian also. She draws excellent portraits, both profile and miniature, in India ink, and has an interesting album of such portraits, to which she also added mine. When sitting for a portrait I generally fall into a sleepiness, exceedingly disagreeable to myself, and injurious to my portrait, wherefore I do not willingly allow myself to be painted. But this time the sitting passed off exceedingly well, for Countess Rosen sang beautiful Swedish songs, with a captivating voice, and I forgot the pressure of the momentary constraint imposed upon me. Since I have made acquaintance with Miss Frederika Bremer, and seen her in her native country, her dwelling, and everything about her, I better understand the still life that prevails in her writings. The profound calm revealed in her person has appeared to me so characteristic, both of the country whose daughter she is, and of the works which she has produced, that I cannot say which of the three it is that has taught me to understand the other two. Everything that she is in the habit of describing—the dwelling in the country—the gardens near the lake—the manner of travelling—the small, light, two-wheeled carriages for one horse, in which two persons can ride together—all this is to be found in Sweden, and under a Swedish sky. We see it so in reality, and only here. This leads me to the conclusion that she must faithfully have observed and understood the characters of men, and that the familiar, domes-

tic life, which she so loves to paint is, in fact, a beautiful peculiarity, and a high privilege of her native country.

MISS BREMER'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

Dear Sir:—I will endeavor to prove to you the feelings of satisfaction and gratitude with which your letter has inspired me, by complying with your wish that I would communicate to you some details of my life, and the progress of my education. This, however, presents some difficulties, because I cannot speak of the world within me, but as connected with outward circumstances, while it is precisely within this inner world that the most essential part of my history is contained.

Sometimes, when I no longer belong to this world, I shall perhaps return to it as a spirit, and disclose to mankind the secrets of my sufferings and my joys, my love and my intellectual life. And let no one be afraid of me, if, at the hour of midnight, I visit some uneasy suffering soul; it will be but to soothe him, replenish his night lamp, and be to him a friend—a sister.

Meanwhile a glance may willingly be suffered to penetrate the veil which conceals a life, ordinary enough as to its outward relations. I was born upon the shores of Aura, and several learned academicians of Abo were my godfathers, whence the aforesaid glance—if it be uncommonly piercing—may possibly be able to discover something which—I cannot exactly explain. In the fourth year of my life I left my native country, Finland, of which I have retained but one remembrance, and that is a single word—a mighty name;—in the depths of paganism it was uttered by the Finnish people with fear and love; with the same feelings ennobled by Christianity it is even now pronounced by the same people; and I often think I hear that word, sometimes in the thunder which rolls over the trembling earth—sometimes in the soft breeze that gladdens and refreshes it. That word is *Jumala*.

If you will follow me from the soil of Finland to that of Sweden, where my father became a landed proprietor, after having sold his estates in Finland, I will not weary you with a more detailed account of my childhood and youth, and the profusion of chaotic elements within me. I will give you but a cursory view of the not very interesting picture of a family which, in a covered carriage, travels every autumn from the country-house to the residence in the capital, and every spring returns to the country; and the young daughters within the house, who play sonatas, sing ballads, draw in black chalk, endeavor to improve themselves in every way, and look with longing to the future, in order both to see and perform wonders. I must humbly confess that I always saw myself as a brave heroine.

Do you wish to cast a glance at the domestic circle of the family? Then behold them assembled in one of the larger rooms of their country-seat, where one of them reads aloud; and observe, if you please, the impression which some of the literary stars of Germany produce upon one of the daughters. If it were possible to die of a violent emotion to the mind, she would certainly, on reading Schiller's Don Carlos, have fallen dead from her chair, or rather have melted away in a flood of tears and sentiment.

But she survived the danger. She lived to learn and to know much of that country which may

justly be called "the heart of Europe," and from whose rich sources of instruction she still derives abundant nourishment.

If you will look deeper into her soul, you will see how the sad realities of the world gradually spread their dark veil over the brilliant dreams of her youth; how an early twilight overtakes the wanderer on her path, and with what efforts she endeavors, though in vain, to escape from it. The air is thick, as during a heavy fall of snow; the darkness increases, night sets in. And during this deep, endless winter night, she hears sounds of lamentation from the east and from the west; from creatures and from plants; from an expiring nature and a despairing humanity; and she sees life, with all its beauty, all its love, with its beating heart, buried alive under a humid layer of ice. The sky is dark and desolate; nowhere a look; nowhere a heart. All is dead, or rather, all is dying, save suffering.

Perhaps you have sometimes fixed your attention upon the very significant picture which all the profounder mythologies represent. "In the beginning we see a divine principle of warmth draw near to the cold and mist; ('Urfukten;') and from this union of light and darkness, fire and tears, is born—a God." I believe that something similar takes place with every human being, who is born to experience a deeper feeling of life, and something similar also happened to her who writes these lines.

If you had seen her some years later, you would have found a great change. Her eyes, which tears had dimmed for many years, now beam with inexpressible bliss. She had, as it were, risen again to new life. But whence this change? Perchance the dreams of her youth have been realized. Perhaps she has been a brave heroine, and enjoyed the triumphs of beauty, love and honor. No, nothing of the kind has occurred. The dreams of childhood have been dispersed; youth is past; but she has nevertheless again become young, because in the depths of her soul, over its dark chaos, the words have been spoken, "Let there be light!" And the light penetrated the darkness and illumined it, and with her eyes fixed upon that light, she exclaimed with tears of joy, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

Many a grave has since then been opened, and has robbed her of several of those whom she most loved upon earth. The sting of many a grief has been felt, and is so still:—yet her heart beats briskly. The night of despair is forever past. Yes, it has vanished, but not so its fruits. For, like those flowers which open only at night, it is only during the midnight hours of severe suffering, that the soul of man opens to the light of the eternal stars.

My literary occupation began in my eighth year, and in French verse, with the following address to the Moon:—

"O corps celeste de la nature!"

During my youth I continued to write, in the same highflown style, what I would spare, even my enemies (if I have any) from reading. Impelled by the restlessness of youthful feelings, I wrote, as the small waves of the bay, when agitated by the wind, write unmeaning marks upon the sand. I wrote for the sake of writing. Later in my life, I took up the pen from a very different motive, and have written—what you have read.

Standing now on the threshold of the autumn of my life, I see around me the same objects by which I was surrounded in my early youth, and am fortunate enough, from among many dear to my heart, still to have with me a beloved mother and sister. The meadows which environ our rural home, and on which Gustavus Adolphus mustered his army, on the eve of his departure for the deliverance of Germany, appear to me more beautiful now than in my childhood; they have obtained a higher interest, for their flowers and green sward are better known to me now.

With regard to the future, I entertain but the wish to be able to complete the works I have meditated, and to which those I have hitherto published form an introduction. If I succeed in this, I shall consider myself less undeserving than now, of the great kindness that has been shown to me; and then, may the good and noble persons, whose approbation has encouraged me, attribute this in a great measure to themselves. I thank them with all my heart.

Accept, dear sir, this expression of my sentiments toward yourself and your countrymen, and be assured of the sincere esteem and gratitude of

FREDERIKA BREMER.

LETTER FROM MISS BREMER TO THE HON. G. W. LAY.

Dear Sir:—You have expressed a wish to have some additions to the short and imperfect autobiography, which has lately appeared in the public papers here, and which, together with the additions, you wished to communicate to your countrymen. You said "it would give them pleasure." How willingly would I comply with this request, and at least thus prove my grateful estimation of those expressions of regard, which, kindly and inspiring as the winds of spring, pass over the Western Ocean from the New World, and tell me that people there listen with pleasure to those sounds of the domestic life of the old North—of Sweden—which one of its daughters has endeavored to express in the "Sketches from Every-Day Life."

But I have little more to say of myself; can now relate but little of my life which can appear interesting. Yet one trait may perhaps deserve to fix your attention, and I will therefore draw it forth from the chaotic world of my childhood and youth. It is a trait of fire, which passed through the chaos, and enlightened it, but only as a flash of lightning illumines the night. This was love, deep, ardent love for—my native country. But this, my first and greatest love, expressed itself, during my early years, in so many and extraordinary ways, that it resembled folly. People told me that it was so, and I sometimes thought so myself. It was not till a later period that I learned to understand that it was in reality wisdom.

Happy are they who have a noble father-land, to whose life and history they can look up with admiration and joy. They do not live isolated upon earth. A mighty genius leads and animates them. Their little life has a great one, with which to unite itself, and for which to live.

I have more than once heard you and your wife esteem yourselves fortunate in being born citizens of the North American Republic. I have listened to your enthusiastic words respecting that empire, founded—so unlike all others—not by the powers of war, but by those of peace; its greatness and wealth acquired by bloodless laurels; its efforts to become a great and powerful community, in a

Christian meaning, by raising every one to an equal degree of enlightenment and equal rights; efforts, which now so powerfully attract the eyes of Europe to America. And I have understood your love. Shall you also be able to understand mine? It belongs exclusively to a poor country, a little people, fostered in necessity and warlike deeds, but under whose blood-stained laurels there dwells a spirit, powerful and profound as their ancient mythology.

This is now no more; or lives but as a remembrance in the breasts of the people—as an echo in our valleys; corn grows in our fields, and the *Linnaea* blooms in our woods, protected by many years of peace. Travellers, who come to Sweden from more populous countries, exclaim, "How still, how silent and lifeless!" Has then that life, formerly so powerful, become extinct? No—but it has retired into silence. And in the silent nature of Sweden, where primeval mountains, crowned with pine forests, surround deep, tranquil lakes, the contemplative spirit can there live more vigorously than elsewhere; the listening ear can, better than amid the tumults of the world, become acquainted with the secrets of Nature and the human heart, and comprehend the revelations of a life peculiar to that people, beside whose cradle Vala* sang her wonderful song of the origin, destruction and regeneration of all things.

It was a presentiment of this life, and sympathy with it, which already in the days of my childhood worked upon my heart, and made me shed tears of ardent longing to be able to do something for that beloved country, in some way to serve it and contribute to its honor, which made me form the most extraordinary and impracticable projects for this purpose; which induced me to challenge gentlemen and ladies in company to political discussions, and made me sometimes behave myself in a manner which caused reasonable people to wonder whether I was quite in my senses.

Now, when I better understand what I then blindly loved, now, when approaching the autumn of my life, I look back to its morning, I also know the meaning of its longings and sufferings: for, if I can now rejoice at serving my native country, as a little light, making some portion of its whole life visible to far distant countries, this is a fruit of my first love. It is then just that it should also be my last.

Before I take leave of you, I would willingly make one more addition; but its boldness almost terrifies myself; and if I had not in my veins a drop of my forefathers' courage and love of extraordinary deeds, I should scarcely dare even to name my purpose. This is nothing less than a request to the representative of the United States in Sweden to condescend for a moment to become *mine*, and conduct thither across the ocean—a fleet laden with gold and precious stones!—Oh, no! only the warm acknowledgments of a heart for the attention and favor which have there been shown to the works of an humble Swede.

Excuse—if possible—my boldness, and let it not induce you to regret the kindness you have shown to your much obliged

FREDERIKA BREMER.

NE EXEAT REGNO.—We beg leave to suggest, as a motto for the *Great Britain* steam-ship at Bristol, the saying of Sterne's *Starling*, "I CAN'T GET OUT."—*Punch*.

* A prophetess of olden times.

From the Amulet.

MESSIAH'S ADVENT.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."
St. John, i. 11.

He came not in his people's day
Of miracle and might,
When awe-struck nations owned their sway,
And conquest crowned each fight;—
When Nature's self with wonder saw
Her ancient power, her boasted law,
To feeble man give way—
The elements of earth and heaven
For Israel stayed,—for Judah riven!

Pillar and cloud Jehovah gave,
High emblems of his grace;
And clave the rock, and smote the wave,
Moved mountains from their place;—
But judgment was with mercy blent,—
In thunder was the promise sent—
Fierce lightning veiled his face;
The jealous God—the burning law—
Were all the chosen people saw.

Behold them—pilgrim tribes no more—
The promised land their own;
And blessings theirs of sea and shore,
To other realms unknown:
From age to age a favored line
Of mighty kings, and seers divine,
A temple and a throne:—

Not then, but in their hour of shame,
Wo, want, and weakness—then "He came;"
Not in the earthquake's rending force,
Not in the blasting fire,
Not in the strong winds' rushing course,
Came He, their soul's desire!
Forerunners of his coming these,
Proclaiming over earth and seas,
As God, his might and ire:
The still, small voice,—the hovering dove,
Proved him Messiah—spoke him "Love!"

Of life the way, of light the spring
Eternal, undefiled;
Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King—
Yet came he as a child!
And Zion's favored eye grown dim,
Knew not her promised Lord in Him,
The lowly and the mild!
She saw the manger, and the tree,
And scornful cried—"Can this be He?"

ONE of our Paris letters contains the following instance of gallantry on the part of his Majesty the King of the French, for the truth of which the writer pledges himself. "On Thursday or Friday last, Lady Aldborough (who, if any lady ever was old, comes into that category) wrote to King Louis Philippe, begging his Majesty would have the kindness to inform her was war imminent! The King delayed not a moment to reply to her ladyship, through his first aide-de-camp, that she might make her mind perfectly easy: no war between France and England was imminent, nor indeed likely."—*Times*.

ENORMOUS MUSHROOM.—On Wednesday a mushroom, 9 inches in diameter and 29 in circumference, was found growing upon Kitching Banks, at Fountains Earth, Lancashire. The interior was not black, but perfectly red, and could not, when taken, have been more than twelve hours on the spot. In the evening it made a supper for five.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY AND THE FRENCH CHURCH.

PARIS, September 11, 1844.

Or late, the greatest event, or solemnity, so called, in the French republic of letters, was an annual sitting of the French Academy for the distribution of prizes for the most meritorious actions and useful books, and for a Discourse on Voltaire, the subject of competition announced the year before. It is the conflict between the University and clergy—the former acknowledging allegiance to Voltaire—that gave special interest, and drew a large eager auditory to this celebration. Scribe, the dramatist, occupied the chair of the Academy; the Minister of Public Instruction, Villemain, sat on his left, charged with the preliminary address; and upon Monsieur Ancelot, author of much and various poetry, and director and proprietor of the Vaudiville theatre, was devolved the task of reciting the composition respecting Voltaire, which obtained the first honors. To Mr. Scribe fell the part of narrating the meritorious actions or instances of benevolent sacrifice entitled to a pecuniary reward by a very liberal bequest to the Academy for the purpose. Premiums were allowed to not less than nineteen, several of which could not be thought very remarkable, or superior in desert to cases that abound everywhere; but the dramatist made of them just so many *historiettes*, stories—so many charming *vaudevilles*, and he caused the assembly to laugh and weep alternately, in the way that the perfect comedians manage in performing his pieces. He cried and laughed himself, and the bravos resounded; it was thorough stage-work. He converted the worthy people to be crowned into dramatic characters, according to their situations and callings, and realized thus, admirably, some of the most effective he had brought on the boards. There is no source from which a better knowledge of the nature, morals, manners, habits, of the French middle classes, and the representatives of each profession and coterie can be derived than the productions of Scribe, which now fill fifteen or more octavos. The minister of public instruction did not wish to throw himself into the arms of Voltaire; he has always aimed to keep certain terms with the church; he therefore *see-sawed*, and evaded positive opinions by means of fine phrases, of which he is a prime artificer. More than the first half of his address related to the merits of the author's success by moral utility. It happened that the great prize (of six thousand francs) had been accorded to a Franciscan friar of Fribourg, Father Girard, for his book on *the Teaching of the Maternal Tongue*. The father is a naturalized Swiss, and a Frenchman by birth; he acquired renown by antecedent tracts in German and French, and by an admirable school which he established in his native place. Villemain dwelt a long time on the special nature and excellence of his plan and method of instruction, as developed in his book. The Franciscan friar had the richest tribute paid by the minister; no existence, no claims, could form a broader contrast with those of Voltaire; and the clergy and schools of Fribourg excite more anger and complaint in the French philosophical and university ranks than any on the borders of this kingdom, over which the Jesuits are believed or alleged to hold sway. The accomplished reporter of the *Journal des Debats*, the chief organ of the University, betrays a little jealousy and spite at the abundant liberality of

the address in such a direction: "We may well," he says, "admire a kind and impartial spirit; but may it not be carried too far! May not the audience have thought that the rivalry of Father Girard's glory with that of Voltaire was rather too ambitious! The pedestal of the Franciscan friar was very lofty, and that of the philosopher (Voltaire) too low! Neither justice nor policy warrant this distribution of academical honors." The crowned discourse is from the pen of Hazel, some time since the manager of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, known as a man of talents, yet not eminent in literature. This performance is elegant, ingenious, and skilful; it was perfectly read by Ancelot; it occupies nearly seven of the broad columns of the *Constitutionnel*, in which it appeared at the end of August. Panegyric and apology, with a little blame of Voltaire's perpetual war on Christianity and his licentious epic, are its constituents. It has served to freshen the worship of the universal genius: the old editions of his works are replaced on the book-stalls and quays; the Academy and University are doubly triumphant. You will, I trust, allow me to send you, hereafter, my marginal notes on the fortunate discourse. The organ of the University observes, "We are delighted with the entire success of the effort, which possesses, at this juncture, more than literary importance. The authority, if not the glory, of Voltaire, had waned; the new generation would not look behind on 'philosophical homilies;' now, our world can eagerly read the Philosophical Dictionary and the Encyclopædia: thanks to the new apostles of fanaticism, Voltaire is singularly restored to youth and vogue within the two years past. To speak of him now is to speak of ourselves, our interests, our hopes, our ends; his influence pervades our being, our laws, institutions: his spirit is in the air which we breathe; we live in him; we think with him; we are denominated the sons of Voltaire, and we do not repudiate the appellation," &c. The republican oracles are dissatisfied with Hazel for having represented his hero as the father of the French Revolution. "Voltaire," says the *National*, "no more made the Revolution than Napoleon ended it: the people began it, and they continue it, whatever our orators and poets may please to declaim." The Legitimists and the religious journals disparage the discourse and lavish hostile quotations on the eighteenth century and its stupendous phenomenon. It has not happened to me to find what I could deem a satisfactory biography of Voltaire in any material respect. Hazel condemns his attacks on the Christian religion in this way: "He can scarcely be pardoned for militating against institutions of which the unquestionable necessity absorbs the rights of public criticism, and to which philosophy, unless willing to be anti-social, owes and will pay the respect of silence at least." But the panegyrist regards, as compensation for Voltaire's error, in a degree, his "devout deism," his sincere, earnest acknowledgment of an infinite and supreme intelligence. Truly, atheism is so absurd, so stupid, that credit for the recognition of a Creator and a Providence is not due to the commonest mind; and what is the recognition when accompanied, as in the case of Voltaire, with a studied depravation of human morals and hopes, but practical blasphemy, double guilt, defiance of Heaven, and the worst of misanthropy!—*Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

IRELAND AND O'CONNELL.

THE most forcible characteristic of the recommenced activity is its eager spirit of conciliation.

The moral to be gathered from this earnest grasping at alliances of any kind—alliances which cannot be in fact, but which are greedily sought if only in show—is, that the repeal leaders acknowledge the necessity of renewing and multiplying their resources; and O'Connell, the first to perceive the necessity—the origin and deviser of all the projects—is himself the end and object of the necessity, at least as much as repeal is. We repeat, as we have said before, that it is idle to charge him with mere mercenary motives: he bears the repute, and we believe most justly, of being princely in his generosity. But then he must live; he must have wherewithal to be princely and generous. He relinquished his legitimate profession, the law, for the antagonist trade of agitation; and he must agitate, for he cannot retire on his savings in the business. Elevated to the place of anti-official supreme power in Ireland, he has become used to a kind of irregular magnificence of state, which must be maintained: he may not care much for lucre, but he must have revenue, just as kings must have it. As he cannot compel his lieges to contribute their subsidies, he must induce them; and he can best induce them by watching and gratifying the fancy of the hour—making fancies to be gratified if he can—and at all events, by using every possible influence, profane or sacred, to make the Irish believe it their vital interest to maintain him and his irregular administration in regal state. Hence arise his pretensions to negotiate and threaten on equal terms with foreign countries and potentates; hence his got-up shows of feud or alliance with great parties in the state; his alliance with the Virgin Mary; his succession of projects for the honor and dignity of Ireland and every individual repealer; his solicitude to make the appropriation of funds subscribed for his purposes “national;” his addresses in short paragraphs and royal style. This art, the art of being a king without right divine or punishable usurpation, is peculiar to O'Connell: it will die with him: but while he exists, his exigencies, and the very impulse to exercise his activity and skill, will make him unceasing in his schemes. There are but three chances of peace for any English government,—to bear the trouble patiently till he die; to pension him off, which could only be done at all by doing it in every sense handsomely; or by beating him at his own trade, and driving him out of the market with gratifying the Irish people. If the present ministry do not deign to try the last expedient, some other will.—*Spectator*, 21 September.

THE new movement, for a triennial session of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin, is interesting in many respects. Dr. Maunsell, a Conservative member of the Dublin Corporation, tried to persuade that body to address the Crown in favor of the project; and he supported it in a speech of very great ability: but he found no seconder. Although portions of his argument might no doubt be shaken by controversy, as an opening of the subject it was plain, clear, practical, and calculated to make a most favorable impression. Dr. Maunsell glanced at all the chief bearings of the plan. He promised that it would relieve the Irish Protestant from the false medium that interposes between him and the legislature in England, distorting his character

and purposes and diminishing his just influence; that England would benefit by a better knowledge of Ireland and some counteraction to the too strong spirit of centralization; that repealers would realize all their *legitimate* objects—increased attention to Irish affairs, more powerful representation of Ireland in parliament, diminished absenteeism, and improved social condition of the people: for the occasional residence of the court and legislature would give an impulse to trade of every kind, and diminish the inducement to seek in England, or abroad, courtly splendors, or opportunities for conducting local legislation, which might be found in Dublin itself every third year. Instead of our perpetual gabble about Ireland, and crude tampering with Irish affairs, a concentrated attention would be devoted to them once in three years; giving at least a three-years lease to new laws, and encouraging maturity of conception on actually proceeding to legislate. And imagine the relief to England, and the advantage to general legislation, from two years' silence about Ireland in the senate! All this is promised, perhaps not without inconveniences, but without any positive harm to counteract its benefits. The reception which the proposal met in the repeal-ridden town-council obviously does not finally dispose of it. It would not be difficult to surmise many reasons why members of Dr. Maunsell's own party did not support him. Some have probably relinquished all contest with the “tyrant majority;” others may have feared to provoke discussion, lest that should lead to some repeal amendment; others perhaps are Federalists. As to the repealers, it is obvious why they should try to smother such a plan: for it would entirely supersede their own trade, with a plan opposite to their own nostrum in one leading principle—that, instead of excluding England, it would use England for the advancement of Ireland. If ministers were to take the world by surprise and summon parliament next session to meet in Dublin, repeal would *ipso facto* be extinguished; and the repealers fear such a result. Again, it is O'Connell's plan to ask much to obtain little, though on its being tendered he will take an “instalment:” he was peremptorily *asking* lately for repeal, though it comes out that he would always have accepted federalism: now, he is asking for federalism, and of course will not countenance the lower claim. But he received it with marked deference; and it must obtain further discussion.—*Spectator*, 28 September.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

It is peace between France and Morocco. The Moorish emperor has succumbed, has accepted the conditions imposed by France, and his castigation ceases. Whatever the Prince de Joinville's pretensions to undergo minute professional criticism, he has at least attained that broad crowning success. Some English folks suppose that our ambassador in Spain, Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, had a hand in bringing Muley Abd-er-Rahman to reason. So much the better. It was not for England—the conqueror of India and antagonist of Afghan and Burman—to abet the Moor in aggression on France in Algiers; it was our interest to get the brawl pacified as soon as possible, lest unintended mischief should happen. Quiet folks on both sides of Dover Straits are contented with the issue. A few are not in that happy

mood—journalists of the English and French opposition. Here, the newspaper trumpet is still blown as lustily as if the quarrel were still going on instead of gone by. In France, a victorious peace is cavilled at as if it were a defeated surrender. M. Guizot and his colleagues are vituperated for not having exacted harder terms from the vanquished emperor; without regard to the question whether the harder terms would have been magnanimous, just, or even politic. As Muley Abd-er-Rahman was down, why not kick him well? ask the flower of French pen-and-ink chivalry. The English knights of the press are wroth because France was allowed to obtain such good terms; equally without regard to the merits of the case. Morocco abetted, if not aided, aggression on French territory; Morocco has been struck and hurt, and apologizes, with promise not to offend again. France makes no equivocal profit by the transaction, seizes no territory, exacts no commercial privileges. It is a mere exchange of blows, in which Morocco was the aggressor, France is the victor; and Morocco enters into its own recognizances to keep the peace. Some ingenious French politicians go further than all, and see in this result nothing but what they perceive to have been the be-all and end-all of French ministerial policy for the last two months—a way made for King Louis Philippe to pay his promised visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor! There are men of so low a class of mind, that they can conceive no great national affair settled on its own merits for its own sake, simply and directly; but they must suspect some personal motive of pleasure or malice, some hidden ulterior object, some crooked concealed path. There are specimens of the race in both countries; but, fortunately, the peace of Europe, in this Morocco affair, has been put out of their reach.

Luckily for them, however, the Tahiti question has turned up again in a new shape; there has been another battle between the French and the Native "rebels" at Taravau, and blood has been shed upon both sides. The rage of the Paris war-journalists is once more ablaze, and they charge the French blood upon "Pritchard." The contest is inopportune; but it can scarcely affect the state of the question between France and England.—*Spectator*, September 21.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA.

THE elements of disorder abroad, which we noticed at work last week, seem to spread and grow in strength. Spain is in a very threatening condition; while the Liberals preserve an ominous inactivity throughout the parliamentary elections, the Carlists unexpectedly display a no less ominous activity. The Narvaez cabinet, which obtained power on the pretext that Espartero's policy was not sufficiently popular but military, has been still more military in its reliance on the army, has been despotic, and has placed itself into fierce antagonism with the Progressistas. Seeking to strengthen itself by a fresh alliance, it has revived the power of the church, and has thus evoked an old Carlist influence. It is no wonder that with the restoration of despotism and bigotry, the Carlists reappear—like frogs in bad weather, only not so harmless. Ministers have pressed down one end of the beam, and the opposite end rises. Spain listens for the first sounds of two

revolutionary movements—of Progress, and of Legitimate Restoration.

Portugal awaits a crisis. The queen is said to have obliged her ministers to summon the Cortes; by whom Costa Cabral must anticipate being called sternly to account for his absolute measures. Writings already circulate with impunity, threatening destruction to the crown if it continue to abet the tyranny of its chosen servants.

Old Rome wages an obstinate struggle to the death with opinion, clinging to an absolutism abandoned even by Austria; who stands by, with others of the less bigoted Italian governments, to force her ancient ally, if possible, to be saved from the revolution which seems inevitably provoked. This apparent impracticability of the Pontifical government to conform to the progress of opinion, even where it has moved most slowly, points to the destruction of the ecclesiastical power as a state—to the secularization of the Roman government; the supreme head of the Roman Catholic religion being supplied with a separate estate for a mere abiding-place in the world.

Greece is moved with some internal dissension. The ministry, lately changed from what was considered one of "English" tendencies, but having the sympathy of the "French" party, has become more "Russian," and has placed itself in hostility to the representatives of the late revolution. Kalergi, the revolutionary leader, had been treated with so much slight as to have been compelled to resign the governorship of Athens. With dissension among political leaders, and tumults at parliamentary elections, Greece is a prey to anarchy; and piracy, not unsuspected of being winked at by adventurers in authority, ravages its coast. The elections are suspended, the meeting of the first parliament under the new constitution is indefinitely postponed; and King Otho, playing fast and loose with the power to which his terrors made him yield, is again bringing his throne into danger.

Some mysterious movement agitates Bulgaria. Revolutionary papers and agents are said to enter the Slavonian province of Turkey from the opposite quarters of France, Greece, and Russia; verses are circulated, to animate the nationality of the Slavonic race, and coupling liberty with Russia and its ruler! There is a contradiction in the terms of this revolution, if it be one; it can scarcely be a forced march of Liberalism with Nicholas for captain; but, if it be anything at all, must prove an independent movement, hostile to the Czar. The position of Bulgaria, hemmed in between the barbarisms of Russia and Turkey, is not encouraging for progress; it is out of the reach of opinion. To Europeanize such a vast rude mass as Russia, or anything through it and its races, is perhaps the most hopeless project that could be conceived, except the civilization of the Negro in Africa. Bulgaria might better be reached through its Mussulman neighbors and rulers. It is so common to regard Mahometanism as the opponent of European civilization, that we forget how that civilization began with the Mussulmans in Arabia and Spain. Had the Moors prevailed when the balance tottered and was turned against them by Charles Martel, Europe might now have been Mussulman; it does not follow that, in respect of temporal matters, Europe would not be as civilized, though it does follow that Islam would have been much more so. But what has been may be again, and Mahometan countries

may recover from their long dream of barbarism. Within these few years, Islam has been brought much closer in its relations to Europe; Turkey and Egypt have been passive participants in European discussions; the very war between France and Morocco must have brought the Moorish emperor to a better acquaintance with what great European powers are, their resources and energies, and must awaken an emulous intelligence. His name, Abd-er-Rahman, is one most illustrious in the annals of Mussulman Spain for the encouragement of generous arts. This is one consolation for an odious engine in the progress of the world—war.—*Spectator*, September 21.

CANADA.

THE nine-months ministerial crisis in Canada is said to be over; lists of the new ministry are given; and although not gazetted, its general composition seems to be placed beyond doubt. The cast of it will surprise some people in this country; it includes the redoubtable name of Papineau, borne by a brother of the quondam rebel leader; and the man himself is expected in the province to support the new ministers against the late ministers, who so compromised themselves and liberal opinion in the province by their extravagant blundering about "responsible government." The facts are too uncertain for much to be said about the probable working of the new cabinet; but it appears likely to conciliate the French Canadians, whose concurrence must be so important to any governor.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION IN A MINE SHAFT.

A YOUNG woman named Mary Webster, who resides with her widowed mother, near Mr. Simmons' paper works, in the Via Gellia, at Bonsall, has recently had the narrowest escape from a miserable death, that we ever remember to have heard of, under anything like similar circumstances. The young woman, who is 22 years of age, stout, and rather good-looking, is unfortunately of somewhat weak intellect. It appears that shortly previous to Tuesday week, she was walking with her mother on a foot road leading from Bonsall to Ible, when, at a place called Bonsall Lees, a common cotton handkerchief which she wore was blown off by the wind, it being rather rough at the time, and before it could be recovered, it went down the shaft of a deserted lead mine which had been carelessly left unsecured. The loss of the handkerchief seems to have affected her in an extraordinary degree, and on the night of Tuesday week she left her home, and nothing whatever was ascertained respecting her until the following Monday morning. On that morning her mother, who was then seeking her, inquired of a miner named John Massey, who was working on Bonsall Lees, if he knew anything of her daughter, and received for answer that he did not. The distracted mother went forward on her almost hopeless search, and being in the neighborhood of the shaft into which the handkerchief had blown, she went to it and shouted down, when, strange to say, her ears were greeted with the voice of her lost daughter, and who, at the expiration of a week's entombment, without sustenance of any kind, appeared to recognize the voice of her parent. The overjoyed mother hastened back to Massey, (the

miner to whom she had spoken,) and he lost no time in obtaining the assistance of some brother miners, who collected the necessary tackling for rescuing the miserable sufferer from her living grave. Massey and another miner named Wm. Bunting, descended the shaft, which is 20 yards deep, and perpendicular, and found the poor creature in a crouching position at the shaft foot—sensible, but nearly bereft of physical strength, and, to use Massey's words "as cold as a corpse." She had (no doubt in moments of delirium) unclothed herself to the waist, and had taken off her shoes and one stocking, and she had actually recovered the lost handkerchief, which was lying by her, and in which was tied up one of her shoes. Having been safely attached to the rope, she was drawn to the surface, and during her ascent she attempted to hold on, but was of course too far exhausted to do so effectually. Perhaps the strangest circumstance connected with this strange tale is, that in a few minutes after arriving at the surface, she told her mother that before she attempted to descend the shaft in search of the handkerchief, she took off her gown, and hid it in a wall; the gown was found exactly as described by her. She was now carefully removed home, and on putting her to bed it was found that she had received no external injury beyond comparatively slight lacerations and bruises. Weak restoratives were sparingly administered, and under the care of Mr. Evans, surgeon, of Winstar, there is every likelihood of her restoration to perfect health. She states that she believed the shaft was only two or three yards deep, as she looked into it on the day she lost her handkerchief, and thought she saw the bottom. She had descended apparently four or five feet, when a peg, which bore her weight, proving rotten, broke, and she was precipitated nearly 20 yards to the bottom, her fall being in some degree broken by the resistance of the air against her clothes. She complains of having suffered horribly from thirst, and had eaten part of her under garments, but does not seem to possess any knowledge as to the length of time her living entombment had endured.—*Nottingham Journal*.

A REAL TRAVELLER.—A wonder has lately arrived, in India, in the shape of a Norwegian runner, who is about to attempt the discovery of the source of the White Nile, on foot, and unattended. He expects to be absent from this only about four months, and he is to go in a direct line, crossing deserts and swimming rivers. He runs a degree in twelve hours, and can go three days, without food or water, by merely taking a dish or two of syrup of raspberries, of which he carries a small bottle; and when he does procure food, a very moderate quantity will suffice; but, when it is plentiful, he eats enough for three days. This wonderful man carries with him only a map, a compass and a Norwegian axe. He has already made some wonderful journeys, having gone from Constantinople to Calcutta and back in 59 days, for which the Sultan gave him 2,000 dollars; and from Paris to St. Petersburg, in 13 days. He has certificates from the authorities at Calcutta and St. Petersburg, verifying these very extraordinary facts. He is about 45 years of age, and slightly made. He trusts for safety in perilous journeys to his speed, as, he says, neither dromedary nor man can overtake him.—*Indian paper*.

PUNCH.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.—Before resuming our report of the royal progress, we have one or two little incidents to revert to, particularly the affecting circumstance of the queen having tied on the bonnet of the princess-royal at the window of the inn; a fact that has added ten per cent. to her popularity. That bonnet will give stability to her crown, and those strings will tie the people more closely to the house of Brunswick. Another source of the popularity which her majesty has gained must be looked for in the Brose, an unpalatable concoction of barley and salt, which the queen manages to taste wherever she goes; and by calling it nice, she has tickled the vanity of the Scotch people. Prince Albert has patronized the toddy once or twice, and the little princess has been made to eat oat cake several times—for a child will demolish anything with the name of cake—and the Scotch are flattered into the belief that theirs is really a treat for the illustrious infant.

Saturday.—Prince Albert rode out on a pony, and shot three harts, facetiously observing, that three *harty* dinners could be made of them. The queen rode out in a pony-phæton to see the Falls of Bruar, but witnessed a fall of another kind in the shape of a pelting shower, which she was informed would add greatly to the grandeur of the scene; but as she was compelled to hold a great gig umbrella right over her eyes, the grandeur of the scene was thrown away upon her.

Monday.—Her majesty was wheeled about in a garden-chair, while Prince Albert went out grouse-shooting. The sport was meagre, and, it is said, the birds were shy, but we suspect the "shyness" was on the part of the prince's sportsmanship. On his way home, he bought a few brace, to prevent the queen from quizzing him—an innocent amusement her majesty is much addicted to.

Tuesday.—The princess-royal and her nursery-governess, Madlle. Chairier, had their usual run and romp, for half an hour, on the grass-plot.

As it would be wearisome to continue the account of the progress from day to day, we therefore refer the public to the daily journals, in which events equally interesting with those related above will be found faithfully recorded.

We ought, perhaps, not to omit a royal *bon mot* of more than average brilliancy:—The queen asked prince Albert's opinion of Lord Glenlyon. "Oh!" said the prince, "Lord Glenlyon is all very well, but nothing out of the way." "Indeed!" replied the queen, "you would not have thought him nothing out of the way, if you had been taken, as I was, a mile in the wrong direction by his lordship yesterday." The prince, who indulges in the same sort of banter that the queen is said, by the papers, to delight in at the expense of the prince, threatened to send the joke up to *Punch*.

How well his royal highness can keep his word, our present number will testify.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO STATE SERVICE.—The following suggestions, it is hoped, will prove useful to the servants whom they concern:—

1. *The Premier.*—No particular person is more qualified than another to be premier; indeed a premier must not be particular. The premier's place is to superintend the other state servants, and see that they do their work; but he has no occasion to

trouble himself about this till complaints are made. He has also to propose new laws, or alter old ones; but he should wait, before he does either, till the country is on the eve of insurrection.

His chief business in parliament is, to resist all improvements as long as he can; to which end he must possess great strength of lungs, to out-talk those who call for them. He should be able to speak, standing, for three hours at a time, either without saying anything tangible, or only to the effect of misleading his hearers. He will find an active imagination useful, therefrom to derive his facts. He should know how to answer an argument with a joke, so as to turn the tables when in a corner. He may as well be provided with a few classical quotations, for use on occasion: he will find plenty in the Eton Grammar. He must be able to take all sorts of abuse with indifference; and bear to be hooted and even pelted, now and then, with equanimity. He must be ready to say and unsay without the slightest scruple, and to change his opinions as often as he may find it expedient.

2. *The Home-Secretary.* The home-secretary is an under-servant to the premier. He has to regulate such little matters as prison discipline, work house regulations, and the appointment of magistrates. His principal object with regard to the two former should be to assimilate them as closely as possible; and in the latter he should be guided by his political prejudices. He also presides over the post-office; and when he has nothing else to do there, may employ his leisure in opening the letters that pass through it. He is likewise employed, subject to the approval of his principal, in introducing new laws of a certain sort, such as medical reform; but it does not seem at all necessary that he should understand one iota of the subject on which he legislates.

SNAILS ON RIBANDS.—In one of the excursions of the archaeologists, Dr. Buckland paused at some snails. He gave, says the *Athenæum*—

"A striking illustration of the strong acid of these snails, by placing one for a short time on the lilac riband of a lady's bonnet. The young lady did not seem displeased with the test, with its success, or the scissors of the operator reducing the riband of her bonnet; but when Dr. Buckland requested her signature in attestation of the truth of his statement, the lady declined the honor."

This is an error. The young lady wrote the following document:—

"I hereby attest that Dr. Buckland, with his nasty salts of snails, has entirely spoilt my love of a lilac riband; and I furthermore declare it to be my opinion that the said Dr. Buckland, if he be a gentleman, will behave himself as such, and immediately present me with a new one."

MARTYR PROMISES.—The present Mr. Grattan—who bears about the same relative value to his great father as the potato apple bears to the potato—has promised Ireland "never to have a quiet mind or a peaceful sleep" until repeal shall be obtained! Mr. Steele has also promised Ireland never to sneeze until his country shall be free; whilst it is whispered that Father Maguire has vowed "never again to open his lips" until that glorious consummation! This last report, however, is too good to be true

FROM A LADY IN WANT OF A GOVERNESS TO AN
ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR MADAM,

We are again in tribulation; for Miss Sinclair, the young person whose harp-playing you were pleased to admire, has left us—left us, too, in the most shameful and ungrateful manner, before we could provide another teacher for the dear children. Oh, these governesses! I am told there is some clever gentleman who has invented an arithmetical machine that will calculate any sum to a fraction. What a blessing would that man bestow upon really good society who should invent an instrument for teaching! I am sure, in these days, the thing might be done, and would pay admirably; for how much annoyance would be spared us—how much impertinence that we are daily exposed to from a class of individuals who can have no standing in society, and are nevertheless continually at one's elbow! The cook, the housemaid, the lady's-maid, all know their place, and behave themselves accordingly: but there is no teaching a governess that she is nothing more than a servant; a person hired for wages to polish the minds of your children just in the same manner as Molly polishes your rosewood and mahogany—and to be as careful of their morals as if, like the housekeeper, she was intrusted with so much precious china. Your maid dresses your hair with due humility, and takes your little bits of ill-temper with proper resignation; she knows these things are considered in her wages, and thus she may be an ornament to the sphere to which it has pleased Heaven to call her. But governesses! they are continually flying in the face of Providence! There is, too, an impertinence in their very meekness; at times, an insult in their silence. They move about you with the air of injured beings—an air that says to your very face—"We, too, are ladies, though you can't believe it." Ladies! as if the person who takes a salary is not, to all intents and purposes, a servant—at best, a better sort of menial servant.

To return to that person Sinclair. I never liked her from the first; but as I heard that she had an old father to provide for—the man was, I believe, in gaol at the time—I suffered my charity to cover a multitude of her faults, and received her, as she was afterwards pleased to call it, into my family,—into one of my back bedrooms would have been a more respectful phrase. Well, she would always be reading, when she ought to have talked to and amused the dear children. It was only yesterday that she repeated the fault. She had been out three or four hours walking, and I found her again reading a book, whilst the dear things were moped to death for something to enliven them. My indignation was roused, and I asked her if she thought she was acting honestly by her employer! She looked up at me—her face turned blood-red—her lips quivered with some impertinent reply, I am certain, by their motion—and then dropping the book, she burst into tears. Governesses, my dear Madam, *always can*. But I have not told you all. What book, think you, was it? A *Christmas Carol*. I have never read the thing; but knowing it to be aimed at the best interests of good society, all the feelings of a mother rushed upon me, and I believe I *did* read her a pretty lesson. You haven't heard all. Whilst I was reproaching her for her ingratitude, her baseness in bringing such books into my family, and saying something, I forget exactly what,

about a viper I had warmed—she sprang from the chair like a play-house queen, and in a voice as searching as an east wind—told me that she would leave my house that instant! Her impudence—for I knew she must go to starvation—fairly took away my breath. Well, it isn't all told. She multiplied her insults, for with her wet, streaming face, she caught little Emeline about the neck, and kissing her violently, cried "God bless the children!" I trust I am not unforgiving; no: but there was an emphasis upon "the children," that nothing would ever make me pardon. It was a refinement of abuse that made me quiver again. However, I had my satisfaction of my lady; for I would not suffer a servant to stir—no, I made her call a hackneycoach herself to take her boxes; though after the sort of book I caught her with, I certainly ought to have well rummaged them before they left the house.

Can you recommend me another governess—for although I have been but a day unprovided, I feel worn to death by the children! What's worse—but then she's only a child—Emeline has been crying all day about the creature, and moreover says she loves her. The principles she might have instilled into the dear babe's mind I shudder to think of! However, we are happily rid of her. If you can recommend me a really useful, well-behaved person—you know the kind of individual I want—you will confer a favor on

Yours obliged,

HONORIA ASPHALT.

P. S. I have n't told you all my troubles. We are about to lose our treasure of a cook. Sir John and he have had some words about the soup—the man feels his reputation wounded, and has resigned. I have myself tried to pacify him, but as yet without success. I have scolded Sir John well for his indiscretion towards so valuable a *chef*. I am, however, going out, and shall see if a nice diamond ring will restore peace; if so, fifty or seventy pounds will be well bestowed.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR MADAM,

Whilst I sympathize with you, I must also use the privilege of a friend, and admonish. The truth is—and, though truth, like medicine, is generally unpleasant, it must nevertheless, like medicine, be sometimes administered—the truth is, you spoil all your governesses. You do, indeed. I, who have had a large experience of that sort of people, know it. Only a week ago, I saw Sinclair in the Park, talking with another governess. As your friend, I took the liberty of asking her who she was! She replied—I thought very boldly—an old schoolfellow. Upon which I told her you would be very angry if you knew of the indiscretion. That, as a governess, she had no longer anything to do with schoolfellows, and should speak to nobody but to the young ladies. That it was her duty, as a young woman of principle—and I dwelt, as you know I can dwell, upon the word—upon principle, to cut herself off from the rest of the world, and study nobody but you and the dear children. My idea of a good governess, I observed, is, that she should be a sort of nun engaged upon wages; a person vowed to humility, gentleness, and resignation, for so much salary. That she should mix in the world as though she were no part of it—self-removed from its pleasures and its sympathies; in fact, as a sort of machine ordained by Providence to await the behests of those or-

dained above her. Upon this she dropt her eyelids, I thought, very insolently, and, with a smile not to be mistaken, turned away. Never, my dear madam, let your governess talk with another governess. Depend upon it, their conversation is always about their employers; and such is the ungrateful spirit of the people, I fear me always to their detriment. Besides, I have known the scarlet fever brought into a house by such a practice.

You will also pardon me, when I tell you that you are not sufficiently discreet as to the age of your governesses. Morris, I remember, who preceded Sinclair, must at least have been seven-and-thirty; whilst Sinclair cannot have been more than one-and-twenty. Now, a governess should never be chosen younger than five-and-twenty, or older than five-and-thirty. The intermediate time may be called the prime of governess life. If you get them younger, their heads are full of most preposterous notions about affections, and sympathies, and what they call yearnings for home. Like unweaned lambs, they are always bleating and unsatisfied. At five-and-twenty, the governess-mind knows better what is due to itself and employer, and with a strong hand plucks up such weaknesses as unprofitable weeds; at least, if it does n't, it ought. After five-and-thirty, the governess gets slow and prosy, and her heaviness may dangerously infect the light-heartedness of the dear children—therefore, she is not to be thought of an hour longer. Immediately supply her place with a junior teacher, as you value the morals and accomplishments of your beloved family.

If, in the course of ten years, with a salary of, let us say, twenty pounds a year, out of which she has only to buy clothes fit to keep company with the children, the governess has not saved a sufficiency for her declining age—it is but too painful to know that she must have been a very profuse, improvident person. And yet, I fear me, there are lamentable instances of such indiscretion. I myself, at this moment, know a spendthrift creature who, as I have heard, in her prime—that is, for the ten years—lived in one family. Two of her pupils are now countesses. Well, she had saved next to nothing, and when discharged, she sank lower and lower as a daily governess, and at length absolutely taught French, Italian, and the harp to the daughters of small tradesmen, at eighteenth-pence a lesson. In time, she of course got too old for this. She now lives somewhere at Camberwell, and, though sand-blind, keeps a sixpenny school for little boys and girls of the lower orders. With this, and the profits on her cakes, she contrives to eke out a miserable existence—a sad example, if they would only be warned, to improvident governesses.

I am now called away, and am therefore unable to answer your letter to the full. However, you shall have another epistle on the subject to-morrow.

Yours always,
DOROTHEA FLINT.

SCENE AT A CHOP HOUSE.

A gentleman eating his dinner, and reading a paper. Another enters.

2d Gent. I'll look at that newspaper when you have done with it, sir.

1st Gent. It's not a newspaper.

2d Gent. No! What is it then?

1st Gent. It's the *Morning Herald*.

2d Gent. Oh!—then I won't trouble you.

MEDITATIONS ON MR. BARRY'S NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Written on board the *Lily Steam-boat*.

THE wharf-bell tolls the knell of starting steam,
The jostling crowd pours quickly o'er the pier;
The ladies forward rush with timid scream,
And leave the stern to *Punch* and bottled beer.

Now fades each public building from the sight,
As on her course the *Lily* steamer holds,
Till new St. Stephen's rears its moderate height,
Which many a tier of scaffolding infolds.

Beneath those beams; those yet unfinished towers,
At present echoing with the workmen's clang;
Upon their legs, perchance, for weary hours,
Shall Britain's future senators harangue.

Full many a Whig of coldest heart serene,
Shall broach his philosophic nonsense there;
Full many a Tory, born abuse to screen,
Shall waste his humbug on the midnight air.

Some future Duncombe, there, with dauntless breast,

The tyrant of his diocese shall twit;
Some mute, good-humored Brougham contented rest—

Some Sibthorp, guiltless of his country's wit.

Mourn not the Houses burnt some years ago;
No vain regrets the ruin'd pile requires.
Ev'n from its dust a voice exclaims, "Oh! Oh!
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S VISIT TO "PERFIDIOUS ALBION."

It is by this time pretty well known to the whole universe that the King of the French has no great claim upon the good offices of *Punch*; seeing that, wherever *Punch* shows his nose in France, he is immediately impounded by the police; that he is stopped at the post-office—seized at the custom house—not permitted even to be at the table of any steamboat in any French port. But doth this foolishness of the King of the French move the wrath of *Punch*? Certainly not—nothing but his pity; he can look philosophically around him, and pardon French injustice: more, he can give good advice to Louis Philippe—a fact made manifest by the subjoined epistles.

FROM THE KING OF THE FRENCH TO PUNCH.

Neuilly, Sept. 17, 1844.

MR. PUNCH.—Whatever differences may have passed between us, I have too much faith in your wisdom and generosity to believe that you will deny me your counsel in my present perplexity.

I have been invited to England. Now, sir, do you think it safe for me to come? Do you believe that, after all the hard words, all the *fanfaron* of my Paris press,—that I shall be decently received by the people of England? Shall I be mobbed or huzzaed? Covered with roses or eggs?

I am induced to put this question from a thorough belief that if Queen Victoria were just now to come to Paris, that a French mob would not, by their reception of her, prove themselves the most civilized people of the earth. Sure I am that her ears would be assailed with "*la bas les Anglais*"—"Pritchard"—"*Albion perfide*," and other choice epithets current in the French papers.

To whom, then, in my difficulty can I so well apply as to you, Mr. *Punch*; you, who know so

well the heart of perfid—that is, of generous Albion. Pray, then, drop me a line—let me know if I may with safety venture among you, and (despite our quarrels)

Believe me, your sincere friend,

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

FROM PUNCH TO THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

SIRE,—I thought your long experience of Englishmen had taught you better. What! have you forgotten the sweet days of retirement when, freed from the ceremony of a palace, you lived a philosophic exile in a two-pair back, Tottenham-court-road! Can you, then, for a moment doubt the kind of reception you will have of us?

Fear not, Sire, but come. We shall treat you with respect, with hospitality. We leave it to “the sons of glory,” to “*jeune France*,” to insult the stranger in their streets by foul words and braggadocio gestures—yes, we leave it to “the most civilized nation of the earth” to make mouths and deal in foul words towards the foreigner who, in the security of peace, trusts himself to national hospitality and—finds it not.

I remain, your obedient servant,

PUNCH.

When you come, I shall be happy to show you the lions.

A PROFESSIONAL PASTORAL FOR THE LONG VACATION.

SEE Sergeant Tityrus—in rural ease,
Forgetting all the cares of Common Pleas,
Taking beneath some shady beech his station,
To sip the honey of the long vacation.
Ye nymphs beware should Tityrus seek your grove,

For his “attachment” is no name for love.
The gentle lamblings cluster idly round,
Lured by his legal pipe’s too dulcet sound.
Ah! little do ye think, ye simple sheep,
(Or at a greater distance ye would keep,) That he whose plaintive strains ye flock to hear,
Knows not a greater pleasure than to shear.
Viewing your curling fleece, it o’er him flits
The hide beneath is meant to furnish wits,
While all the woolly treasures on your back
He hopes one day may stuff for him the sack.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—The chaplain of H.M.S. Warspite, having been reprimanded by the Admiralty for his indiscretion in criticising the Prince de Joinville’s tactics at Tangier, avails himself of the indulgence of Punch to publish the following apology to his Royal Highness:—

“The chaplain of H.M.S. Warspite presents his compliments to his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, and begs hereby to apologize to his Royal Highness for having, in a letter to the Times, described his Royal Highness’ seamanship, as displayed at Tangier, as lubberly.

“The fact is, that the chaplain was only joking, which, he feels, was not perhaps quite correct, the gravity of his profession considered. When he insinuated that the prince was a lubber, what he meant was just the reverse: as a man does when he calls his friend a rogue or a dog. By ‘lubber’ he meant heart of oak, tight sailor, smart officer, naval hero. However, he feels that his joke must have been a poor one, since he is obliged to explain it; for the Prince de Joinville, no doubt, understands a joke as well as he does his own profession. Indeed, the prince’s idea of a steam-invasion of England was a capital joke.

“The chaplain of the Warspite takes this opportunity of assuring the Prince de Joinville that he entertains the highest respect for the French character, which he greatly admires on account of the absence of pride, vanity, petulance, and childishness which it displays. And so far from intending any insult to the *tricolore*, he has no hesitation in saying that he considers it equal in every respect to

‘The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.’

“In conclusion, he will only observe, with regard to the prince personally, that he looks upon him as a regular out-and-out thorough-going Jack tar; and has no doubt that he fries watches, lights his pipe with bank-notes, chews pig-tail, hitches up his trousers, cries ‘Avast!’ (in French,) does the cut and double shuffle, and sustains the part, in every other respect, quite as well as Mr. T. P. Cooke.”

THE REPEAL CHESTNUT.—What a modest man is Mr. Daniel O’Connell! In the matter of Repeal he has no wish to lead—not he. Oh no: he will be too proud to follow in the ranks—his heart will beat with raptures not to be expressed, to make merely one of the millions, led to glory by Mr. Grey Porter! Hear him—hear him!

“I say that the man is not honest who does not wish to see Grey Porter at the head of this national struggle (*Cheers.*) *As for myself, I do not want to be a leader.* I am willing to work in the team, and I will cheerfully resign to Grey Porter the reigns and guidance of the whole. (*Loud cheers.*)”

One moment, good Mr. Grey Porter, one moment only, whilst we tell you an old, old story. Once upon a time there were some chestnuts—call them repeal chestnuts if you will—roasting on the hearth. An old monkey, grown wrinkled in his tricks, watched the smoking nuts, and longed, and longed to get one of them. But then the monkey was a cunning old creature, and cared not to risk the burning of his fingers. A cat, just out of kittenhood, lay upon the hearth, purring and unsuspecting. Whereupon the monkey seized hold of the cat’s paw, and boldly thrusting it into the fire, sought thereby to take out a chestnut.

Mr. Grey Porter, that monkey’s name was Dan!

“SPORTING” AT BLAIR ATHOL.—The *Herald’s* “own correspondent” sends the following story, which, for sundry reasons, we cannot readily believe:—

“On Wednesday afternoon His Royal Highness had a wild stag brought into the Home Park, immediately behind the castle, and shot it for the amusement of the queen, who was looking out of one of the back windows. The stag had on two previous nights disturbed the inmates of the castle by its cries.”

We cannot believe that our gentle, tender-hearted queen, could receive amusement from such a mere piece of butcher’s work. No: in our mind her majesty is associated with that lovely picture of womanly tenderness, bequeathed to us by magnificent old Chaucer:

“She was so charitable and pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bledde.

Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte!"

The correspondent goes on to write, "That it was intended that the affair should be something of a *coup de théâtre*," but Lord Glenlyon and some of the party were out of the way. Otherwise, when the stag fell beneath Albert's bullet, they would doubtless have struck up—"This day a stag must die!" We say it—we suspect the truth of the story that the animal was thus ignominiously shot for the amusement of her Majesty. Certain we are that Prince Albert does not grudge Mr. Giblett, of Bond Street, his honors; sure we are that His Royal Highness has no wish to add to his other titles that of—"Butcher to the Queen!"

CIVIC HOSPITALITY.—The Lord Mayor has positively invited the King of the French—a foreigner, be it remembered—to dine with him. This is too bad. Ought not hospitality, like charity, to begin at home?

THE SONG OF THE LIBERATED.

Air—"The Groves of Blarney."

Och! sons of praties—I know how great is
Your joy to see me resume my sate;
Did Dan not tell yez—ye loyal-rebellious,
He'd bother Justice and bilk the State?

Such pleasant quarters they gave us "martyrs,"
That some of my friends felt inclin'd to stay,
Else 't was not in natur, that a *Liberator*
So long should dwell under lock and kay.

I knew 't was in yez—to find the "*sinews*
Of war,"—so long as in "*quod*" I'd lie,
And Daniel junior, *he*, in matters pecuniary,
Is almost as *taking* and 'cute as I.

And thus relyin', on him and O'Brien,
At Richmond long I could love to stay,
Wid princely diet, and peace and quiet,
And "sympathisers" and extra pay.

A monster meeting—ye 'll be entreating,
To yell in pride, through an idle day,
But I'll make a "preachment," about "impeachment."
And turn your head on a smoother way.

Yez must not jostle your great apostle,
Wid ill-timed shoves, to the battle's van,
But wide mouths opening, wid closed eyes groping,
Let white "thirteens" show your faith in Dan.

I'm "agitator," "regenerator,"
"Moral creator," "young Ireland's dad;"
On the nation's nose I've a hold far greater
Than ever sceptred monarch had.

Mind my instructions, let's have no "ructions,"
But oil your "twigs" wid a peaceful mien,
'Till Joinville whacks on the haughty Saxon!
Hurrah for Dan, and—God save the Queen!

ODD FAVORITES.—Some people have strange likings for strange things. Some men love Manx cats, because they have no tails; some Friesland hens, because their feathers sit the reverse way—but for what virtuous peculiarity, may we ask it, of certain citizens who have of late flourished their signatures—for what extraordinary advantage can they admire Alderman Gibbs? We see it—

doubtless, for his humility. Yes, simply because he holds himself a man of *no account*!

THE STANLEY MAUSOLEUM.—Died, last month, universally condemned, the political career of Lord Stanley. The remains of it have been interred in the House of Lords.

ADULTERATION OF TEA IN CHINA.—Mr. Warrington, of Apothecaries' Hall, has been lately engaged in the examination of tea. He finds that a most extensive system of adulteration is practised in China, since the very numerous specimens he has examined, have been obtained from sources which render the fact of their having actually been brought from China indisputable. Many samples are found not to contain a single grain of tea, being made up entirely of other leaves. Green teas are far the most spurious, being manufactured out of cheap black teas. This fraud seems to be accomplished with great dexterity, and with the greater care the higher the price of the green tea it is intended to imitate. From the common green teas the coloring matter may be washed off by agitating the tea with cold water and drying it, when it is at once converted into black tea without the leaf uncurling. On examining it with a microscope, it is seen that a uniform whitish surface is given to it by means of what appears to be Kaolin, or porcelain clay, which also, very conveniently, adds to the weight; upon this, a yellow substance, mixed with Prussian blue, is dusted, hence the green color, which may thus be rendered of any tint. Chemical examination detected the presence of sulphate of lime, Prussian blue, and a vegetable, yellow coloring matter, probably tumeric.

CAOUTCHOUC AS A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Caoutchouc, becoming very smooth and viscous by the action of fire, has been proposed by Dr. Rolfs as an excellent remedy for filling hollow teeth, and alleviating the tooth-ache proceeding from that defect. A piece of caoutchouc is to be put on a wire, then melted at the flame of a candle, and pressed, while warm, into the hollow tooth, and the pain will disappear instantly. The cavity of the tooth should first be cleaned out with a piece of cotton. In consequence of the viscosity and adhesiveness of the caoutchouc, the air is completely prevented from coming into contact with the denuded nerve, and thus the cause of the toothache is destroyed.—*Buchner's Repertorium for Pharmacie.*

MAN, THE PROTECTOR.—The following incident, illustrative of the instinct which prompts the feathered tribe, when pressed by dire necessity, to throw themselves on the protection of man, occurred on the morning of Sabbath last. As Mr. G. Dippie was taking a walk in his garden, he was not a little surprised on observing a small bird suddenly drop down at his feet, fluttering and emitting piercing cries of distress. Immediately a hawk, which had been in pursuit of the little songster, darted down in the same direction, unconscious of, or unawed by, his presence, and struck Mr. D.'s foot with considerable violence. In an instant, the hawk was secured, and deprived of the power of injuring its intended victim. The hawk, now made an unwilling captive, was detained in "durance vile," where, however, it did not long survive its disappointment, having died in the course of the evening.—*Kelso Chronicle.*